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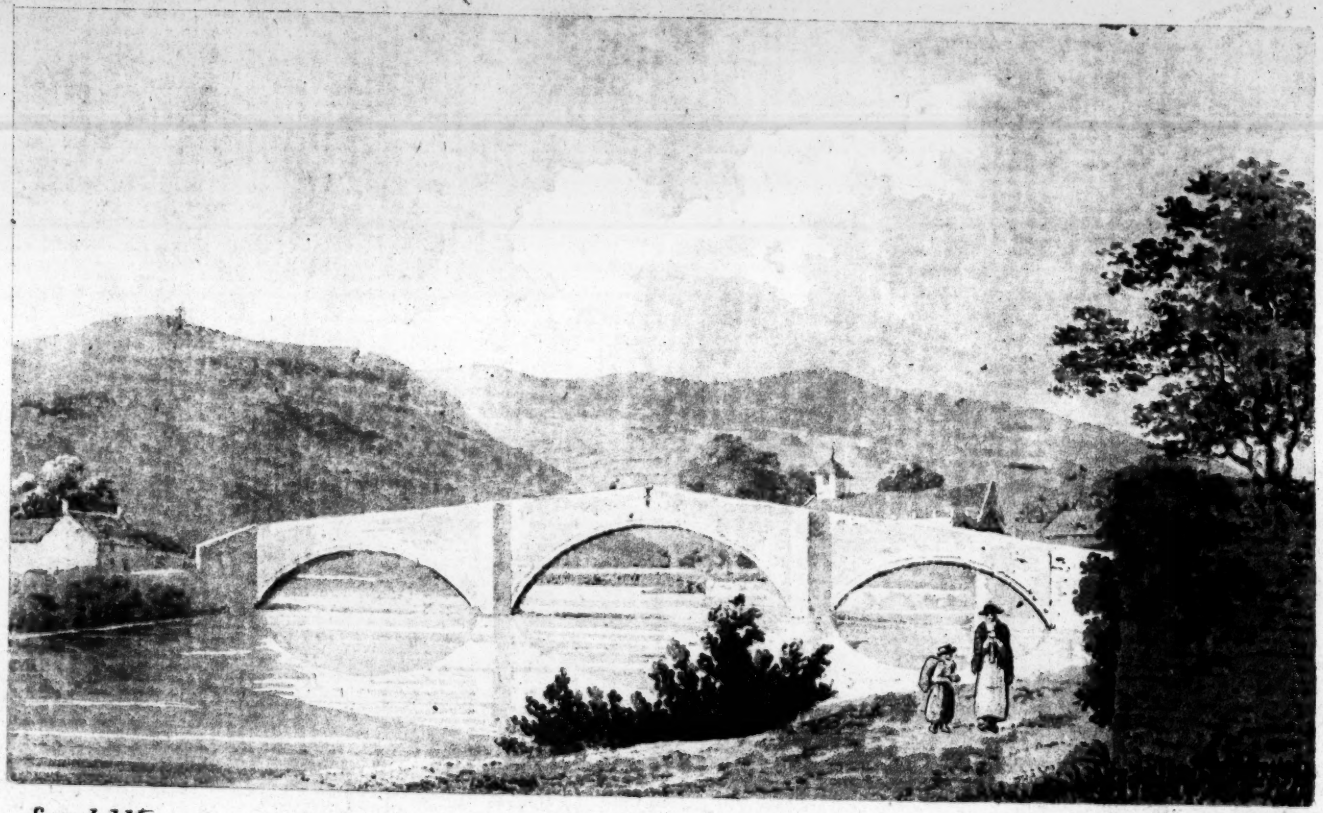
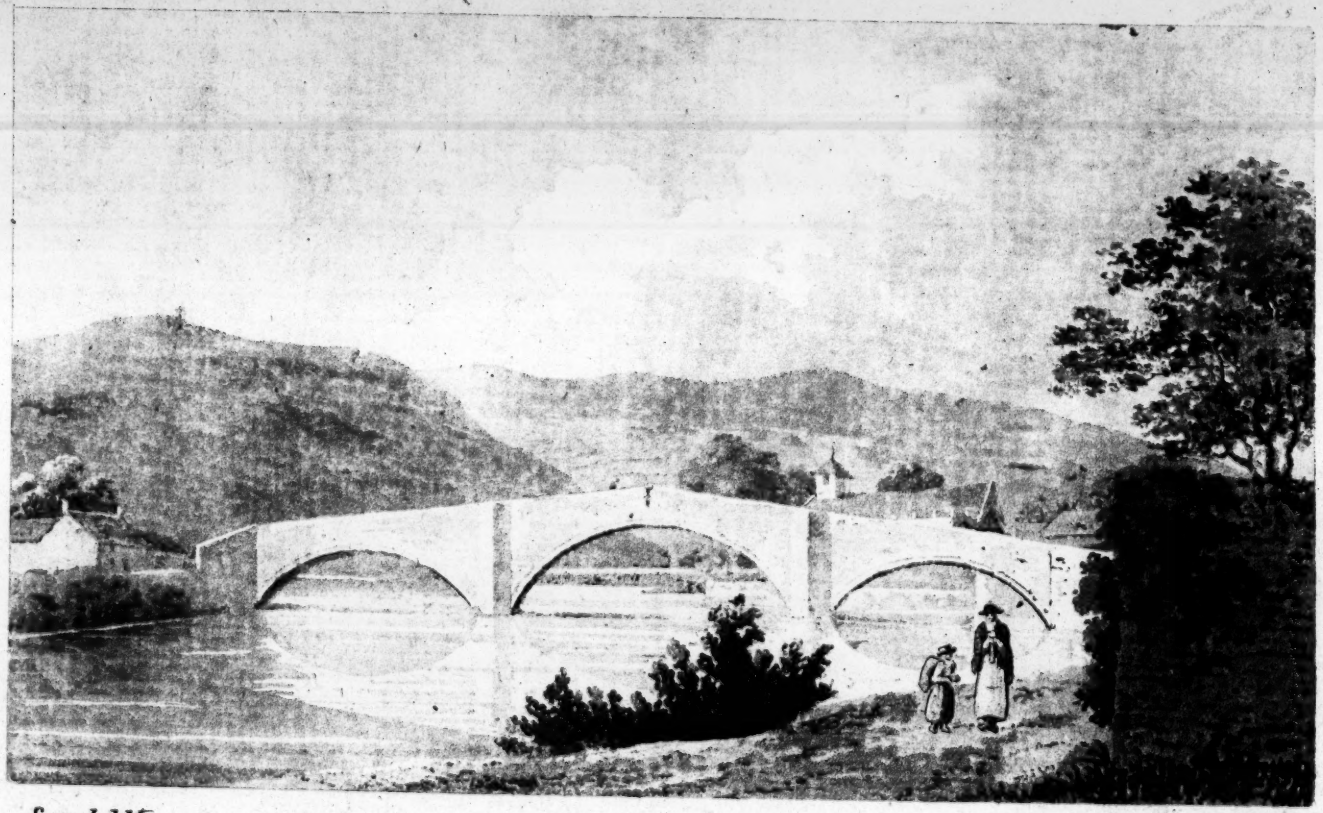


Samuel del.t

Underwood Sculp.t

Llanrwst Bridge.

Frontispiece



Samuel del.t

Underwood Sculp.t

Llanrwst Bridge.

A

COLLECTION

OF

WELSH TOURS;

OR,

A DISPLAY

OF THE

BEAUTIES OF WALES.

Selected principally from

CELEBRATED HISTORIES AND POPULAR TOURS.

WITH OCCASIONAL REMARKS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A TOUR OF THE RIVER WYE.

THIRD EDITION, CORRECTED.

Embellished with Seven Engravings, and Two characteristic Ruins.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. SAEL, NO. 192, STRAND;

And sold by M. POOLE and Son, Chester.

1798.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE PUBLIC.

FROM an earneſt deſire to make the preſent Collection of Welſh Tours as *complete* as poſſible, and to explore thoſe remaining parts of Wales, which have excited the admiration and applauſe of Touriſts and Poets, the Editor has been induced to add to the former Collection, a *Tour of the River Wye and its Vicinity*, hoping it may prove an acceptable addition to his former Work. He wiſhes at the ſame time to obſerve, that it is not his intention to extend his Work beyond its preſent limits; and for the accommodation of former Purchaſers, the additional TOUR of the WYE will be ſold ſeparate, enriched by Two beautiful Engravings, price 2*s.* ſewed.

To thoſe Gentlemen who have aided his deſign, as well as for the encouragement of a liberal Public, he begs to expreſs his particular obligations.

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

IT may be reſpectful and proper to inform the Reader, ſo much additional information has been received by the Publiſher, ſince the firſt appearance of theſe Tours, *that it was found impracticable to print it apart from the preſent Edition; otherwiſe, he gladly would have done it, from a wiſh to oblige thoſe perſons who might have thought ſuch a plan deſirable. Should any future communications, however, be received, they ſhall be printed and ſold ſeparately, by way of Appendix to the preſent Work, for the accommodation of its purchaſers. The Publiſher embraces this opportunity of returning his grateful acknowledgments to thoſe Gentlemen who have indulged him with Extracts from their private papers; alſo, for various communications of Friends.*

PREFACE.

SEVERAL of the moſt popular and intereſting TOURS in WALES having become *ſcarce*, the preſent Editor has been induced to compreſs various ſelections from them into one volume, leaving each Touriſt to purſue his reſpective track. He has availed himſelf alſo of the moſt reſpectable hiſtories for the further improvement of the ſame.

To have digeſted the whole into one regular journey, might to ſome travellers have appeared deſirable; but in that caſe, much of the beauty and ſcenery of the country would have been unnoticed, from the external or internal ſituation of particular objects; whereas, by dividing it into ſeparate ſections,

each route becomes more fully deſcribed. Hence, whoever may be deſirous to make any part of the Tour of Wales, will almoſt every where find an excurſion marked out, its antiquities and beauties deſcribed, with every other leading feature of local intereſt, or literary illuſtration.

In ſome inſtances, where authors may have differed in their narratives, it has been thought adviſable to retain each deſcription, for the ſake of obtaining a more *accurate account of places*. This will undoubtedly afford conſiderable novelty and utility to the work.

In exploring the pictureſque beauties of WALES, it is hoped therefore that this little volume will be found eſſentially uſeful. It has been long allowed that no country can boaſt of richer proſpects, or encompaſs ſcenes of more hiſtoric celebrity.

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THE

THE

COUNTIES OF NORTH WALES

ARE,

Angleſea, Caernarvonſhire, Denbighſhire, Flintſhire, Merionethſhire, and Montgomeryſhire.

ANGLESEA is 28 miles long and 13 broad, has 2 towns and 74 pariſhes; it produces copper, mill and grind ſtones, red, yellow, and blue ochre, fine paſtures, with corn and cattle.

Caernarvonſhire is 48 miles broad, 23 long, has 5 towns and 68 pariſhes; its products are timber, ſlate, goats, copper, fiſh, &c.

Denbighſhire is 50 miles long and 20 broad, has 4 towns and 57 pariſhes; its manufactures are thoſe of gloves and flannels, and its products corn, horned cattle, and lead.

Flintſhire is 33 miles long and 11 broad, has 3 towns and 28 pariſhes; it produces cattle, butter, honey, coal, and lead; it has likewiſe a cotton and twiſt, and copper manufactory.

Merionethſhire is 40 miles long and 36 broad, has 4 towns and 37 pariſhes; it abounds with cattle, ſheep, fiſh, and game; its chief manufacture is Welſh cottons.

Montgomeryſhire is 40 miles long and 37 broad, has 6 towns and 47 pariſhes; it has lead, plenty of fiſh and fowls, with a breed of large black cattle and horſes; its principal manufacture is flannel.

THE

THE

COUNTIES OF SOUTH WALES

ARE,

Brecknockſhire, Cardiganſhire, Caermarthenſhire, Glamorganſhire, Pembrokeſhire, and Radnorſhire.

BRECKNOCKSHIRE is 33 miles long, 32 broad, has 4 towns and 61 pariſhes; its product is corn, fowl, fiſh, and cattle; its manufactures are woollen ſtuffs and ſtockings.

Cardiganſhire is 47 miles long, 20 broad, has 6 towns and 64 pariſhes; it produces corn, plenty of cattle, game, with ſea and river fiſh, has mines of lead, copper, and ſilver ore.

Caermarthenſhire is 48 miles long, 25 broad, has 8 towns, 87 pariſhes. This county is well clothed with wood, and feeds vaſt numbers of cattle; it abounds with fowl, fiſh, and game, and has coal and lead mines.

Glamorganſhire is 50 miles long and 24 broad, has 9 towns, 118 pariſhes; it produces paſtures, corn, and pit-coal, culm, and lead ore.

Pembrokeſhire is 35 miles long, 29 broad, has 4 towns, and 145 pariſhes; it produces corn, ſheep, cattle, fowls, and fiſh, with coal-mines, and marl.

Radnorſhire is 30 miles long and 25 broad; it has 4 towns and 52 pariſhes; its produce is cattle, ſheep, horſes, and cheeſe, and its only manufacture malt.

AS

Inſtructions for Pronouncing the Welſh.

AS ſome of the names of the places in the following Tours are written according to the Welſh orthography, it is neceſſary to inform the Engliſh reader, that the material difference of pronunciation depends on the following characters:

C, in Welſh, is pronounced as *K* in Engliſh.

F, as *V*.

G, as *G* hard in *Gun:* and never ſoft, as in *Gin*.

W, as *Oo* in *Good*.

Dd, as *Th*.

Ll, as *Thl*, ſtrongly aſpirated.

Y, in any ſyllable of a word, except the laſt, as *U* in *burn:* but in the laſt ſyllable, as the Engliſh *I* in *Birth*.

A ſpecimen of the two laſt characters occurs in the word Llanvyllyn, a town in Montgomeryſhire, which is pronounced *Thlan-vuth-lin*.

INTRODUCTION.

THE origin of every nation is neceſſarily obſcure, and always loſt in a pretended antiquity. On the authority of Bochart we may trace the Welſh from a very early period indeed. That Britain, however, was peopled from Gaul 1000 years before Chriſt, appears very probable; the arguments in favour of this opinion are deduced from the ſtate of population on the continent, and from the progreſs of it in the iſland itſelf. It has been well obſerved *, that names deſcriptive of national manners cannot be the original ap-

* Mr. Whitaker.

pellations of any people; they reſult from the intercourſe and experience of the ſtates around them, on whoſe territories they have dared to encroach.

The name of Cymri appears to have been the great hereditary diſtinction of the Gauls upon the continent, and to have been carried with them into all their conqueſts; it was not retained in our iſland merely by the natives of Wales, but was equally the appellation of a nation in the ſouth-weſt of Somerſetſhire and the north-eaſt of Cornwall.

The firſt denomination of our iſland was certainly Albion, a name given before the country was inhabited: it was the Celtic term for heights or eminences. The Alps, ſome ages before the days of Strabo, were called Albia; and in his time there remained two tribes on the

mountains

mountains that bore the names of Albiœci and Albienſes.

The ſecond denomination was that of Britain, derived from a Celtic word likewiſe, ſignifying *divided*, not *painted*. This etymology has lately been proved not to have been applied to the region, but beſtowed on the inhabitants; not previouſly borne on the continent by the original ſettlers of the country, but aſſumed or received at their firſt removal into the iſland.

The general denomination of *Wales* was not impoſed on the country by the Saxons, but was the acknowledged appellation of the region as early as the ſixth century, if we may believe a quotation from Talieſſin, as cited by Mr. Davies.

When that part of Britain which comprehends the preſent kingdom of England and principality of Wales,

was divided into ſeveral petty kingdoms, the inhabitants were all diſtinguiſhed by different names. The principality of Wales, formerly comprehending the whole country beyond the Severn, was in the Roman times occupied by the Silures, the Dimetæ, and Ordovices: to theſe belonged not only the twelve counties of Wales, but likewiſe the two others lying beyond the Severn, Herefordſhire and Monmouthſhire, which in the reign of Charles the Second were firſt reckoned amongſt the Engliſh counties.

The country now known by the name of North Wales was inhabited by the Ordovices only, who held out firſt againſt the Romans, and afterwards againſt the Engliſh, after the other Britons were ſubdued; for by the Romans they were not reduced till the time of Domitian, nor

by

by the Engliſh till the reign of Henry the Firſt.

About forty-five years before the Chriſtian æra, Britain was firſt invaded by the Romans under Julius Cæſar; afterwards by Claudius; and at length became a province under the Roman empire: it was governed by lieutenants, or deputies, ſent from Rome, as Ireland is now by deputies from England; and continued thus under the Romans for upwards of 400 years; till that empire being invaded by the Goths and Vandals, the Romans were forced not only to recall their own armies, but alſo to draw from hence the braveſt of the Britons, for their aſſiſtance againſt thoſe barbarians.

The country being left in a defenceleſs ſtate, was invaded by the Scots, who were ſo rapacious, that the Britons ſent over a miſerable appli-

cation for relief to Ætius, the Roman general, who, by ſeveral famous ſucceſſes, for a time had repelled the violence of the Gothic arms. But receiving no hopes of any ſuccours from that general, the South Britons invited over the Saxons, who no ſooner delivered them from their ancient foes the Picts and Scots, than they ſtrengthened their own numbers, turned their arms againſt the natives, and conquered them, ſome few excepted, who ſecured themſelves in the mountains of Wales; whence their deſcendants have always been diſtinguiſhed by the title of *Ancient Britons*.

Wales was anciently bounded by the Iriſh ſea, and by the rivers Severn and Dee, till the Saxons became maſters of all the level countries over thoſe rivers; and till *Offa* *,

* See Tour from Cheſter, &c.

King

King of Mercia, made the celebrated trench, which is ſtill called by his name. This trench, which extended from north to ſouth, from the mouth of the river Dee to that of the Wye, has been thought to have been an imitation of the ramparts which were thrown up by Agricola, Adrian, and Severus, to guard the Romans againſt the incurſions of the northern barbarians.

Notwithſtanding many attempts of the Engliſh, the Welſh enjoyed their own laws, and lived under their own princes, till, in the year 1282, Llewellin loſt both his principality and life. In the reign of Henry the Eighth, Wales was incorporated and united with England; and, by a ſtatute of the 27th of that reign, all the laws and liberties of England were to take place there; from which time the Welſh have approved themſelves

truly worthy of their high origin, loyal and dutiful to their King, and always zealous for the welfare of the community.

ROMANTIC

ROMANTIC PARTS

OF

NORTH WALES,

FROM

SHREWSBURY TO CAERNARVON,

AND THE

VALE of CLWYD.

Mary Bar

ROMANTIC PARTS OF NORTH WALES.

THE romantic beauties of nature are ſo ſingular and extravagant in the principality of Wales, particularly in the counties of Merioneth and Caernarvon, that they are ſcarcely to be conceived by thoſe who have confined their curioſity to the other parts of Great Britain.

This journey was undertaken rather late in the autumn; the ſeaſon proved remarkably favourable; neither rains nor winds impeded my progreſs—the air on the mountains

was left rarefied by the ſummer's heat, the ſun ſhone out all the day on Cader, and Snowdon had not begun to fortify himſelf againſt this almoſt winter approach.

I ſet out from Shrewſbury to Welſh Poole—the laſt eight miles afforded a moſt beautiful proſpect of a rich vale in Montgomeryſhire. The vales throughout this county are remarkably pleaſant, abound with corn, and are luxuriant in paſturage.

Welſh Poole is a place of ſome note—it is one of the five boroughs in Montgomeryſhire, which jointly ſend a member to Parliament. It takes its name from a contemptible black pool, which is ſaid to be unfathomable.

The gentlemen in this town and neighbourhood have, with becoming ſpirit and liberality, opened a ſub-

ſubſcription for the purpoſe of erecting a county-hall, market-place, and other rooms for public convenience and accommodation in this town, which it is expected will be ſoon carried into effect.

The country from Welſh Poole towards Llalymynach is moſt beautifully broken into gentle riſings, prettily wooded. Gilesfield church and village are pleaſingly ſituated under the hills. The church is dedicated to St. Giles. Tanner ſays it was founded in 1170.

About a mile from hence ſtands Powis Caſtle, or *Red* Caſtle, from the colour of the ſtones of which it is built. The ſituation of it is certainly very noble; but I cannot agree with Lord Lyttelton, that three thouſand pounds would make it the moſt auguſt place in the kingdom: there is much to be done in the mere approach,

proach, and at preſent you are obliged to aſk where the Severn runs. The ground is laid out in that formal ſtyle of gardening that was brought in at the Revolution, and there will be much difficulty in altering it with propriety.

On my return to Poole, I ordered a carriage to convey me to Llanvair; this was to be my laſt ſtage on known ground—the road was perfectly good, the people in general ſpoke Engliſh, and their civility was ſo remarkable, that the very turnpike-man was grateful for the toll. I was here moſt ſtrongly recommended to a good houſe, about twelve miles diſtant, Cann's Office, a very reſpectable inn, and far ſuperior to thoſe at Llanvair. About two miles from Cann's Office, the road enters a valley, ſurrounded by mountains, which continue to Mallevyd, where a poſt-

a poſt-chaiſe may be had, an accommodation not to be met with at Dinas-y-Mowddu. After contending with ſome trifling difficulties on the road, I arrived at Dinas-y-Mowddu.

This city (for *dinas* is Welſh for city) is poſſeſſed of many and great advantages; there is no body corporate to divide it into faction, there is not a ſingle office that can poſſibly be contended for—the rent of houſes will be the ſame at all ſeaſons, and even in Auguſt you are never incommoded by the ſun. The river is not large, but it will never be encroached upon by the inhabitants; their ſequeſtered walks will never be injured by any freſh dealers in taſte.

I did not ſee a cathedral, nor heard of either biſhop or palace.

There is no court of judicature open here.

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The theatre is held in great repute. I had the pleaſure to be preſent at one play, which is here called an *anterlute*, probably a corruption from our term interlude.

The road from Dinas-y-Mowddu is a grand paſs between two mountains, and the views prodigiouſly fine. The firſt ſight of Cader Idris diſappointed me; but I ſoon recollected, that as I was then on high ground, it muſt have been from ſome other point of view that this mountain had rendered itſelf ſo remarkable. In the courſe of this reflection, I was on a ſudden delighted with the country round Dolgelly. Woods, rocks, a rich vale, a fine river, and, at that diſtance, the appearance of rather a decent town, ſurrounded with many gentlemen's ſeats; theſe, contraſted with the barrenneſs I had juſt travelled through,

all

all joined to render the proſpect truly delicious.

At the inn there are good accommodations, and the perſon who keeps it is obliging.

Barmouth, ten miles from Dolgelly: its beauties are ſo manifold and extraordinary, that they literally "beggar deſcription." New paſtures of the moſt exuberant fertility; new wood, riſing in the majeſty of foliage; the road curving into numberleſs unexpected directions, at one moment ſhut into a verdant receſs, ſo contracted, that there appears ſcarce a bridle-way out of it; at another, the azure expanſe of the main ocean falling upon the eye: on all ſides rocks glitter in colours of that beauty which conſtitutes the ſublime: on the other hand, plains, villas, cottages, and venerable halls, with whatever tends to form the middle

middle grace that belongs to the beautiful :—ſuch are the objects that you meet with on the way to Dolgelly.

I ſent out for a guide, that I might retire to Cader Idris. On the arrival of the guide, I ſet out immediately, and found the track exceedingly good, till I came to a prominent part of the mountain; and here, I muſt acknowledge, my head was too giddy ſufficiently to admire the amazing ſcene that was opening to my view. At length having gained the ſummit (the whole aſcent being near three miles) on a fine piece of level ground, I could with comfort ſurvey the ſea, the Caernarvonſhire ſhore, and Snowdon without a cloud upon his top; lakes, rivers, rocks, and precipices, which were every way ſpread before me. At the bottom of the hill, on the oppoſite ſide, was a ſmall village, to which

which ſeveral were returning heavy loaden from Dolgelly market. This village is remarkable for nothing but the remains of a ſmall caſtle, whoſe miſerable ſituation could not ſecure it from the depredations of Cromwell's army. In the courſe of my ſurvey of the mountain, it ſeemed to take a thouſand capricious forms; but the moſt wonderful part of it is the tremendous peak, which overhangs the lake of the Three Grains *: but here I ſhall forbear deſcription, as a fine repreſentation of it has been lately executed by the ingenious and accurate pencil of Mr. Wilſon. On my return I diſcovered, far out of any track, on the ſteepeſt part of the hill, a man ga-

* The common people believe theſe three large crags to have been caſt out of the ſhoes of the giant Idris.

thering

thering rock-moſs to die baizes red. This excreſcence is chiefly ſold to Dublin; it affords a moſt beautiful colour at firſt, and if mixed with proper ingredients and diſtilled, will, it is ſaid, become permanent. Being very thirſty with heat and fatigue, I inquired for ſome goat's milk, but to no purpoſe; the guide, however, informed me, that he could procure me from a neighbouring cottage a liquor peculiar to that part of North Wales, which infinitely exceeded Stirom cyder; I taſted it, and found it was made of mountain-aſh berries and crabs or ſloes. It ſhould remain at leaſt half a year in the veſſel before it is bottled off, and if it were then kept to a proper age, it would not be altogether contemptible. The tedioufneſs of my return to Dolgelly was ſomewhat beguiled

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by the conſequential information of the guide, and I muſt own he greatly entertained me.

The next morning being Sunday, I went to eight o'clock prayers here. The area of the church is ſpacious, and the pews are neat; there is a coving roof of wood, which is neceſſary to aid the voice, as the floor is only clay covered with deep ruſhes. The congregation was large, and the ſervice was read with devotion and propriety.

My ſtay was prolonged at Dolgelly, that the maſter of the inn, who was abſent on my firſt arrival, and who was juſtly recommended to me as an intelligent perſon, might attend me to ſee the three wonderful water-falls in this neighbourhood. About five miles on the road towards Tan-y-Bwlch, immediately on having croſſed a bridge, we turned

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on the left hand to ſee the firſt, called Doel Malenllyn, which I take to be a part of the river Derry; this is not more than fifty feet in height, but you may afterwards trace it for near a mile, through crags and trees, before it reaches its rocky bed at the bottom. The others are falls of whole rivers, the Mawddu and Cayne (they are called Rhaides-y-Mawddu, and Piſtal-y-Cayne), over the tops of two rocky mountains; the former perhaps may not be above one hundred feet in height, but the latter is certainly at leaſt an hundred yards; both of them are ſhaded with beautiful woods on the ſides of hills, whoſe ſummits are in the clouds, and whoſe feet are whitened by the foam of theſe tremendous cataracts. It may be neceſſary to have a guide to ſee them, as they lie out of the common road.

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I was much ſtruck with the ſituation of Mr. Oakly's houſe at Tany-Bwlch; at firſt ſight it ſomewhat reſembled Matlock Bath; but the hills in front are thrown to a fine diſtance, and behind the houſe they are covered with wood. Through a very ſpacious valley the river Dryryd runs; and from the tops of the mountains are frequent and not inconſiderable cataracts. Indeed, moſt of the romantic proſpects of North Wales, taken ſeparately, are infinitely ſuperior to thoſe of Derbyſhire; but where ſhall we find, within the ſame diſtance, ſuch amazing contraſt as the high poliſh of Kedleſton oppoſed to the bleak horrors of the Peak?

At the diſtance of about three miles (the road moſt beautifully diverſified) the ſcene changes on a ſudden to ſome dark and naked precipices;

pices; at the bottom is a large rocky baſon, which receives the Rhaidr-du, or Black Cataract, as it is called.

The road to Harlech afforded great variety; there could ſcarce be more within the compaſs of ten miles. For the firſt three we ſurveyed "the "Happy Valley *;" we then paſſed by a beautiful lake, and having gained the next mountain, ſaw the caſtle, ſituated on a high rock, which projects into the Iriſh ſea. It muſt be confeſſed, however, that the laſt two miles were rather "a ſtair-caſe "path;" but I have frequently travelled for twenty miles together in the midland counties of England with more danger and difficulty. In Wales one has the pleaſure of ſeeing that they are making daily improvements in roads.

* Vide Johnſon's Raſſelas.

Harlech

Harlech ſtands on the north-weſt ſide of the county of Merioneth; its houſes are mean. There is a good harbour for ſhips, but few ſhips for the harbour. It is remarkable only for its old decayed caſtle, which was defended by a Britiſh nobleman againſt Edward the Fourth, till an Earl of Pembroke, after almoſt incredible difficulties, compelled it to ſurrender. It has been confidently aſſerted, that this caſtle was built before Edward the Firſt's time, and that all he did was the making ſome additions, eſpecially to the fortifications; but I ſhould be rather inclined to think that it was planned at leaſt by Edward. A tradition goes, that the workmen, after they had got to a conſiderable height, were all taken off to build the caſtles of Aberyſtwith and Caernarvon; and, indeed, there are evident marks of a ſeparation.

An unpoliſhed people, it is obſerved, have little or no curioſity. I had ſeated myſelf by the fire-ſide in one of the houſes at Harlech, without the inhabitants expreſſing the leaſt ſurpriſe at it; the guide and attendants began to be rather clamorous for ſome refreſhment, and the people at length brought them ſome oatmeal bread, &c.

From Harlech a freſh guide conducted me over the top of the mountain, and I found an entire good road on my return to Tan-y-Bwlch.

Leaving my little inn there with regret, I paſſed a dreary cloud-capt country, till I came to a road which, for near a mile, was cut through a barren rock, and finely preparative for the ſcene that was to open upon me. On a ſudden I came upon Pont Aberglaſlyn, the bridge that divides the counties of Merioneth and Caernarvon.

narvon. It conſiſts of only one wide ſtone arch, thrown over a conſiderable water-fall, from two perpendicular precipices. Beyond it is a ſemicircle of rock, which forms a falmon-leap, above which, in ſpawning-time, the fiſh frequently attempt to lodge themſelves, at the amazing height of five or ſix yards; they are frequently caught here in the ſeaſon with nets, and ſometimes with ſpears that are barbed for the purpoſe. But having paſſed the bridge, how ſhall I expreſs my feelings!—the dark tremendous precipices, the rapid river roaring over disjointed rocks, black caverns, and iſſuing cataracts; all ſerve to make this the nobleſt ſpecimen of the horrid the eye can poſſibly behold: the poet has not deſcribed, nor the painter pictured ſo gloomy a retreat.

Having ſtaid too long in contemplating this amazing paſs, I poſted as faſt as poſſible over a rocky deſert to gain ſome refreſhment at Bethkelert, where there is a comfortable inn, at which I alighted, and was able to obtain a good repaſt. The guide to the top of Snowdon lives here.

The road to Caernarvon from Bethkelert lies by the edge of a lake called Llyn Quillyn.

The vale of Feſtiniog, near to Tan-y-Bwlch, is a mixture of all that can delight the eye, or charm the traveller; a landſcape-painter might here take up his reſidence for months.

At Tan-y-Bwlch I had been informed, that I ſhould really meet with very decent accommodation at Bettus, and might with comfort take up my abode there for an evening. As I travelled, I reflected on Burnet's deſcrip-

deſcription of a part of Caernarvonſhire, that it was "the fragment of "a demoliſhed world;" and on making ſome ſlight obſervations to the guide on the drearineſs that ſurrounded me, "Aye, maſter," ſays he, "this muſt have been an ancient "country indeed, for you ſee it is "worn out to the very ſtones:" this remark, however, is probably rather good than new. But we are now arrived at Bettus, and the guide pointed to the houſe where I was to get lodging and entertainment.

The village is, upon the whole, pleaſant; but finding the diſtance only ſix miles from Caernarvon, I was determined to proceed.

Within three miles of Caernarvon I was agreeably ſurpriſed with a very fine road, and a new bridge, which will open a free communication with theſe unfrequented regions,

and induce the curious to viſit the wonders of the Britiſh Alps, in preference to the mountains of Switzerland, or the Glacières of Savoy.

I paſſed my evening at a very good inn at Caernarvon, and having procured an intelligent guide, returned early next morning through Bettus to the foot of Snowdon.—Having left my horſes at a ſmall hut, and hired a mountaineer to carry ſome cordials and proviſions, with a ſpiked ſtick, about ten o'clock I began to aſcend the mountain. The two firſt miles were rather boggy and diſagreeable; but, when the proſpect opened, I ſoon forgot all difficulties:—in the courſe of the two laſt I paſſed by ſix precipices, which I believe were very formidable; but as I was near the brink, and the wind very high, I did not venture to examine too narrowly.

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On the ſummit, which is a plain about ſix yards in circumference, the air was perfectly mild and ſerene, and I could with pleaſure contemplate the amazing map that was unfolded to my view. From thence may be diſtinctly ſeen, Wicklow hills in Ireland, the Iſle of Man, Cumberland, Lancaſhire, Cheſhire, Shropſhire, and part of Scotland; all the counties of North Wales, the Iſle of Angleſea; rivers, plains, woods, rocks, and mountains; ſix and twenty lakes, and two ſeas:—it is doubted whether there is another circular proſpect ſo extenſive in any part of the terraqueous globe. Who could take ſuch a ſurvey without perceiving his ſpirits elevated in ſome proportion to the height? Who could behold ſo bountiful a diſplay of nature without wonder and ecſtacy? Who but muſt feel even a degree of

pride from having gained an eminence, from which he could with eaſe overlook the Neſt of the Eagle? Snowdon, from Caernarvon quay, is 3555 feet, according to General Ray *.

But as the level walks of life are beſt ſuited to the generality of mankind, it became neceſſary to conſider that this was no ſpot where I could properly make any laſting abode, and that the return would be attended with at leaſt as much difficulty as the aſcent. Having deſcended a mile or two, I did not think it amiſs to inquire about an exhauſted mine that I ſaw at a diſtance; and I could make this inquiry with the better grace, as the guides had hitherto quite wondered at my proweſs. The mine I was informed was only copper.

* See Philoſophical Tranſactions, vol. lxxii.

At

At the foot of Snowdon I turned about half a mile out of the way to ſee a water-fall; the ſide-rock was exceedingly beautiful, but the cataract itſelf was rather contemptible, after the noble ones I had ſeen in the neighbourhood of Dolgelly. As the guides ſeemed to think a floating iſland, about two miles diſtant, was a moſt wonderful phenomenon, and related many ſingular and ſurpriſing tales concerning it, I indulged their credulity ſo far as to go and inſpect it. The lake, as they called it, was ſomewhat bigger than a common duck-pond; and the iſland was a knotty piece of bog, which after very heavy rains might very poſſibly float in it.

On my return to Caernarvon I examined the town and caſtle. The town was built by the command of Edward the Firſt, out of the ruins

of the ancient city of Segontium, that ſtood a little below it: it is ſituated between two rivers, and has a beautiful proſpect of the Iſle of Angleſea; it was formerly of very great account when the Princes of Wales kept their chancery and exchequer courts there. On the weſt ſide of it ſtands the caſtle, which was built to curb the Welſh mountaineers, and ſecure a paſſage to the oppoſite ſhore. In a part of it, called the Eagle Tower, you are ſhown the remains of a chamber in which Edward the Second * is ſaid to have been born. About ten years after his birth it was beſieged by the Welſh, but it was

* The cradle of that weak, wicked, unfortunate Prince is ſtill preſerved; it is now in the poſſeſſion of a clergyman in Gloceſterſhire, to whom it deſcended from one of his anceſtors, who attended the Prince in his infancy.

after-

afterwards repaired; and both the town and caſtle had divers privileges confirmed to them by different ſovereigns, down to the reign of Elizabeth: during the laſt civil war they were held for King Charles, but were afterwards ſurrendered on conditions to the Parliament. On viewing theſe ſpacious ruins, I could only ruminate on the changes they had undergone; to think that thoſe walls, which heretofore reſounded with acclamations on the birth of the firſt Engliſh Prince of Wales, ſhould now afford ſhelter only to a few miſerable cottages from the tempeſtuous blaſts of the Briſtol Channel!

I made ſeveral excurſions into the Iſle of Angleſea, the well-known ſeat of the Druids: this may now be conſidered as claſſical ground; for though Mona is deſtroyed, and her altars aboliſhed; though fires

have conſumed her groves, and her prieſts have periſhed by the ſword, yet, like the phœnix, ſhe riſes more glorious from decay; her aſhes have given birth to the Caractacus of Maſon, and the fate of her bards to the inſpiration of Gray.

Nothing could be more delightful than the ride from Caernarvon to Bangor; to the right hand were Snowdon hills, and to the left the river Menai, or, more properly ſpeaking, the ſtrait between the continent and the iſland of Angleſea. I had now got into daylight and the polite world again: there had been a diverſion the night before at Caernarvon, and the road was covered over with carriages.

Bangor lies at the north end of the ſame frith, or arm of the ſea, which is the paſſage to Angleſea, where it has a harbour for boats. It was

once

once ſo large as to be called Bangor the Great, and was defended with a powerful caſtle, built by Hugh Earl of Cheſter, which has long ſince been demoliſhed. The town is now of very little note, except from being the ſee of a biſhop; the palace is neat, but deplorably ſituated; this is doubly mortifying in a country where every part of the neighbourhood is pictureſque and pleaſing.

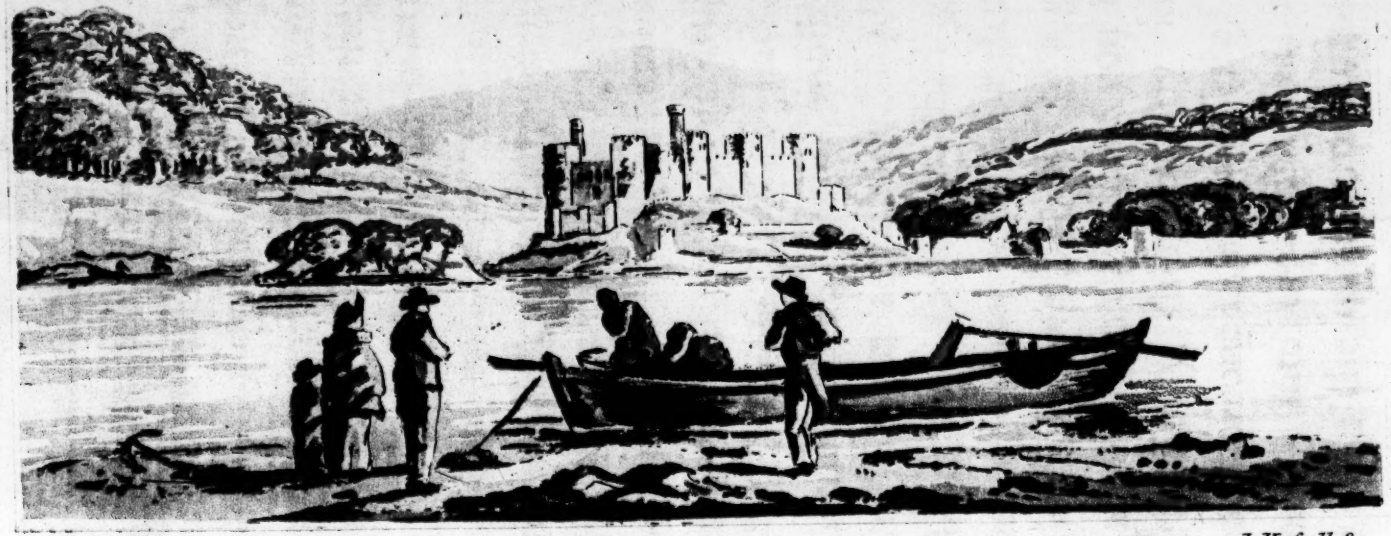
Between Bangor and Conway I paſſed over the famous mountain called Penmaen Mawr. Near the ſummit of this mountain is a beautiful evergreen, four feet high, which has been repeatedly tranſplanted to Baron Hill; but, ſingular to remark, ſtripped from its native mountain, it always withered and died. The road muſt formerly have been very frightful, but a wall is now built to the ſea-ſide, to which it is ſaid the city

of

of Dublin very largely contributed: to form this road it has already coſt upwards of two thouſand pounds.

From hence the country opens into a plain, which extends as far as the river Conway, the eaſtern limit of the county of Caernarvon. It riſes out of a lake of the ſame name, and runs with a north-weſt courſe, receiving in the ſhort ſpace of twelve miles more than as many rivers; ſo that at Aberconway, where it diſcharges its waters into the Iriſh Sea, it is full a mile broad, and capable of bringing ſhips of almoſt any ſize up to the town. At preſent, Conway bears only ſome melancholy marks of what it once was.

The caſtle ſtill remains one of the nobleſt monuments of antiquity. Though built by command of the ſame monarch as Caernarvon, there does not the leaſt ſimilitude exiſt be-



J. Hafsell Sc.

Conway Castle.

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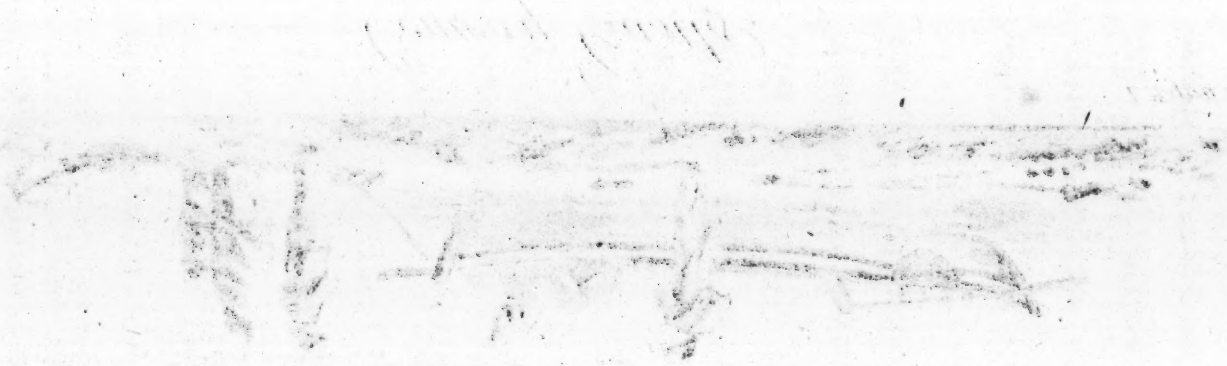

tween them, as this is far more regular. The outſide is the ſame as in the time of Edward the Firſt, except one tower, and that was not demoliſhed with either battering engines or cannons, but by the people of the place taking ſtones from the foundation of it. Some remains of the principal rooms are ſtill to be ſeen, the dimenſions of which have been accurately given by Lord Lyttelton, and an elegant view of them in the Antiquities by Mr. Groſe; but I had never ſeen the outſide of this moſt venerable ruin to advantage, had I not walked over ſome poliſhed ground about a quarter of a mile from it, which I believe belongs to a gentleman of Conway: there you ſee the caſtle finely ſheltered by an oak wood; on one ſide *the chief of rivers* opening into the Iriſh Sea, and on the other the mountains ſurrounding Pen-

Penmaen, with a diſtant country moſt beautifully diverſified. Art and nature cannot combine to form a more various and more delicious proſpect; indeed the whole country from Conway to Llanrwiſt is a moving picture before the eye, and probably may be conſidered as the moſt beautiful part of Wales.

I could not poſſibly leave this part of the country without ſeeing the bridge at Llanrwiſt, built by Inigo Jones, and the chapel, ſuppoſed to have been planned by him, which contains the rich monuments of the Guedir family. The bridge is certainly a very elegant ſtructure, and beſpeaks itſelf to be the work of a great architect, moſt probably of Jones; for I incline to the opinion that Llanrwiſt was the place of his nativity.

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The chapel, which adjoins the pariſh church, was erected by Sir Richard Wynne, one of the grooms of the bedchamber to Charles the Firſt when Prince of Wales, and was chiefly made uſe of for the alms-houſe in the neighbourhood, which was endowed by the Guedir family.

On the floor are four braſs plates, with drawings of figures upon each of them in the dreſſes of the times; one of Maria Moſtyn, wife of Roger Moſtyn; another of Sir Owen Wynne, another of Sir John Wynne, and a fourth of Lady Sydney Wynne, wife of Sir John Wynne: and in the corner of the chapel a ſtone coffin, which was removed from the abbey of Conway, about two miles from hence, on which is the following inſcription:

This is the coffin of Leolinus Magnus, Prince of Wales, who was buried in the abbey of Conway, and upon the diſſolution removed from thence.

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On each ſide are ſix carved receſſes in the figure of fleurs-de-lis, which bear evident marks of having contained braſs plates, and two at the bottom of the coffin.

There is now erected in the church a gallery of exquiſite workmanſhip, which was removed likewiſe from the abbey; and I was at the trouble of having a large quantity of rubbiſh taken away from under an old ſtaircaſe, that I might inſpect a ſtone effigy, which is ſaid to be of Hoel Coetmore, who ſold the Guedir eſtate to the Wynne family: the word *guedir* is ſuppoſed to ſignify glaſs, and that family probably was the firſt who in theſe parts had a houſe with glazed windows.

I made diligent inquiry through all Caernarvonſhire, and this part of Denbighſhire, for the Glyder Mountain, which Gibſon has particularly de-

deſcribed, and which, from its ſingularity (ſays the Author of a Tour through Wales), we more wiſhed to have ſeen than the ſummits of either Plinlimmon or Snowdon.

"On the utmoſt top of this "mountain, according to the Con- "tinuator of Camden, who ſaw it, "is a prodigious pile of ſtones, "many of which are of the mag- "nitude of thoſe at Stonehenge. "They lie in ſuch an irregular man- "ner, croſſing and ſupporting each "other, that ſome people have ima- "gined them to be the remains of a "vaſt building; but Gibſon more "naturally ſuppoſes them to be the "ſkeleton or ruins of the mountain, "the weaker parts of which may "have been worn away in a ſeries "of ages, by the rains and meltings "of the ſnow."

I was

I was equally unfortunate in not being able to ſee this mountain; but, in croſſing the wide ferry at Conway, I by accident gained ſuch information, that I am confident any future traveller may very readily ſatisfy his curioſity. An old boatman there informed me, that he had frequently ſeen it—that in his younger days, indeed, it was ſometimes termed the Glyder, but it was now known only by the name of Wythwar—that it was within a mile or two of a village called Clynog, and upon the ſhore almoſt oppoſite Caernarvon.

On my way to St. Aſaph, I paſſed over the top of Penmaen Roſs, a ſteep and formidable mountain. This is by far the worſt part of the road between Holyhead and Cheſter: a nearer path was ſome time ſince cut along the ſide of the ſea cliff; but a man and horſe had lately been killed,

and

and by order of the commiſſioners it is now entirely broken up.

The city of St. Aſaph is called in Britiſh Llan Elwy, on account of its ſituation at the conflux of the river Elwy with the Clwyd; and St. Aſaph by the Engliſh, from its patron Aſaph, who in the year 560 erected a biſhop's ſee there. The biſhop of this dioceſe has no entire county under his juriſdiction, but parts only of the counties of Flint, Denbigh, Montgomery, Merioneth, and Salop.

The cathedral has ſince been ſeveral times rebuilt; having been burnt in 1402 by Owen Glendwr, it was afterwards reſtored by Biſhop Redman; but, having ſuffered the dilapidations of time, was lately repaired and beautified under the direction of Mr. William Turner.

The

The biſhop's palace has been entirely rebuilt by the preſent worthy dioceſan, Dr. Bagot.

The beauties of the Vale of Clwyd, which now opens to the eye of the traveller, are not ſurpaſſed, perhaps not equalled, by any other *vale in the kingdom*. It is probably ſeen to the greateſt advantage from the hills in the neighbourhood of Ruthin; though near the road to Holywell, you have the beſt view I think of that fertile and delicious vale. It is of an oval ſhape, about twenty-five miles in length, and about eight miles wide in its broadeſt part; it lies open only to the ocean, and to the clearing north wind, being elſewhere guarded with high mountains, which, towards the eaſt eſpecially, are like battlements or turrets; for, by an admirable contrivance of nature, ſays Camden, the tops of theſe mountains

tains reſemble the turrets of walls. Upon the whole, however, I think that there are other cultivated ſcenes in North Wales equal, if not ſuperior. In the Vale of Clwyd, indeed, you have the lively and the beautiful; but in Merioneth, the awful and ſublime.

TOUR

FROM

CHESTER TO LLANGOLLEN,

WELSH POOL, and MONMOUTH;

WITH THE

DISTANCES DESCRIBED.

D

TOUR

FROM

CHESTER to LLANGOLLEN

AND

MONMOUTH.

IT may probably afford ſome amuſement to the traveller to lay before him a ſhort deſcription of the city of Cheſter.

This ancient and pleaſant city ſtands upon the borders of the river Dee, on the weſt ſide of the county; its lat. 53 deg. 15 min. north; and long. 3 deg. 2 min. weſt from London; its diſtance from the latter city being 182 miles.

There are perhaps few cities in Europe, which have a ſtronger claim

to general attention than Cheſter: the eye of the ſtranger will here find an ample field for admiration; the man of taſte, who may honour it with a viſit, will not depart ungratified; nor will the antiquarian ſearch in vain for ſome rich and profitable treaſures of inveſtigation within its walls.

The inhabitants of Cheſter may be ſaid to enjoy advantages which no other place of equal magnitude can boaſt of; peculiarly favoured by Providence, the ſituation is as pleaſing as the air is ſalubrious.

The preſent degree of population is ſaid to be about 15,000 ſouls, and (although not fortunate enough to be the ſeat of any particular or ſtaple manufacture) is yet increaſing. A ſtranger, on his firſt entrance into the city, might ſuppoſe that it is but thinly inhabited, the

enveloped

enveloped ſituation of the ſhops, which are moſtly covered by rows, tending to hide a conſiderable portion of people from the eye. Mr. Pennant, whoſe reſpectability as a touriſt is of the firſt rank, very conciſely deſcribes it in the following words:

"The city is of a ſquare form, "which evinces the origin to have "been Roman, being in the figure "of their camps, with four gates "facing the four points, four prin-"cipal ſtreets, and a variety of leſſer, "croſſing the others at right angles, "dividing the whole into leſſer "ſquares. The walls are built on a "ſoft freeſtone rock, high above the "circumjacent country;" and are ſaid to have been built by the Mercian Lady Ethelfleda.

"The ſtructure of the four prin-"cipal ſtreets is without parallel;

" they run direct from east to west,
" and north to south, and were ex-
" cavated out of the earth, and sunk
" many feet beneath the surface:
" the carriages are driven far below
" the level of the kitchens, on a
" line with ranges of shops, over
" which passengers walk in galleries,
" which the inhabitants call the
" Rows, secure from wet or heat.
" In the Rows are likewise ranges
" of shops," and steps to descend into the street.

The exploring hand of time has, at different periods, presented to the antiquarian some valuable treasures:—among these is a Roman altar, now in the possession of Mr. Dyson, erected by Flavius Longus, tribune of the victorious 20th legion, and his son Longinus, in honour of the Emperors Diocleſian and Maximian.

In

In the 24th year of the preſent century, the remains of the illuſtrious Hugh Lupus (firſt Earl of Cheſter) were diſcovered in the chapter-houſe of the cathedral, incaſed with ſtone; where the body had lain, in undiſturbed ſecurity, upwards of 600 years.

Here it was the Caledonian King, Malcolm IV. (in 1159) ceded to our ſecond Henry all the lands that the fortunes of war had wreſted from the crown of England.

Cheſter was the favourite city of Richard II. who honoured it with his preſence in 1397; and two years after he was lodged a cloſe priſoner in the caſtle, which had been ſeized into the hands of our fourth Henry, who cancelled the lives of ſeveral of Richard's adherents and favourites. It has alſo at ſeveral ſucceeding periods been honoured with the pre-

fence of royalty. In 1459 Henry VI. with Queen Margaret and her ſon Edward, paid a viſit here; and in 1493 Henry VII. and his conſort graced the city with their preſence. King William viſited Cheſter; and, during the reign of this monarch, it was remarkable for having a coinage of ſilver currency.

A ſtranger who has never had the felicity of viewing the city walls, can entertain but a very faint idea of the convenience and pleaſure which they afford: their circumference is one mile, three quarters, and a hundred and one yards.

This valuable walk had its origin probably in *warfare*, being evidently intended as fortifications in days leſs tranquil than the preſent. That potent warrior *Time* has, however, razed its towers, inſomuch that only one remains to perpetuate the

hoſtile

hoſtile æra in which it was erected. This is known by the name of the Phœnix Tower, a ſituation remarkable for being the place where King Charles I. retired to ſee the battle of Rowton Moor, where his army, under Sir Marmaduke Langdale, was defeated by General Pointz.

Thus this beautiful walk, the offſpring of *war*, is now ſolely devoted to the purpoſes of *pleaſure* and ſalubrious enjoyment.

The views which the walls command are various and extenſive, enriched with enlivening ſcenes, variegated landſcapes, and delightful proſpects; particularly that part leading down to the Water Tower, as it is called: WALES, from this point, opens the boſom of her country as far as the naked eye can diſcover. Flintſhire and Denbighſhire, with their majeſtic mountains apparently touch-

ing the horizon, have a noble effect, and highly animate the ſcene. In ſhort, no walk can be better calculated, either for health or pleaſure, than the walls of Cheſter.

Three very handſome and ſpacious arches, at the eaſt, weſt, and ſouth entrances, have been all finiſhed within theſe few years (the two latter very recently); and nothing remains but the erection of a ſimilar arch at the north, to complete an uniformity much wanted.

The ſtately cathedral ſtands on the eaſt ſide of Northgate-ſtreet; the reigns of Henry VI. VII. and VIII. are mentioned as the periods in which the greater part of this ſacred edifice (now remaining) was erected. Simon Ripley, choſen abbot in 1485, built the broad aiſle. The abbey, which gave birth to this ſee, was of ſuch antiquity as to have been a

nunnery

nunnery more than eleven hundred years ago, founded by Wulpherus, king of the Mercians, for his daughter, St. Werburgh.

The neatneſs of the choir, and the Gothic appearance of the tabernacle work, have a pleaſing effect on the eye. The biſhop's throne, which is ſuperbly ornamented, is ſaid to have been the ancient ſhrine of St. Werburgh. It is encircled by a beautiful group of ſmall images, intended to repreſent ſaints and kings of Mercia. On the north ſide of the broad aiſle are the cloiſters, in which is that beautiful, well-finiſhed edifice, the Chapter Houſe, where the bones of ſeveral earls and abbots lie in peaceful ſecurity: it is fifty feet in length, twenty-ſix in width, and thirty-five in height. The ſuppoſition is, that it was erected by Randal Maſchines, Earl of Cheſter,

who died in 1128. In the cloiſters is a flight of ſteps, which led to thoſe *ſacred* retreats, the *dormitory*, *kitchen*, and *cellars*, of the venerable monks. There are eight other churches, ſome of which might gratify the curious, particularly St. John's.

The walk on the New River bank, which extends more than three miles in length, has been particularly admired.

The new canal, juſt finiſhed, from this city to Eaſtam, a diſtance of about ten miles, derives a conſiderable trade from opening a communication between this place and the commercial town of Liverpool.

The caſtle has of late years undergone conſiderable alteration and repair, and may be well worth the attention of the traveller. The river Dee meanders beautifully beſide the

town,

town, and at about the diſtance of five miles embraces the main ocean, near Parkgate.

Paſſing through Cheſter, a little on the left of the road, near Belgrave, is the ſeat of the ancient and reſpectable family of the Groſvenors; the ride may be taken immediately paſt his Lordſhip's houſe, along the extenſive park ſide, returning into the high road at Belgrave. About three miles farther is Marford Hill, which, for extent of proſpect, is ſcarcely ſurpaſſed; from this place, Cheſhire looks, as it has often been deſcribed, the *Garden of England*, being well ſupplied with wood in every part, and adorned by the richeſt cultivation.

Bolſworth caſtle and the Peckforten Hills greatly enrich the ſcene; and, if the weather is fine, a conſiderable

ſiderable part of Lancaſhire and Derbyſhire may be ſeen from this point.

A little beyond Marford is the pleaſant village of Gresford. The church is ſituated on the brow of a lofty eminence, over a beautiful little valley, whoſe end opens into the vaſt expanſe of the Vale Royal of Cheſter. The church is a handſome building:—there are alſo ſome monuments of antiquity in it. The bells have been denominated one of the *wonders of Wales*; for ſweetneſs and harmony they are allowed to exceed any in that quarter. This may be attributed to the echo of the vale below, which reverberates the ſound, and often gives the effect of a double peal.

In the ſequeſtered vale adjoining Gresford, is the cottage of Mrs. W. of Cheſter; its ſimplicity and

beauty

beauty have tempted many travellers to view the ſcene, few of whom ever felt regret at having deviated from the common path. It is here that Contemplation may retire within herſelf, and for a moment forget the world and its follies; while Virtue delights to meet her retired aſſociate.

The following lines are taken from a recent publication of the ingenious Mrs. Holford, entitled GRESFORD VALE; the idea of which, no doubt, has been taken from the celebrated poem of Miſs Seward, called LLANGOLLEN VALE, publiſhed about two years ago—from which the reader will ſee ſome extracts in the preſent Tour:

"In Gresford Vale no gariſh tints invite,
"Attract with wonder and with peril fright;
"Here no huge cliffs majeſtic pierce the clouds,
"Nor roaring billows chafe the ſtubborn ſhrouds,
"No rocky fragments buoy'd in trembling ſtate
"On the nice ſcale of undecided fate,

"Appal

" Appal the ſoul, and ſtrike a tranſient ſenſe
" Of all the direful horrors of ſuſpenſe:
" Content, preſiding genius of the place,
" Her eaſy mantle throws with winning grace,
" And bids o'er paths diverſified expand
" The ſubtle influence of her magic wand,
" The boldeſt lines of contraſt's force to ſeize,
" And teach irregularity to pleaſe."

About a mile on this ſide Wrexham, to the left of the road, is Acton, the ſeat of Sir F. Cunliffe. The garden is beautifully laid out, but the proſpect confined. The venerable grove, leading to the houſe, near half a mile in extent, has a noble appearance. To the right of the road from hence to Wrexham, there are ſeveral reſpectable houſes, whoſe gardens diſplay taſte and judgment in an abundant degree.

Wrexham is a handſome and well-built town, ſurrounded with an enclоſed and fertile country. The church is large, and was erected in the

the reign of Henry the Seventh. The tower is 140 feet high, and is a beautiful ſpecimen of the florid or reformed Gothic, which taſte began to prevail about the time of that king, when the windows were made broader, and leſs pointed at the top, their arches being more rounded at their ſprings, and ending with an obtuſer angle.

Amongſt other monuments that reflect high credit on the ſculptor, and catch the eye of the traveller who may view this church, is that of Mrs. Mary Middleton, by Roubilliac, which Miſs *Seward* has thus diſtinguiſhed in her verſes on Wrexham:

"Bright as in Albion's long-diſtinguiſh'd fanes,
"Within theſe holy walls, ſhe lives, ſhe reigns;
"Her *ſainted maid*, amid the burſting tomb,
"Hears the *laſt trumpet* thrill; its murky gloom,
"With ſmile triumphant over *death* and time
"Lifts the rapt eye, and rears the form ſublime."

I believe

I believe there are few perſons who have viſited Wrexham without taking a ride to Erthig, about two miles from thence, the ſeat of P. York, Eſq.; a place where nature has been laviſh of beauties, and excellently improved by the hand of art. The gardens are very extenſive, and a great diſplay of taſte and judgment may be diſcovered throughout the whole. Perhaps Wales cannot boaſt of a more elegant ſpot. The houſe is a modern handſome building.

Not far diſtant from Wrexham is Offa's Dyke, which is very viſible on each ſide the road: it was thrown up by order of Offa, King of the Mercians, in the eighth century, as a boundary between his and the Britiſh territories. This dyke began at Baſingwerk in Flintſhire, and ended at Chepſtow, being a line of more than 150 miles.

On

On the left hand of the road, near Ruàbon, is the ſplendid manſion of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, which has been long revered by that town and neighbourhood for the hoſpitality of its owner. The park is very extenſive, and the ride to the houſe pictureſque and delightful: the building is modern.

Ruàbon is but a ſmall town, and affords no novelty or intereſt for the curious traveller.

Llangollen is a town romantically ſituated in a ſmall dale, cloſely environed with mountains, which are finely varied with woods, rocks, and torrents. On the point of one of them, juſt above the town, are the ruins of the caſtle Dinas Brân, commonly called Crow Caſtle, ſituated on a ſteep, riſing hill of conſiderable height, commanding a fine view of the vale; the diſtance

terminated

terminated by a noble range of mountains gradually receding from before the eye; then they are loſt in the diſtant azure. This celebrated ſpot was once inhabited by the lovely Lady *Miſanwy Vechan*, of the houſe of Tudor Trevor. She was beloved by the bard *Hoel*.

Gray, ſpeaking of the maſſacre among the bards, in the time of Edward the Firſt, deſcribes this ſcene as

"Vocal no more, ſince Cambria's fatal day,
"To high-born HOEL's harp, or ſoft Llewellyn's lay."

In Miſs *Seward*'s celebrated poem of *Llangollen Vale*, ſhe thus ſpeaks of Dinas Brân caſtle:

"'Mid the gay towers on ſteep Din's Branny's cone,
"Her Hoel's breaſt the fair *Miſanwy* fires:
"Oh! harp of Cambria, never haſt thou known
"Notes more melliſluent floating o'er the wires
"Than when thy bard this brighter Laura ſung,
"And with his ill-ſtarr'd love LLANGOLLEN's echos rung."

Dinas

Dinas Brân Caſtle and Llangollen Vale have obtained further poetical encomiums in the poems of *Sotheby* and *G. Cumberland*; indeed there have ſcarcely any hiſtorians or poets lived in any period that have not paid a tribute of praiſe to this lovely vale. It has been univerſally allowed by gentlemen of diſtinguiſhed taſte, that Llangollen may rank in pictureſque beauty with either Italy, Spain, or Switzerland.

The beautiful cottage of the Right Hon. Lady *E. Butler* and Miſs *Ponſonby* is ſituated in this vale, a quarter of a mile from the town of Llangollen. This pictureſque retreat compriſes, in an extent of little more than two acres, every rural grace. Woods and mountains riſe magnificently around it, but not too near to deſtroy that air of lightneſs and comfort which it breathes. Juſtly

is

is this lovely villa called, in Miſs Seward's Poem,

"The fairy palace of the vale."

Theſe ladies have rather choſen to make this ſecluded ſpot their abode, than to mingle in the gay ſcenes of life, ſetting an example of all that is elegant in manners, and lovely in virtue, to the ſurrounding inhabitants. See the elegant poem of *Llangollen Vale*, inſcribed to them by Miſs *Seward*.

The Rev. Mr. Roberts of Dinbren has lately added largely to his paternal houſe, ſituated on a noble mountain in this vale; the houſe ſtands near its craggy ſummit, and looks as if it had been ſcooped out of the rocks.

In this vale alſo is the beautiful and celebrated ruin of *Valle Crucis Abbey*, ſituated amidſt a ſurrounding land-

landſcape of woods and mountains, ſublime and awfully impreſſive.

"This houſe, the habitation of the monks, was diſſolved in 1235, and is ſaid to be the firſt of the Welſh that underwent that fate: it remained in the crown till the 9th of James the Firſt, who granted it to Edward Wotton. There ſtill remain the ruins of the church, and part of the abbey; the laſt inhabited by a farmer. The church was built in the form of a croſs, in different ſtyles of architecture. The moſt ancient is that of the eaſt end, where the windows are in form of long narrow ſlips, pointed at top. The window at the weſt end is large, divided by ſtone tracery; and above is a round window of elegant work. The abbot's apartment was contiguous to the church; there opens from it a ſmall ſpace, where he might ſtand to hear the holy offices performed below.

below. The lower part of the abbey is vaulted, and ſupported by rows of low pillars, now divided into different rooms. In front is a large window, with curious ſtone tracery, which reaches to the ground. Within ſeems to have ſtood a ſmall ſtaircaſe which led to the fratry, a paved room above the arches."—See Mr. Pennant's Hiſtory.

Miſs Seward, in the Poem before mentioned, has the following ſtriking apoſtrophe to this noble object:

"Say, ivied *Valle Crucis*, time-decay'd,
"Dim on the brink of Deva's wandering floods,
"Your riv'd arch glimmering through the tangled glade,
"Your gray hills towering o'er your night of woods,
"Deep in the vale's receſſes do you ſtand,
"And, deſolately great, the riſing ſigh command."

The river Dee is a noble object as ſeen from the bridge at Llangollen: it rages furiouſly down the broad, ſhelving, ſolid rock, which is worn

to

to a kind of gloſſy poliſh by the waters of this conſiderable river ſinking at once into one channel, ſcarcely a yard broad, and of unfathomable depth, leaving the reſt of the bed of the river, compoſed of maſſy and pointed rock, entirely dry, except in large floods. The concentrated ſtream foams with velocity through a ſingle arch of the bridge.

"About a quarter of a mile higher up the vale, we met with the remainder of a round column, called the Pillar of Eliſeg, perhaps one of the moſt ancient of any Britiſh inſcribed pillars now exiſting. It was entire till the civil wars of the laſt century, when it was thrown down and broken by ſome ignorant fanatics, who thought it had too much the appearance of a croſs to be ſuffered to ſtand. The pillar has been a ſepulchral croſs, and folly and ſuperſtition paid

it the uſual honours: it was a memorial of the dead; an improvement on the rude columns of druidical times, and cut in form, and ſurrounded with inſcriptions. It is ſaid that the ſtone, when complete, was twelve feet high; it is now reduced to ſix feet eight inches." See Mr. PENNANT.

We now aſcended the long narrow ridge of a mountain, which ſoon brought us within ſight of Chirk Caſtle.

The ancient outward walls and towers of this caſtle ſtill remain, but the court or quadrangle has at different times been made habitable: the apartments range all around it; and the principal ſuite of rooms are grand, and handſomely fitted up in the modern faſhion.

Chirk Caſtle was founded by Roger Mortimer in the thirteenth century,

tury, who uſurped large poſſeſſions in this country from his Welſh ward. It ſtands on a lofty eminence, commanding a rich and extenſive view over part of the counties of Cheſhire and Shropſhire, and nearly in the centre of a park, which the proprietor, Mr. Middleton, is now levelling and forming to the preſent taſte.

From hence a melancholy ride, over a loneſome, mountainous heath, will lead into the vale of Llanrhaidr.

From Llanrhaidr it may be worth while to ride along the bank of the river, on the north ſide, for nearly five miles, to ſee the noble cataract, called, by way of eminence, Piſtill Rhaidr: Rhaidr means a cataract, and the river is ſo called on account of the rapidity of its torrent; Piſtill ſignifies a water-ſpout.

On our approach towards it, neither the ſize of the river, nor the firſt view of the fall, which we ſaw at the diſtance of two miles, gave us any idea anſwerable to our expectations; but as we advanced, a noble theatre of naked perpendicular rock opened its grand ſemicircle to our ſight: in the middle of it fell the Piſtill Rhaidr, in a large body of water, from the amazing height of two hundred and forty feet.

Powis Caſtle ſtands about a mile above the town: the gardens are laid out in extenſive parallel terraces, hanging over each other, in the taſte introduced by King William, and bordered with fantaſtic yews, and other formal evergreens.

The caſtle is ſtill inhabited, but has more the appearance of a long-neglected manſion, than that of a comfortable houſe.

We

We croſſed the Severn about two miles from Welſh Poole, over a long narrow bridge, and ſoon reached the neat little town of Montgomery.

On our approach to it, the town, and the caſtle above, ſituated on a high rock, the ſide of which, towards the town, is thinly chequered with trees, preſented a very pictureſque view.

Leaving Montgomery, we ſoon deſcended into a beautiful valley, diverſified with the Severn meadows and paſtures, and bounded on each ſide of the river with moderate hills, generally mantled with wood.

There are no remains of the caſtles of Delevorn and Caerſuſe, in the vicinity of Newtown; the intrenchment of the firſt appeared to us, from the oppoſite ſide of the Severn, in our road through the valley.

The houſes are here generally framed with timber, and the intermediate parts are fenced from the weather with laths and plaſter.

Newtown is built in this manner, which, in other reſpects, is a neat town, agreeably ſituated on the Severn's bank, at the extremity of the valley before deſcribed.

Four miles carried us to the ſummit of a mountain, the aſcent to which begins at Newtown: the path over this mountain is intricate and boggy; but we were fortunate enough to find it, though the diſagreeable uncertainty of being in the right track preyed upon our ſpirits for many miles. We afterwards dipped into two or three Radnorſhire dales, and arrived at Llandrindod.

We had many views of old intrenchments from this route; but they afforded a ſmall relief to the tediouſ-

diouſneſs of crawling through vile roads and a melancholy waſte.

The wells of Llandrindod are ſituated in a wild extenſive heath, ſome ſpots of which are rarely enlivened with a few trees and ſmall cultivated encloſures. The mountains bound the dreary proſpect at a diſtance.

The lodging-houſe is tolerably contrived for the reception of company, and, in a fine ſummer, is frequently full.

We croſſed the Wye at Builth, which brought us into Brecknockſhire.

Builth is a ſmall town, ſituated in a broad and pleaſant plain; it was in this neighbourhood that Prince Llewellyn was ſlain in a wood, after a deſperate conteſt between the Britiſh and Engliſh forces, at a bridge upon

the river Yrvon, wherein the former at length were entirely routed.

We paſſed through Builth on a market-day, and our ride through the crowds in the ſtreet was attended with ſome difficulty. It at firſt amazed us to ſee the fulneſs of theſe weekly meetings in ſuch little towns, as they appeared more like large fairs than common markets. We could ſcarcely conceive, from the general wildneſs of the country, that it could have poſſibly produced ſuch numerous aſſemblies.

From Builth we rode over another long, loneſome, and boggy mountain. The geographer Speed gives the following deſcription of this mountain:

"The ancient inhabitants and poſ-
"ſeſſors of this ſhire, with the reſt
"in this ſouth tract, were the Si-
"lures much ſpoken of, and great
"oppoſites

" oppoſites to the Romanes, whoſe
" countries were firſt made ſubject
" by Julius Frontinus, who, beſides
" the valour of the enemy, had to
" ſtruggle with the mountaines and
" ſtraits, as Tacitus tells us; nei-
" ther any more hard, we may well
" ſay, than they of this ſhire;
" whereof one in the ſouth, and
" three miles from Brecknock, is
" ſuch height and operation, as is
" uncredible: and were it not that
" I have witneſſe to affirme what I
" ſhall ſpeak, I ſhould bluſh to let
" the report thereof paſſe from my
" pen." . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . " From the top of that
" hill, in the Welch called Mounch
" Denny, or Cadier Arthur (Arthur's
" Chair), they had oftentimes caſt
" from them, and downe the north-
" eaſt rocke, their cloakes, hats, and

"ſtaves, which notwithſtanding "would never fall, but were with "the aire and winde ſtill returned "backe, and blowne up: neyther, "ſaid they, will any thing deſcend "from that cliffe being ſo caſt, un-"leſs it be ſtone, or ſome metalline "ſubſtance; affirming the cauſe to "be the clouds, which are ſeen to "racke much lower than the top of "that hill:" from which we deſcended into a pleaſant valley, and good turnpike road, about five miles from Brecknock.

Brecknock is a large handſome town, ſituated on a fine riſing above the Uſke. The ſtreets are well paved; and it is a place of conſiderable extent, containing ſome very good houſes; and the reſidence of many of the firſt families in the county, which is rather unuſual for a country town: the cauſe aſſigned is,

is, that Brecknockſhire being very mountainous and uncultivated, and almoſt deſtitute of villages that could ſupply the tables of the gentry, ſuch as have not eſtates, or houſes in the few rich vales of this county, are obliged to reſort hither for convenience and ſociety.

From Brecknock we turned out of the high road to a village, where are the ruins of ſeveral Roman edifices, and the remains of one hot and two cold baths; the hypocauſt, or ſubterraneous ſtove, by which the former was heated, being almoſt entire: within a few yards is a teſſellated pavement, in tolerable preſervation; but the dies are uncommonly ſmall, and the colours very faint. The ground for ſome diſtance is ſtrewed with Roman bricks and tiles, ſeveral of them having the impreſſion of letters.

The Sugar-loaf Hill, ſo called from its conical ſhape, is a remarkable high mountain, in the vicinity of Abergavenny; and a very conſpicuous and ſtriking object from the high lands of Glouceſterſhire, which are diſtant more than ſeventy miles.

The turnpike now follows the current of the Uſke, being commonly within view of it, through a delicious vale, which is diverſified with paſtures, woods, and mountains: the lands are wholly cultivated to the beſt advantage, and are well inhabited, rich, and beautiful.

The environs of Abergavenny, in Monmouthſhire, are rich and beautiful, and, like the reſt of the vale from Brecknock, abound with the moſt charming variety of landſcape. The proſpects are terminated at proper diſtances with mountains, among which, at the oppoſite ſides of the town,

town, Skirid vawr and Blorench raiſe their conſpicuous heads.

The town has a few good houſes ſcattered in it, but in general the ſtreets are narrow, ill paved, and ill built. Some of the walls, and part of the tower on the keep, are the only remains of a once flouriſhing Norman caſtle.

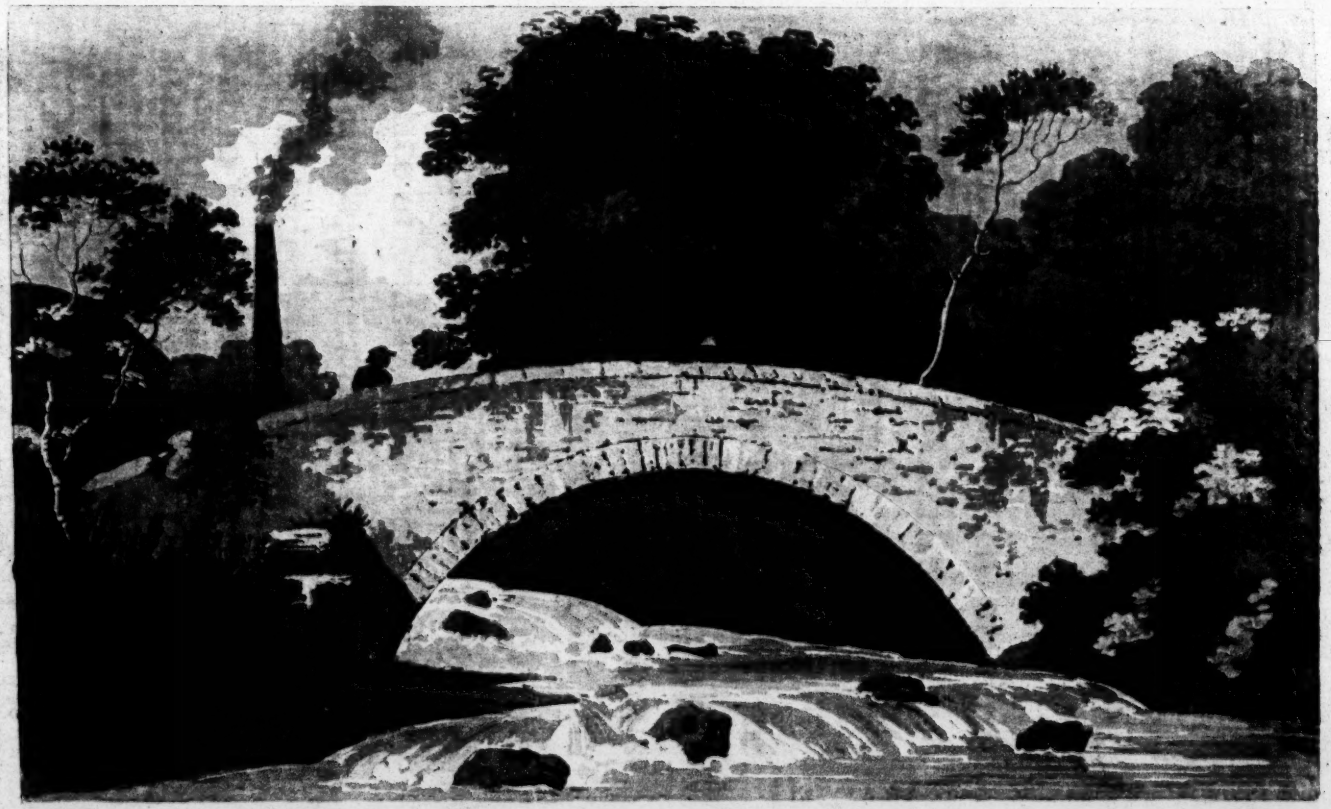
Juſt above the little pariſh of Llandewi, four miles below Llantony, is a remarkable mountain, the ſides of which have at different times been broken from it, and now lie in immenſe fragments underneath, having left a long perpendicular precipice more than 100 feet high.

We could learn no particulars about theſe ſeparations of the rock, though, from the apparent freſhneſs of ſome of the fallen pieces, the laſt does not ſeem to be very ancient.

We

We croſſed the Uſke, and purſued our route to Pontypool, which you enter over Pontymoil (*vide* Plate), a bridge of one arch, with the park-lodge on one ſide, backed by a beautiful hanging wood. Pontypool is a clean town, rendered famous by its manufactory of japanned ware. The houſes are of ſtone, whitewaſhed, covered with ſlate ſtone, the river Avon running rapidly on one ſide of the ſtreet, turning in its courſe ſeveral mills. Pontypool park and houſe, belonging to Capel Hanbury, Eſq. adds much to the beauty of the town. There are ſeveral very valuable iron forges on the banks of the ſmall river Avon, which runs at the foot of Pontypool; and the neighbouring hills contain abundance of excellent coal, which is diſpoſed of at the pit for three-pence per horſe-load, or two hundred weight; and it

may



Samuel del.t

Underwood Sculp.t

Pont y Moil Bridge.

Published A[illegible] 21. 1797. by G. Sael N.o 192. Strand.

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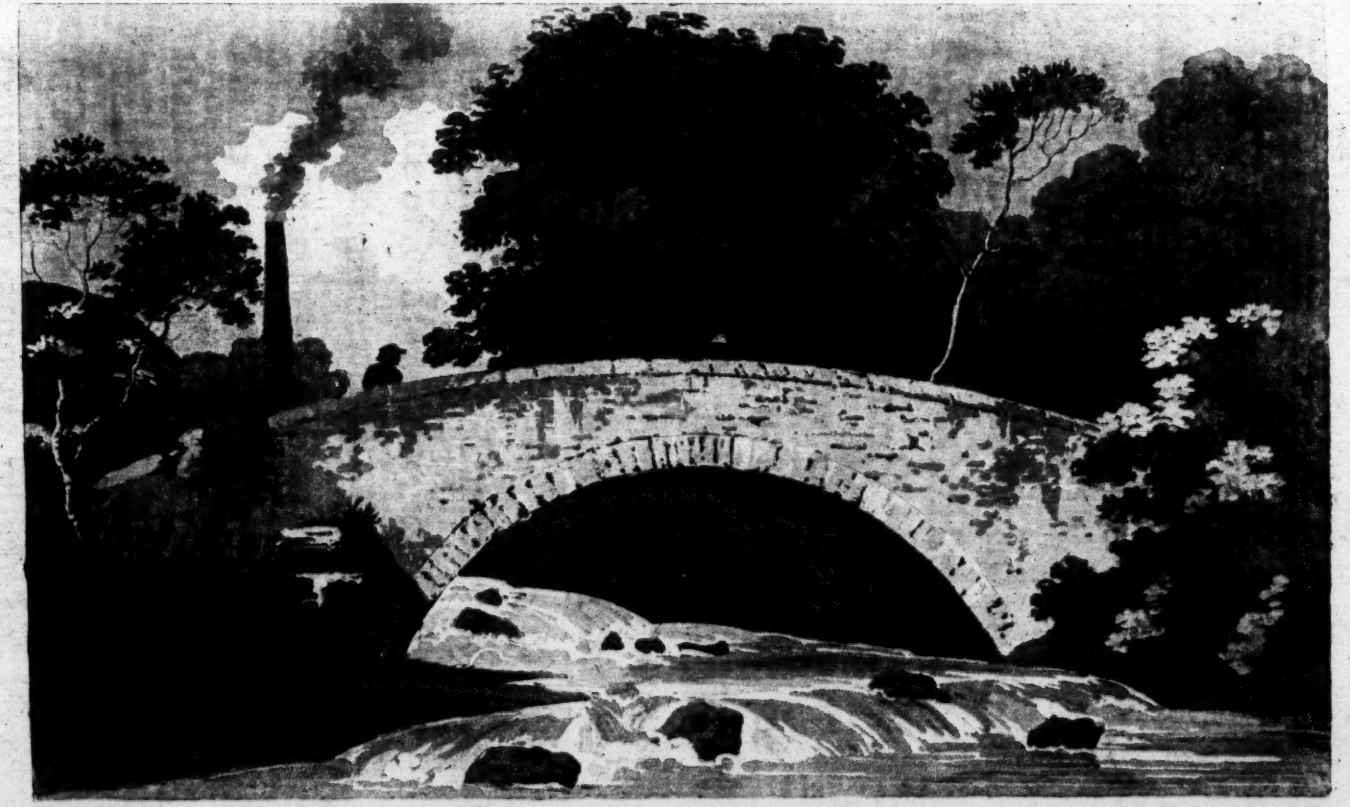

Samuel del.t

Underwood Sculp.t

Pont y Moil Bridge.

Published April 21. 1797. by G. Sael N.o 192. Strand.

may be conceived that the cheapneſs and proximity of this article are very advantageous to the iron manufacturers, and point out the eligibility of their ſituation.

At the diſtance of ſeven or eight miles from hence is Caerlion; whoſe ancient and indiſputable ſplendour is not atteſted by any exiſting monuments: there are no veſtiges to be ſeen of the ſuperb buildings, the ſpacious amphitheatre, and numerous baths, that were conſtructed by the Romans towards the cloſe of the firſt century, when Caerlion became a place of conſequence, as the ſtation or head-quarters of the ſecond legion, commanded by Julius Frontinus; but ſo lately as five or ſix years ago, there remained near the preſent town the defences of a ſtrong camp, conſiſting of a deep ditch, and a lofty mound or rampart, which has been

ſince

ſince levelled, and the ground is now in a ſtate of cultivation: but it may be diſputed, whether theſe fortifications were of Roman, Saxon, or Britiſh conſtruction; as it is recorded that Caerlion was defended for ſome time by a garriſon of Saxons, againſt the attacks of Prince Arthur, to whoſe victorious arms it was, however, eventually ſurrendered; and *here* that renowned Britiſh monarch was crowned, and kept his court.

The country between Pontypool and Monmouth is generally well cultivated, and rather pleaſing; yet did not appear to us ſo ſtrikingly beautiful as it had been repreſented: but, perhaps, the enchanting proſpects in the vicinity of Brecknock, with which we had ſo recently been charmed, might occaſion an apathy to ſcenes leſs attractive of admiration.

In

In our way to Monmouth we paſſed through Uſke, where is a ſmall caſtle; the town is watered by the river of the ſame name, which runs from hence to Newport, and empties itſelf into the Briſtol Channel, a little below the town.

The country ſtill continues to wear the ſame rich dreſs as about Abergavenny, even to Monmouth, with this difference only, that it is now more enlarged and unconfined with mountains.

Ragland Caſtle, which lies partly in the road, is a magnificent ruin; the magnitude of it, and the large remains, are uncommonly ſtriking.

This caſtle was built by Sir W. Thomas, and his ſon William, Earl of Pembroke, beheaded at Banbury. It came into the noble family of Worceſter, by Sir Charles Somerſet's marrying Elizabeth, the grandchild

of

of the ſaid William Earl of Pembroke, heir to his ſon William Earl of Huntingdon, and heir-general to all the Herberts in England. This Sir Charles Somerſet was the firſt Earl of Worceſter of this line.

Camden calls Ragland a fair houſe of the Earl of Worceſter's, built caſtle-like.

The extenſive outworks were added by the Marquis of Worceſter, in the civil wars; and he fortified them in ſuch a manner, that he was enabled to hold Ragland for King Charles, till his impriſonment at Holmby.

This caſtle had the honour of being the laſt which ſurrendered to the all-powerful forces of the Parliament.

It is greatly to the honour of the Duke of Beaufort, the proprietor of this caſtle, that he has endeavoured

to

to preſerve from deſtruction all the remains of religious and military architecture, of which he is the poſſeſſor.

Tintern abbey, Chepſtow and Ragland caſtles, all in this county, are inſtances of his laudable veneration for antiquity, which deſervedly excites the gratitude of every curious traveller, who muſt often lament in his Welſh tour, that this noble example is too rarely imitated.

The Editor having been favoured with the following portrait of Welſh hoſpitality and manners, gives it as a ſpecimen of the magnificence of thoſe days.

Liſt of the Houſehold, and Method of living at RAGLAND CASTLE, *by the Earl of* WORCESTER, *in the Reign of* CHARLES I. 1641.

AT eleven o'clock in the forenoon the caſtle-gates were ſhut, and the

tables laid; two in the dining-room; three in the hall; one in Mrs. Watſon's apartment, where were the chaplains (Sir Toby Mathews being the firſt); and two in the houſekeeper's room, for the ladies' women.

The Earl entered the dining-room, attended by his gentlemen.

As ſoon as he was ſeated, Sir Ralph Blackſtone, ſteward of the houſe, retired. The comptroller, Mr. Holland, attended with his ſtaff; as did the ſewer, Mr. Blackburne; the daily waiters, Mr. Clough, Mr. Selby, Mr. Scudamore; and many gentlemen's ſons with eſtates from two to ſeven hundred pounds a year, who were bred up in the caſtle; my lady's gentlemen of the chamber, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Fox.

At the firſt table ſat the noble family, and ſuch of the nobility as came there.

At

At the ſecond table in the dining-room, ſat knights and honourable gentlemen attended by footmen.

In the hall, at the firſt table ſat Sir Ralph Blackſtone, ſteward; the comptroller, Mr. Holland; the ſecretary; the maſter of the horſe, Mr. Dolowar; the maſter of the fiſh-ponds, Mr. Andrews; my Lord Herbert's preceptor, Mr. Adams; with ſuch gentlemen as came there under the degree of a knight, attended by footmen, and plentifully ſerved with wine.

At the ſecond table in the hall (ſerved from my Lord's table, and with other hot meats) ſat the ſewer, with the gentlemen waiters and pages, to the number of twenty-four.

At the third table in the hall ſat the clerk of the kitchen, with the yeomen officers of the houſe, two grooms of the chamber, &c.

Other

Other officers of the houſehold were, chief auditor, Mr. Smith; clerk of the accounts, George Whithorn; purveyor of the caſtle, Mr. Saliſbury; uſhers of the hall, Mr. Moyle and Mr. Cooke; cloſet-keeper; gentleman of the chapel, Mr. Davies; keeper of the records; maſter of the wardrobe; maſter of the armoury; maſter grooms of the ſtable for the war-horſes, twelve; maſter of the hounds; maſter falconer; porter, and his man.

Two butchers; two keepers of the home park; two keepers of the red deer park.

Footmen, grooms, and other menial ſervants, to the number of 150. Some of the footmen were brewers and bakers.

Out Officers.

Steward of Ragland, William Jones, Esq.

The governor of Chepstow castle, Sir Nicholas Kemys, Bart.

Housekeeper of Worcester House, in London, James Redman, Esq.

Thirteen bailiffs.

Two counsel for the bailiffs to have recourse to.

Solicitor, Mr. John Smith.

This once magnificent castle is now in ruins, but the remains of it are well worth the observation of travellers. Among other parts now standing is a flight of steps, which appear ready to fall, yet so curiously put together as to be ascended without danger; part of the

the hall is ſtanding, and preſents to the view a beautiful picture of ancient architecture.

The country is highly cultivated, and the views are generally very pleaſing between Ragland and Monmouth. The latter place makes a good appearance, is a large and handſome town, and well inhabited by gentry. It ſtands on the banks of the ſerpentine Wye; but that river, though almoſt conſtantly pleaſing, and ornamental to the circumjacent country, is not, however, ſo charming or ſo romantic here as at Chepſtow. The bridge is of ſtone, and has ſix irregular arches.

The town takes its name from the conflux of the Wye and Mynwye, generally pronounced Monnow. Burton, in his Hiſtory of Wales, informs us, that the priory

was

was founded by William Jones.—The church is a handſome ſtructure, its lofty ſpire being remarkable for lightneſs. The caſtle, which flouriſhed even in the time of William the Conqueror, has been ſince famed for giving birth to our Engliſh hero, Henry the Fifth.

The Diſtances in the foregoing Tour.

CHESTER to Wrexham, 12 miles—from thence to Rhuabon, 5—ditto to Llangollen, 6—ditto to Chirk Caſtle, 5—ditto to Llanrhaidr, 14—ditto to Welſh Poole, 20—ditto to Montgomery, 8—ditto to Newtown, 9—ditto to Llanbādernvy nydd, 11—ditto to Llandrindod, 12—ditto to Brecknock,

22—ditto to Abergavenny, 18—ditto to Ragland, 14—and to Monmouth, 8—at which places are very good inns and accommodations.

TOUR

FROM

HOLYHEAD

TO

CHESTER.

TOUR

FROM

HOLYHEAD to CHESTER.

WITHIN two miles of Towyn y Capel is Holyhead, which is a ſmall town, ſeated on a noted and ſafe harbour: it appears to have little to boaſt of, worthy the notice of the traveller, ſave the remains of ſome Roman walls, which are to be ſeen in the church-yard. It is greatly reſorted to by paſſengers to and from Ireland, and is the ſtation of the packets, five of which are

conſtantly employed, which enliven this otherwiſe retired place.

Aberfraw, in the iſland of Angleſea, was the ſeat of Howel Dha, or Howel the Good, Prince of Wales, about the year 940. Here was always kept one of the three copies of the ancient code of laws; a ſecond was kept at Dinevawr, and a third by the doctors of laws.

All traces of its former ſplendour are effaced. The buildings being in thoſe rude times conſtructed of timber, accounts for the cauſe of grandeur which once attracted and commanded notice, being now loſt to the eye.

This barren country appears to be ill cultivated and poorly inhabited, though it is preſumed the hand of induſtry might turn it to good account.

At twelve miles from Holyhead is Gwindw. This inn, for comfort and good accommodation, ſtands unrivalled, perhaps, in all Wales.

At no great diſtance from Gwindw is the Paris mine, where the greateſt quantity of copper ore of any in the kingdom is produced: this body of mineral was diſcovered in 1768. The greater part of the ore is of good quality, and the vein is thought to be upwards of twenty yards thick, and the length unknown. It is well worthy the attention of any traveller to pay this wonderful ſpring of fortune a viſit.

At a ſmall diſtance from Gwindw on the right, is Plaſnewyd, the noble manſion of the Earl of Uxbridge, which is pleaſantly ſituated on the bank of the river, protected on three ſides by its own venerable woods. The view of the river is very fine;

and when the veſſels are ſailing, they much enliven the ſcene. In the woods are ſome remarkable druidical antiquities, which would no doubt much gratify the curious and the lover of antiquity. The houſe is built in the Gothic ſtyle; the proſpect of which, in the front, is bounded by the mountains of Caernarvonſhire.

The productions of Angleſea, upon the whole, are great; though, unhappily, planting and plantations are but few, and they moſtly confined to gentlemen's ſeats. Dr. Johnſon, in his tour to the Hebrides, very much upbraided the Scotch for their overſight in this particular object, and more than once was diſpoſed to be out of temper; as the tree, to be produced, ſaid the Doctor gravely, "requires

"quires

"quires no other labour but to put "the acorn in the earth."

Were it poſſible that our forefathers could take a view of this iſland in its preſent ſtate, it is not an improbable conjecture whether or not they would be able to trace any veſtige of what they once ſo well knew. Here we lament plantations are wanting: there was a time when its groves were held ſacred—ſuch is the ſolemn defacing hand of Time.

——Breathing his native ſtrains,
There the deſcendant of the Britiſh bard
HOEL, or lofty Talieſſin, oft,
At the dim twilight hour, in penſive mood,
Amid the ſilent hall, o'ergrown with briers,
Recalls the feſtivals of old, when blaz'd
The giant *oak*, and chieftains crown'd with meed.

The road to Bangor Ferry affords a fine view of the Britiſh Alps, the mountains of Snowdon; and many

others diſplay a glittering ſcene of the awful and ſublime.

At the diſtance of five miles to the left is Beaumaris, a ſmall corporate town, neat and well built; one ſtreet is upon the whole handſome. The new town-hall and aſſembly-room, lately built, are great acquiſitions to the town—would it were in our power to paſs the ſame commendations upon its trade and commerce.

A more charming ſituation cannot well be imagined than the beautiful bay of Beaumaris: on one ſide the Angleſea coaſt, riſing into little hills, and well wooded to the water-ſide, has a pleaſing effect.

Under the direction of Edward the Firſt, in 1295, the caſtle was founded, which is an elegant ſtructure.

Each

Each of Edward the Firſt's three caſtles, viz. Caernarvon, Conway, and Beaumaris, differs in form; the latter has the leaſt claim to beauty. The exterior walls are guarded by ten ſtrong round towers; within is a ſquare of 190 feet, or, as Mr. Groſe expreſſes it, a ſquare with the corners canted off. The great hall has five windows in front, is 70 feet long, and 23 and a half broad: within the walls, on one ſide, is a beautiful chapel, the ſides ornamented with Gothic arches. A narrow gallery runs within the whole ſpace of the caſtle walls.

At a ſmall diſtance from the town, on the ſhore, ſtand the remains of the Friars, founded by Prince Llewellyn; it was conſecrated by Howel, Biſhop of Bangor, who died 1240 (ſee Leland's Coll.).—This once religious ſpot, of late became,

came, by purchaſe, the property of Lord Bulkeley. At the diſtance of two miles is the priory of Penmon, once the ſeat of penitence and prayer, and the reſort of pious pilgrims: the remains are the ruins of the refectory and the church; part of the laſt is in preſent uſe. From Baron Hill, the ſeat of Lord Bulkeley, you have a delightful view of the town and caſtle of Beaumaris, with the ſhips that paſs from Liverpool to Ireland, together with an extenſive proſpect, over the ſands, of the mountains from the river Conway up to Snowdon. The garden and grounds of his Lordſhip are laid out with much taſte, and diſplay great variety. There is likewiſe a numerous collection of the Snowdonean plants, well worth the attention of the botaniſt.

Bangor

Bangor Ferry is twelve miles from Gwindw, where the traveller will find good accommodation. It was in contemplation, a few years ago, to build a bridge acroſs the Menai, near this place; and Mr. Golborne was conſulted upon the practicability of the plan, who gave in an eſtimate of the expenſe, to which the Caernarvon people objected, urging it would deſtroy the navigation of the river. The beſt time to croſs the ſtream is at low tide; the ferry is perfectly ſafe, but at times rough and unpleaſant, when the wind blows eaſterly.

About ten miles diſtance from Bangor is Nantfrankon, a ſmall fertile vale, encloſed between magnificent wild rocks, of uncommon grandeur, and finely broken near their centre. From hence is a noble fall of water, which, after paſſing

over

over the rocks, glides through the vale in the moſt fanciful windings. The accidental lights which are happily thrown by the interpoſition of the clouds, on the cavities and maſſes of rock, produce an awful and ſublime effect.

If life were but a tranſient dream, and man,
With active powers endow'd, might unarraign'd
"Loſe and neglect the creeping hours," how pleas'd
The bard, by Shakeſpeare's lay pathetic lull'd,
On *Nantfran*'s flowery bank, in ſweet neglect
Would loſe the ſummer day!

After climbing over theſe rude rocks, you reach Ogwar Pool, a very pictureſque piece of water, ſurrounded on one ſide by rock, on the other by gentle ſlopes. Large maſſes of ſtone which fall from the rocks are happily diſperſed in different parts of the water. Many parts near Pool are in the utmoſt

ſtate

ſtate of perfection, and for natural wildneſs not equalled.

Bangor is a ſmall market town, ſeated between two low hills, in a valley opening to the bay of Beaumaris: it has nothing to ſtrike the eye particularly, though much improved of late years. It is an epiſcopal ſee, and boaſts of much antiquity.

Willis informs us, that St. Daniel, ſon of Dynawd, Abbot of Bangor, firſt eſtabliſhed here a college for the inſtruction of youth, and ſupport of the clergy of thoſe parts. The cathedral was deſtroyed in 1071, and rebuilt previous to King John's invaſion, 1212. The preſent church is Gothic, and probably was built in the time of Henry the Seventh. It has received conſiderable improvements by Dr. Warren, Biſhop of the dioceſe, who,

who, with much taſte, and great expenſe, has modernized the old palace. This worthy prelate has much diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his munificence and liberality to the neighbouring clergy and poor of his dioceſe.

Some remains of ſeveral Welſh princes, with biſhops and deans, lie interred here, who, by their monuments, ſtill ſpeak to the living, and point out the littleneſs of worldly honours or diſtinguiſhed titles.

Under the Britiſh princes, from the fourth to the ſeventh century, the monaſtery of Bangor conſiſted of between 2000 and 3000 monks, who alternately paſſed their hours in labour and the offices of devotion.

From hence is an extenſive proſpect to the eaſt of Beaumaris, the Ormeſheads, and Penmaen-mawr, which

which forms the eaſtern boundary of the entrance into Beaumaris bay. Cod-fiſh, ſalmon, oyſters, and many other fiſh, are in great plenty along the whole Welſh coaſt; beef, mutton, and lamb, ſmall and ſweet. The Welſh mutton has always in the London market been conſidered a rarity, and ſells very dear.

At a ſmall diſtance from Bangor is Llandegai, where the church makes a good figure. It is finely ſituated on a lofty bank above the Ogwen, and commands a beautiful view; it is a ſmall neat ſtructure, in form of a croſs, with the tower in the centre, ſupported within by four arches. It contains the remains of Archbiſhop John Williams, a native of Conway.

A little below the church is the village of Aber Cegid, by the ſide of

of a little rivulet, which paſſes from hence into the ſea.

It is ſuppoſed a thouſand perſons find employment here, and that the ſale of ſlates produces near to twenty thouſand pounds *per annum*.

The quarries, from which the ſlates are taken, lie at a few miles diſtance, and are the property of Lord Penrhyn, to whoſe liberal ſpirit and acknowledged acquaintance with the advantages of ſociety, this country owes particular obligations.

Upon the left hand ſtands Penrhyn, an ancient houſe, once beautifully emboſomed with venerable oaks. The entrance into the park is through an elegant gateway, reſembling a triumphal arch: the ſituation elevated and pleaſant, commanding a pretty view of Angleſea

and the coaſt of Ireland, and bounded on the other ſide by the hills of Snowdon.

On the ſite of the houſe formerly ſtood a caſtle, the reſidence of Roderic Molwynog, Prince of Wales, who reigned about the year 720. A great wood formerly encloſed the houſe, which the improving taſte of modern times has in a good degree removed. The extenſive plantations now made, will, in a ſhort ſpace, change the otherwiſe diſmal aſpect of the country, and create a ſort of paradiſe in Wales.

It may not be amiſs to inform the antiquarian that the *ancient drinking-horn* is in the poſſeſſion of this family.

At a little diſtance we obſerved a houſe on the left hand, built in a moſt happy ſtyle of architecture, and ſheltered by a flouriſhing plantation,

ation, diſpoſed with great taſte, on a ſpot which once was covered with fragments of rock and ſtones. Lord Penrhyn's agent has, by laudable efforts, made this otherwiſe rude ſpot aſſume new features, that muſt attract and charm the traveller.

The river, which was once rugged, and almoſt unbounded in its courſe, is now confined within a ſmall compaſs; and the different heights of the ſtream form pretty caſcades and ſalmon-leaps, which are ſeen from the front of the houſe. The common road, leading over the bridge, croſſes the view, which is called Lime Grove.

At the diſtance of ſix miles from hence is Aber, a village, with a church, pleaſantly ſituated at the edge of the Lavan Sands. A little up the river from Aber Bridge, is a waterfall, well worthy the attention

of

of the traveller; the river ruſhing over a perpendicular rock full 200 feet in height, into a deep pool at the bottom; and after a heavy rain is an object uncommonly grand. Here is alſo a neat houſe and a moſt comfortable ſtage between Bangor and Conway.

The ſituation is charming; the pleaſing groupe of mountains, ſwelling one above another, contending as it were for pre-eminence, and at ſome times covered with ſnow, riſe behind the houſe, whilſt Angleſea diſplays her ſhores in the front, richly embelliſhed with gentlemen's ſeats.

Here formerly ſtood a caſtle or palace, belonging to Llewellyn the Great. Some foundations are ſtill to be ſeen round the ſummit, which, in digging traces of the building, have been found, and which commanded

manded this paſs into the mountains. Llewellyn the Great was Prince of North Wales; he married the princeſs of England, and died in 1240: his coffin is now in the Gwydier chapel at Llanrwſt.

Grouſe, ſea-fowl, and woodcocks, are here in plenty.

As we ride from Aber, over Penmaen-mawr, and up the hill called Sychnant, to Conway, it affords a variety of proſpects and rich ſcenery.

Near this town the rocks of ſlate again make their appearance, extending to Penmaen-mawr and the reſt of the Snowdon chain.

We were particularly pleaſed to find a dangerous ſteep precipice had given way to a fine turnpike road, riſing in a gradual aſcent over the once to be dreaded hill of Penmaen.

This

This mountain is ſuppoſed to be about five hundred yards high; the preſent road is cut on the ſide of the hill, probably one hundred yards above the ſea. A ſtrong wall is built upon arches to the road to ſupport it, when any defect might appear in the rock. Above which the mountain riſes with awful aſpect, craggy, bleak, and barren, from whoſe ragged ſides project fragments of great magnitude, almoſt ſufficient to awe the traveller, and ſpread terror over the mind, to one not accuſtomed to behold nature in her naked and rugged form.

Until this commodious road was made, to which the nobility and gentry of Ireland largely contributed, perſons travelling here were under the neceſſity to ſtay till the tide went out, that they might croſs the ſands under Penmaen-bach; or ride ſome

miles

miles over a bank of looſe gravel, caſt up by the tide, and aſcend Sychnant, rather a ſteep rugged precipice, to go to Conway, at which place we arrived in the evening.

Conway is a ſmall town, fortified in the ancient ſtyle, and its towers and walls are ſtill in good preſervation, though ſufficiently dilapidated. A more time-worn town is ſcarcely to be ſeen within, or a more delightful one without. The ſituation is on a ſteep ſlope to the verge of the river; here a mile broad at high water. The caſtle was built by Edward I. in the year 1284. A more beautiful fortreſs perhaps never aroſe; its form is oblong, placed on all parts on the verge of the precipitous rock; one ſide is bounded by the river, another by a creek full of water at every tide, and charmingly ſhaded by hanging woods; the other

ſides face the town. Within the caſtle is a great hall, 130 feet long by 32 feet broad; the roof lofty, and ſupported by handſome arches, where the king held his levees.

In the thickneſs of the wall of one of the towers, is a ſmall elegant receſs, with a bow window and a groined ceiling, ſupported by neat pillars.

From the appearance of theſe once ſplendid apartments, of kitchens, cellars, ovens, &c. one may be induced to encourage the idea that the poſſeſſors lived in luxury and ſplendour; ſtill hiſtory informs us that King Edward I. gave particular orders that *clean ſtraw* ſhould be put in the King's chamber every week. Comparing our own ſituation with this auguſt ſovereign, how thankful ought we to be for the benefits of civil ſociety and national refinement!

The beſt view of the ſuperb ſtructure of Conway Caſtle is, perhaps, from O. Holland, Eſq.'s pleaſure-ground, though it appears to great advantage from the middle of the ſtream in a boat.

In the ſtreet, not far from the Abbey, is a very old houſe, with a ſingular window, and ſeveral coats of arms ſculptured beneath, one of which is an eagle pouncing a child. This houſe is called the *College*. It is ſaid that Edward I. took this abbey into his hands, conſequently might eſtabliſh here a place for the inſtruction of youth. (See Plate.)

The trade of Conway is but inconſiderable; it exports a few ſlates and ſome copper from the Llandidno mines, and lead and calamine from ſeveral mines on the Caernarvon ſide of the river.

Like a variety of other parts of

Samuel del.t

Underwood Sculp.t

College at Conway.

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Great Britain, the mode of travelling through Wales has been much changed of late. Travellers going from Cheſter to Holyhead for Ireland, were once obliged to take a guide to ſee them ſafe over the almoſt trackleſs mountains in Flintſhire and Denbighſhire, which is now performed with eaſe and ſafety, in leſs than one-third of the time it formerly took. Wales, in many reſpects, as to accommodation for travellers, as well as improvement in the roads, within late years, may be reckoned among the firſt of the kingdom.

Through the arched gateway, at the foot of the town of Conway, Bodſcallen and Dyganwy Caſtles cannot fail attracting the eye of a ſtranger in an uncommon manner.

Of the latter caſtle ſome ſmall parts ſtill remain; it ſtands upon a

high rock above the river, and has to boaſt of being the reſidence of the princes of North Wales. Dr. Powell, from the authority of Welſh hiſtorians, ſays it was deſtoyed by lightning, about the year 816. Camden adds, that he believed it to have been the ancient *Dictum* under the later emperors. It was rebuilt, and conſidered as a ſtrong poſt, about 876. By the ſame hiſtorians we are told it was again reſtored to conſequence by the Earl of Cheſter in 1098. It was again deſtroyed by Llewellyn ap Jorwerth, and rebuilt by the Earl of Cheſter in 1209. King John made a diſgraceful retreat with his army from this place in 1211. On the top of a low hill, near Bryniau, is an ancient tower worth inſpecting.

At a ſmall diſtance, upon an eminence, ſtand Marl and Bodſcallen; the

the former was deſtroyed by fire a few years back; the latter is one of the ſeats of Sir Roger Moſtyn, the reſpected knight of the ſhire of Flint. It is a place of great antiquity, being mentioned in the Record of Caernarvon, but was inhabited in far earlier times. The ſituation is fine, amidſt ſurrounding woods, and commands a beautiful view. Gloddaeth is another ſeat of the Moſtyns, placed on the ſlope of a very extenſive hill or lime-ſtone rock, clothed with ſucceſsful plantations, commanding a beautiful and extenſive proſpect. The walks may be conſidered among thoſe of the firſt rate in this iſland.

A great part of the preſent houſe was built by Tho. Moſtyn, Eſq. in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In the library is a beautiful copy of the firſt and ſecond books of *Froiſſart*, a

MS. on vellum, with illuminations: the frontiſpiece repreſents the author on his knees, preſenting his book to Edward the Third. (See Pennant.)

The face of the country here puts on a more agreeable form, planting and agriculture being conſiderably encouraged.

The diſtance from Conway Ferry to Abergele is ten miles. In many parts the road is confined, rough, and incommodious; but the very dangerous precipice of Penmaen Rhos no longer remains to terrify the traveller; the road is on the back part of the hill.

From hence you paſs by Gwrch; on the right hand is a mountain of lime, which it is thought cannot be exhauſted: great quantities are ſhipped to Liverpool and other places.

"Not far from this place the ill-fated Richard the Second was treacherouſly

cherouſly betrayed into the hands of his enemy Bolingbroke, and carried priſoner to the caſtle of Flint. There are antique drawings of the unfortunate monarch's captivity at Conway, and of his interview with the uſurper at Flint Caſtle, in the curious collection of Strutt's Regal Antiquities." (See Tour from Holyhead.)

The land here is fertile, and produces good corn, the valuable manure, lime, being at hand, and which is pretty much uſed in theſe parts.

Abergele is a ſmall town on the edge of Rhuddlan Marſh, much frequented in the ſummer ſeaſon as a bathing-place, and has alſo ſome conſiderable fairs for cattle.

We were glad to find the road to Cheſter was not, as formerly, over this marſh, which was always more or leſs uncomfortable.

The caſtle of Rhuddlan was built in its preſent manner by Henry the Second, 1157, and ſtands a noble object on the left, at the mouth of the river Clwyd. It is built of red ſtone; the preſent ruins conſiſt of a ſquare area, ſurrounded by a ſtrong wall, which you enter by a gateway between two round towers; at the oppoſite corner are two round towers with a ſmall gate; at each of the other angles is a round tower, and the whole encircled with a ditch, faced on each ſide with ſtone. King Edward the Firſt held his parliament here; the parliament houſe ſtill remains. Powell ſays that Rhuddlan Marſh is celebrated for the battle fought there in 795, between the Saxons and Welſh, when their monarch, Caradoc, fell in the conflict.

The

The famous King of Mercia, it is ſaid, was ſlain here alſo; but the Saxon Chronicles place his death the year before that battle.

From Abergele you aſcend the hill to the pleaſant village of St. George, which affords a good proſpect of the ſurrounding country.

Mr. Hughes, one of the fortunate proprietors of the copper mine at Paris mountain, lately purchaſed Kimmil houſe, and has now built an elegant manſion near this pleaſant ſite. Sir Edward Lloyd has alſo built a neat elegant houſe near the ſame place. A ſhort ride from hence brought us to St. Aſaph, a ſmall town and biſhop's ſee, built on a ſteep ſide of a hill, and claims conſiderable antiquity. (See page 45 for an account of this place.)

Proceeding from hence, at a few miles diſtance from Holywell, a

little to the left of the road, we diſcovered Downing, the reſidence of Mr. Pennant, the Britiſh hiſtorian and naturaliſt, a gentleman whoſe extenſive writings have been univerſally admired, as well as his private virtues.

Downing is ſituated in a ſmall valley; the houſe is built of ſtone, and has a very pretty appearance; the grounds are laid out with much taſte, and covered with fine timber, deſcending in a gentle ſlope to the banks of the Dee. Mr. Pennant has a valuable library, with a large collection of beautiful drawings, &c.

From an eminence in the road, we had a good view of the broad eſtuary of the Dee, marked by many a mile of bare ſand that is covered at high water; alſo large woods, which give ſhelter and beauty to Moſtyn Hall.

Holywell is ten miles from St. Aſaph,

Aſaph, now a conſiderable market-town in North Wales, and very populous. On the ſide of th ſtands the famous well of *Saint Winifrede*, whoſe ſpring almoſt exceeds credibility, as it is calculated to throw up *twenty-one tons of water every minute*, and is certainly the fineſt in theſe kingdoms. In times of Romiſh ſuperſtition, hiſtory acquaints us that this was the reſort of pious and noble pilgrims, who had great faith in its miraculous healing powers; and if we caſt our eyes up to the arched roof above the well, ample teſtimony now remains, that ſome, even in our own days, have experienced the efficacy of its virtues; one inſtance of which comes within preſent memory. I well remember, when a ſchool-boy, wantonly teaſing a poor man, who had, by a ſevere cold, loſt the uſe of his *limbs*, and had two

crutches. The expenſe of his maintenance many years on the pariſh, at laſt induced the overſeers to ſend him to Holywell, to try the effects of that ſurpriſing *Well*; and, however ſingular it may appear, before two months had elapſed, he returned, leaving one crutch behind. The next ſeaſon he renewed his viſit, and came home with a ſtick, leaving his other crutch; ſince which period he has provided for himſelf, without the alms of the pariſh. Biſhop Fleetwood has written a volume on the legend of St. Winifrede, whoſe head being cut off by Prince Cradocus, we are told was miraculouſly reunited by the holy prayers of St. Bruno. It is ſaid the ſpring of water inſtantly flowed from the ſpot to which the head rolled.

During the reign of pilgrimages, nothing but a corn-mill or two, the property

property of monks, found employ for this beneficial ſtream—How great the contraſt now! Here are ſeveral manufactories of conſiderable importance, belonging to the cotton twiſt company, which, while they render the ſtream leſs tranquil, afford employment to hundreds of poor people, in both the town and neighbourhood. There is little doubt but that this town will, in a few years, be by far the greateſt in Wales; the inhabitants are now calculated to be 5396 ſouls.

Upon the ſtream of the ſaid well is the copper and braſs work which ſupplies the principle of motion to the great variety of mechanical force here employed. The works belonging to the Angleſea companies are, in fact, a continuation of the ſame proceſſes that are carried on at the Paris mountain. The works occupy

cupy a large extent of ground. The refined copper is received from Swanſea, &c. in ſolid blocks or pigs, then paſſes between large iron rollers, which reduce it to a thickneſs to be applied to a variety of purpoſes. Here are likewiſe corn-mills worked by this ſtream; and the banks are likely to be covered with works partaking of its benefits down to the level of the ſea, which is a mile in length. Here is likewiſe a ſmall coin of halfpenny and penny pieces in circulation, with the Druid's head ſtamped upon them, and made current by the company. Above the well ſtands the church, dedicated to St. Winifrede; a little beyond which is a hill called Bryn Caſtle, which is narrow and rather ſteep on the ſides, projecting at the end over the little valley. It is rather ſingular that in Doomſday-book

no mention is made of either the chapel, church, or well, though townſhips of leſs note are named, ſuch as Brunford, &c. The town of Holywell, at the beginning of the preſent century, was very inconſiderable; the houſes, in moſt part, thatched, the ſtreets unpaved, and even deſtitute of a market.

The ancient abbey of Baſingwerk, which ſtands beſide the town, is highly deſerving of notice. This was, in the reigns of Henry the Second and Edward the Firſt, a place of much note, as the abbots held their parliament here, and diſcharged other public duties.

The ride from Holywell to Halkin, and from thence to Northop, will, no doubt, much gratify the traveller; it commands an extenſive view acroſs the river, of the diſtant hills of Lancaſhire, and of Worral.

and

and Parkgate on the oppoſite ſide. In the diſtance of ten miles there are few places that will afford greater variety of proſpect.

Dear ſcene! that ſtretch'd between the ſilver arms
Of Deva and of Merſy, meets the main,
And when the ſun-gilt day illumes its charms,
Boaſts of peculiar grace, nor boaſts in vain.
Miſs Seward.

The country round this place is well wooded, and, upon the whole, in a high ſtate of cultivation.

Near to Halkin are Lord Groſvenor's valuable lead mines.

Northop is a neat country village, the church of which makes a good appearance: this townſhip was held after the conqueſt by R. Rhuddlan. The roads in this neighbourhood have received conſiderable repair; ſome bridges have likewiſe been erected, and the hills leſſened, ſo as

to

to make them more commodious to the traveller. Upon the flat below, at the foot of the river Dee, is Flint, a town and caſtle which will be mentioned hereafter, in the tour from Shrewſbury to Flint.

Harwarden is five miles from Northop, a ſmall clean town. The caſtle, the property of Sir S. Glynne, forms a pictureſque object, ſoaring above the woods: this fortreſs, it is ſaid, very frequently changed its maſters, being ſometimes in poſſeſſion of the Engliſh, and at other times recovered by the Welſh. In the unfortunate reign of Charles the Firſt, this caſtle ſuffered the fate of many others, as its broken towers fully evince. General Mytton took it in 1645. Camden informs us that on the conqueſt this caſtle was comprehended in the vaſt grant made to Hugh Lupus, Earl of Cheſter. In

1264,

1264, Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, had a conference at this place with Simon de Montfort, the Earl of Leiceſter, when they eſtabliſhed peace between Cheſhire and Wales.

There are now but ſmall remains of this fortreſs; a round tower appears to be preſerved with care, whilſt the other parts preſent a mournful picture of decay. A little below the caſtle, on a delightful ſpot of ground, is the noble manſion of the late Sir John Glynne, which ſtands a conſpicuous object beſide the road, built under his direction, now the reſidence of his grandſon, Sir Stephen Glynne. Sir John, with laudable foreſight, made large plantations in and about the place, converting what was but an unprofitable waſte, into a flouriſhing wood.

In

In the centre of the town is the rectory, the reſidence of the Rev. Mr. *Crew*. A more charming ſituation cannot well be conceived; and what is equally as deſirable, a better living, which, we are informed, owes its increaſe, in a tenfold degree, to the large encloſures of Saltney Marſh, an extent of land of many hundred acres. This marſh was, a few years back, dangerous to paſs, particularly in winter, when a conſiderable part was flooded. There is now a good turnpike road, and cultivation and fertility ſmile on the traveller. There are in this neighbourhood many coal-pits, which afford employment to a numerous poor, who journey with their aſſes laden to Cheſter, knitting as they walk beſide them, ſetting a laudable example of induſtry to the ſluggard and the beggar. Quitting this

this marſh, which is about three miles over, we aſcended a riſing ground, which ſoon brought us to the city of Cheſter.

Diſtances in the foregoing Tour.

FROM Holyhead to Gwyndw, 12 miles—from thence to Bangor Ferry, 12—ditto to Conway, 17—ditto to Abergele, 10—ditto to St. Aſaph, 8—ditto to Holywell, 10—ditto to Cheſter, 18.

TOUR

TOUR

FROM

CHEPSTOW TO SWANSEA,

ST. DAVID'S, CAERNARVON,

AND

RUTHIN.

TOUR

FROM

CHEPSTOW to SWANSEA,

THROUGH CAERMARTHEN,

AND

RUTHIN.

TOUR

FROM

CHEPSTOW TO SWANSEA, &c.

CHEPSTOW leads through an agreeable neck of land, washed on each side either by the Severn or Wye.

The shores of the Wye are bold, rocky, and woody; but the capital object which catches the eye, on the approach to Chepstow, is the castle, founded on a high perpendicular cliff, rising from the river, and extended along the edge of it.

In

In deſcending the hill which leads down to Chepſtow bridge, a moſt enchanting ſcene ſuddenly preſents itſelf to view—the Wye is its chief ornament—nothing in nature can be more beautiful than the ſteep and romantic banks of that river, thickly clothed with wood from the ſurface of the water to their ſummits—every here and there a rocky cliff juts out, and the effect is truly fine and ſtriking. The noble and extenſive ruin of Chepſtow Caſtle appears majeſtically in front, and is a magnificent object. We could not obtain any authentic information with regard to its antiquity; but tradition ſays it was repaired in the thirteenth century, by Richard, Earl of Pembroke. This caſtle ſtands on a perpendicular cliff on the weſtern ſide of the Wye, and commands the town and paſſage of the river; on which account it

was

was formerly conſidered as a place of ſtrength and conſequence. It was beſieged and taken by Oliver Cromwell; which is the only memorable occurrence in its hiſtory.

The whole fortreſs occupied ſeveral acres, and the ruins of it are ſtill very conſiderable. The principal gateway has a venerable aſpect, and, though of Norman origin, and the oldeſt part of the whole ſtructure, is nearly perfect.

The pariſh church of Chepſtow is part of the old priory, and the weſt entrance is a handſome arch of Norman architecture, ornamented with the mouldings peculiar to that people.

In the neighbourhood of Chepſtow is the celebrated PERSFIELD, late the property and reſidence of Mr. Morris, who expended a large ſum of money in various improve-

ments and embelliſhments, which are a monument of his taſte.

Tintern abbey is ſituated on the banks of the Wye, a few miles above Chepſtow. No monaſtical ruin in Great Britain preſents a more beautiful perſpective than the inſide of the abbey church. The preſent remains are carefully preſerved from further deſtruction, and the fallen ornaments of its once vaulted roof are ſo diſpoſed, in moderate piles, that all their ſculpture, which is remarkably ſharp, and well executed, may be inſpected with the utmoſt facility.

The body of the church is in its original level; and though the pavement has long ſince been removed, I ſcarcely lamented the loſs of it, as the ſubſtituted turf, clean and entirely free from weeds and briers, has perhaps a better effect.

This

This abbey was founded in the year 1131; but I ſhould imagine the preſent church was begun ſeveral years afterwards, as it is an elegant ſpecimen of the chaſte Gothic, and conſtructed upon one plan, and in one ſtyle.

It was dedicated to God and St. Mary of Tintern, by Walter Fitz-Richard de Clare, Lord of Caerwent and Monmouthſhire. William, Earl of Pembroke, and Mareſchal of England, married the daughter and heireſs of Richard de Clare, ſurnamed Strongbow, and gave divers lands and privileges to the abbots and monks hereof, who were of the Ciſtercian order, obliging them to pray for their ſouls, and thoſe of his and his wife's anceſtors. Richard de Bigod, Duke of Norfolk, added to theſe benefactions. It has been famous for the tombs and monu-

ments of ſeveral great perſons, principally the aforeſaid Richard de Clare, called Strongbow, and Walter, Earl of Pembroke, who, in the diſpute between the houſes of York and Lancaſter, was taken priſoner in Banbury fight, and beheaded, and buried here. The length of this abbey, from eaſt to weſt, is ſeventy-ſeven yards; in breadth, from north to ſouth, fifty-three yards. It has twenty-four pillars, and eighty-four windows.

The views from the Wye, between Chepſtow and Tintern, are exceedingly magnificent: the rocks on each ſide ſeem to be from 300 to 600 feet high; they are ſometimes perpendicular and wholly naked, and ſometimes the very precipices are covered with woods, from the river's brink to their ſummits, for continued miles.

It

It is impoſſible to travel through this part of the country without being captivated with the many delightful proſpects it affords.

At Caldecot is the ſhell of a caſtle, which was built in the Norman age, as the mixture of the circular and Gothic arches ſufficiently proves.

Caerwent is at preſent a miſerable village, and has nothing to manifeſt its Roman greatneſs, excepting ſome ruined walls on the ſouth and weſt ſides.

At the village of Chriſt Church, which is ſituated on a commanding hill, about three miles from Newport (on the Chepſtow ſide), we were detained a conſiderable time by the lovelineſs of the ſurrounding ſcenery—the river Uſke winding through a narrow valley, waſhing the town of Newport, and continuing its courſe, to where it forms

a junction with the Severn, confined all the way by luxuriant hills, which are finely contraſted with the diſtant black and ſterile mountains in the back ground—the Severn, almoſt as high up as Berkeley, and lower down than where it aſſumes the name of the Briſtol Channel, ſhaping its rapid courſe through the ſpacious and delicious vale of Glouceſterſhire —the embouchure of the Avon—King-Road, with the ſhipping lying at anchor and under ſail—and, to conclude, the Flat and Steep Holmes, which, together with the Channel, bound the view on that ſide.

The country is here pleaſantly encloſed, and near Caerleon the views are extenſive and fine.

This city is of great antiquity and fame, and was ſtrongly defended by the Romans with brick walls. Many remains of its ancient magnificence

are

are ſtill extant; ſuch as ſplendid palaces, which once emulated, with their gilded roofs, the grandeur of Rome; for it was originally built by the emperors, and adorned with ſtately edifices; immenſe baths; ruins of temples; and a theatre, the walls of which are ſtill ſtanding. Here we ſtill ſee, both within and without the walls, ſubterraneous buildings, aqueducts, and vaulted caverns. The city is pleaſantly ſituated on the banks of the navigable Uſke, and ſurrounded with woods and paſture.

Various antiquities have, in different ages, been diſcovered among the ruins of this city. Camden and his continuator have preſerved a conſiderable catalogue of them; and even at this time the fund is not exhauſted.

The Roman walls are ſtill viſible, but the facing ſtones have long ſince been removed for private uſes. Near the centre of a field adjoining to the weſt wall, is the theatre (or more properly the amphitheatre) mentioned by Giraldus.

The form of it only remains, no traces of its walls being now diſcoverable: the diameter of the area is very large, and is bounded with a high circular entrenchment of earth.

There is very little extant of the caſtle; which is of a later age; the keep is remarkably lofty, and on climbing up the ſteep ſides of it, we blundered upon a curious piece of Roman antiquity.

It was part of a circular ſtone, flat on one ſide, and convex on the other, 27 inches in diameter: on the flat ſurface is repreſented in bas relief a female figure ſitting: one hand inclines

clines downwards, and a ſmall dolphin is ſporting in the palm of the other, which is extended. There is a broad foliage round the edge of the ſtone, which, reſembling a myrtle-leaf, ſerves as a border to it.

The figure is indiſputably intended for a Venus; and both the deſign and execution of it, when perfect, in my opinion, far ſurpaſſed the general ſpecimens of ſculpture which the Romans left in Britain.

The preſent Caerleon is a melancholy contraſt to the ancient, and has ſcarcely a decent houſe in it.

Newport is a conſiderable town, and was formerly ſtrengthened with a ſmall caſtle, ſituated on the river's brink, the ſhell of which is ſtill pretty entire.

The country between Newport and Caerdiff is ornamented by the ſeats of Sir Charles Tent and Mr. Mor-

gan; and watered by the rivulets of Ebwith and Romney, whereof the latter ſeparates the counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan.

The bridges over the Uſke, both at Newport and Caerleon, and over the Wye at Chepſtow, are built upon exceeding high piles of wood: they are floored with boards, which are always looſe, but prevented from ſlipping by ſmall tenons at their ends: the precaution of having the boards unfixed is not unneceſſary, as the tides in theſe rivers ſometimes riſe to a ſtupendous height, and would otherwiſe blow up the bridges.

A new ſtone bridge of five arches is now building over the Uſke at Newport, by Meſſrs. Edwards, by contract, for 10,165*l.* Since it was begun, Mr. Revely has been appointed as engineer to give his opinion of the conſtruction of it, and has

has made ſeveral reports to the magiſtrates on the defects—but no alteration has been made in conſequence.

Uſke is ſituated on the river of the ſame name, over which is a bridge of ſeveral arches: the town is built in the form of a ſquare, with the gardens in the centre; the bridge is at one corner, the caſtle at the next, the church at the third, and the town-houſe at the other, which is a neat modern building, where, in general, the county meetings are held. The church appears to be but half the ſize it was formerly, when it was the priory church, the gateway to which remains, and part of the prior's apartments, which are now a farm-houſe. The caſtle is a large building on a ſmall eminence, part of which is alſo converted into a farm-houſe.

The roads had hitherto been perfectly good; and though the turnpike is not continued to Caerphily, yet it is a very paſſable coach-road.

The whole ride is pleaſant, at the foot of high hills generally cultivated to their ſummits; and from Machen, the river Rhymny was our guide to Bedways bridge, which carried us into Glamorganſhire.

The town of Caerphily conſiſts of a few humble cottages, and is ſurrounded with mountains, ruder and leſs cultivated than thoſe which we had paſſed.

——The bard,
That roams at eventide, through pathleſs woods,
His ſecret way, ſhapes not ideal ſcenes
More ſuited to the penſive range of thought,
Than yonder caſtle *, 'mid the ruins vaſt,
Lifting its hoary brow. The mellow tints
That Time's ſlow pencil lays from year to year

* Caerphily Caſtle.

Upon

Upon the ancient towers, ſpread o'er the wreck
A grateful gloom, and the thick clouds that ſweep
Along the darken'd battlements, extend
The melancholy grandeur of the ſcene.

SOTHABY.

The caſtle, including the outworks, is of an immenſe ſize; part of the preſent building was conſtructed in the year 1221, the ancient caſtle having been razed in 1217.

This part, which is included within the inner moat, is a noble ruin; the hall in it is, excepting the roof, perfect, and is a grand room, being a double cube of 34 feet in breadth; the form of its Gothic windows, and of the cluſtered flying pillars between them, from which ſprang the vaulted arch of its roof, has a noble appearance and grand effect.

It is remarkable, that the eaſt wall, on the ſouth ſide of the principal entrance, is concave, between the large upright

upright buttreſſes: theſe buttreſſes reſemble towers, and had battlements on their tops, to protect the intermediate walls.

At one of the angles of the citadel is the Hanging Tower; ſo called from its impending on one ſide in a very wonderful manner: it is ſeventy feet high, and deviates eleven feet and a half from a perpendicular line. It has continued in this ſtate beyond the memory of the oldeſt perſons now living in the vicinity, and may juſtly be conſidered as a great curioſity.

The veſtiges of a draw-bridge appear on the weſt ſide of the original caſtle, which connected it with a large piece of high level ground, embanked round, the walls of which embankment are ſtill viſible; and on the farther ſide of it are the remains of a round tower.

Spenſer

Spenſer held this caſtle for King Edward the Second, and was beſieged in it, by the Queen's and the Barons' forces, in the year 1327. According to Camden, Spenſer defended it ſo manfully that his enemies were ſoon compelled to retire.

The road from Caerphily to Lantreſſent is chiefly on the beautiful banks of the furious Taafe, until you croſs the river at Pont y Prîdd, or the new bridge over the Taafe; but as we were to return by part of it to Caerdiff, we took a guide over the mountain of Eglwyſillian, which pariſh ſtands near the top of it. The proſpects from the mountain were extenſive, but they ſcarcely compenſated for the badneſs of its deſcent towards the bridge.

The Pont y Prîdd conſiſts of one arch, from bank to bank, over the rapid Taafe, whoſe flooded torrent drives

drives every thing before it that offers reſiſtance; as two ſtone bridges, in this very ſpot, have fatally experienced.

This arch is perhaps the largeſt in the whole world.

It is a ſegment of a circle; the chord of it is 140 feet, and the height of the key-ſtone, from the ſpring of the arch, is 34 feet.

About half a mile above the bridge is a natural fall of the Taafe: we ſaw it in a ſtill ſeaſon; but though the fall is not very deep, yet the broken rocks in the river, the craggy precipice from which it deſcends, and the ſylvan ride towards it, form a pleaſing picture.

Nothing can be more agreeable than the firſt ſix or ſeven miles from the Pont y Prîdd towards Caerdiff. The road paſſes along the ſhady bank of the raging Taafe; the country

is

is finely diverſified with the inequality of the mountains on each ſide of the torrent; two of them, finely clothed with wood, ſeem almoſt to cloſe together; between which, under the ſmall ruins of Caſtle Coch, we paſſed into the vale of Glamorgan.

Glamorgan is ſtyled, with great propriety, the Garden of South Wales, and extends from Caerdiff towards the weſt about twenty-five miles in length, and from the ſea-ſhore eight or ten miles in breadth. It is ſomewhat remarkable, that this charming valley has for its foundation a bed of rock, at two, or, at moſt, three feet from the ſurface of the ſoil.

Caerdiff is a populous but ill-built town, nor is there any thing very pleaſing in its environs; its ſituation is on a low flat, near the mouth of the Taafe.

It has only one church, but this is ſpacious, and the architecture of the tower is exceedingly light and beautiful.

The old walls of Caerdiff are very extenſive, and the ruins of them are ſtill conſiderable. They were probably built, as well as the large octagon tower on the keep of the caſtle, by the firſt Norman invaders.

The moſt remarkable occurrence in the hiſtory of Caerdiff caſtle is, that Robert, eldeſt ſon of William the Conqueror, and the right heir of his father to both England and Normandy, was, after undergoing various viciſſitudes of fortune, at length confined in it by King Henry the Firſt; and here he languiſhed, deprived of his ſight, for the term of twenty-ſix years, when death releaſed him from the unnatural cruelties of his brother.

Llandaff

Llandaff ſtands on a gentle elevation; it is but a ſmall village, though a biſhopric.

The remains of the old cathedral are very beautiful; the door-caſes are all of Norman work, and well executed; the reſt of it is an elegant Gothic, though it was conſtructed ſo early as the year 1120, and is perhaps one of the oldeſt ſpecimens of Gothic in the whole iſland.

The modern cathedral, on which large ſums have lately been laviſhed, is a medley of abſurdities: part of the ancient nave is included in it, but the rebuilder has added Roman architecture, mixed with a capricious kind of his own, to the ſolemnity of the Norman and Gothic.

The ruins of ſeveral caſtles appear in the neighbourhood of Cowbridge; and St. Donat's particularly deſerves attention.

Cowbridge

Cowbridge conſiſts of one broad handſome ſtreet.

Journeying towards Pile, we left Wennye caſtle on our right hand, and Ogmore on our left, both within view of the turnpike.

From our cleanly little inn at Pile we made a walking excurſion in ſearch of the remains of Cynfeg caſtle, which are more than two miles diſtant from it.

Scarcely a wall of this caſtle is now to be ſeen, and the face of the country muſt have ſuffered great revolutions from the winds and inundations, ſince Fitzhamon, the firſt Norman invader, choſe to fix his reſidence on this ſpot.

This fortreſs was built on one ſingle mount, about the ſize of a common keep; and there appear no veſtiges of other fortifications near it. It is now ſurrounded with naked

ſands,

ſands, blown up into irregular heaps, and ſubject to alterations by every ſtorm. The preſent ſituation gives no idea of its having been proper either for pleaſure or defence.

Near Margam, in a lane leading from thence towards Cynfeg, we ſaw one of the ſtones noticed by Camden; it is now placed upright, and the characters of the ſculpture are ſtill perfectly legible.

The ſituation of Margam abbey, founded by William, Earl of Glouceſter, grandſon to Fitzhamon, is at the foot of a high mountain, wholly covered with wood. The orange-trees in the garden grove are ſuppoſed to be the fineſt in all Britain.

In the ſtreet of Margam is an ancient croſs, which, with its pedeſtal, is covered with a profuſion of ſculpture, repreſenting knots and fret-work. A few characters are ſeen near

near the two figures on it, but I was not able to decipher them, from the years that had worked their decay.

The abbey church is a Norman edifice, in the beſt taſte.

The road is now continued under the mountains, near the Severn ſhore, and paſſes cloſe to ſome large copper-works to Aberavon, where it croſſes a ſtone bridge of one arch to Briton Ferry, which croſſing, we rode along the beach for a few miles, and were ferried over the Tavey into Swanſea.

The landſcape about Briton Ferry is exceedingly rich: the mountains, the river, and its woody banks, form a beautiful back-ground and contraſt to the bold and craggy ſhore, and the broken inſultated knolls near it.

Juſt above the ferry is the ſeat of Mr. Vernon, ſituated in the centre of this enchanting view.

The

The ſea breezes from the Briſtol Channel have no influence over the verdure of the trees on this ſouthern coaſt, which flouriſh as well here as in the more inland parts.

Swanſea makes a handſome appearance from the approach to it, being built near the mouth of the Tavey, on a ſemicircular riſing bank above it. The town is populous, and the ſtreets are wide; it carries on a conſiderable trade in coals, pottery, and copper.

Such is the profuſion of coal and limeſtone in Glamorganſhire, that lime is the general manure of the whole country.

The remaining walls of Swanſea caſtle are finiſhed with an open Gothic parapet, through the arches of which the water ran from the tiles.

The

The high roads through South Wales are, in general, uncommonly good; but that between Swanſea and Landino is an exception to the remark, being exceedingly rugged and ſtony; we did not heſitate, however, to quit this very indifferent road, for one that is almoſt impaſſable, which leads over ſeveral ſteep mountains, to the caſtle of Kaer Kenner; being reſolved to inſpect a fortreſs, whoſe natural ſtrength and peculiarity of poſition demand the attention, and excite the admiration of the curious, and more eſpecially of the military traveller. In our way thither we had a glimpſe of Clenchere, the ſequeſtered reſidence of a gentleman, whoſe name has eſcaped my remembrance. It lies in a deep but verdant dell, agreeably ſhaded with trees, and watered by a limpid ſtream, called the

the Kenner. This is a very picturesque scene, and appears the more charming from the contrasted sterility and nakedness of the mountains in which it is embosomed. Kaer Kenner is distant only three miles. The remains of this castle stand on the summit of a rocky, exalted, and isolated precipice; perpendicular, and consequently inaccessible, on three sides, and very difficult of approach on the other. The walls enclose only a small space; but there is an excavated passage of considerable extent, leading to several apartments, and to a reservoir, which amply supplied the garrison with water. I should conceive, that this castle must have been almost impregnable.

During the greatest part of our dreary ride from Swansea to Landino, the Black Mountains were in sight on the right hand; and at Kaer

Kenner we were within a few miles of one of the moſt conſiderable of them, that terminates the ridge in Caermarthenſhire. They are covered with fern and dark-brown heath, which give them an appearance (and particularly at a diſtance) that well agrees with the epithet *black*, by which they are diſtinguiſhed from the neighbouring mountains. It may be imagined, that a country ſo wild and barren, and that offers ſo little to the induſtry of man, is thinly peopled: the ſhepherds are, in fact, its only *human* inhabitants; every now and then you ſee a lonely cottage, hanging on the ſide of a precipice, naturally calling to mind the pleaſures and advantages of ſocial intercourſe, ſo ſtrikingly contraſted with the unvaried and melancholy occupation of the ſhepherd.

Leaving Swanſea, we croſſed over the

the tedious and dreary mountain of Bettūs, in the midway towards the Llandilo-vawr (from the extremities of which there is a rich and extenſive proſpect), and deſcended into Caermarthenſhire.

Llandilo-vawr is a ſmall town, hanging on the declivity of a hill waſhed by the Towy, which takes its name from the river that glides through it, and waſhes the town of Landino. This place has two recommendations—its delightful ſituation, and a very good inn.

According to the hiſtory of Wales, by Carādoc of Lhancarvan, the laſt deciſive battle between the armies of Edward the Firſt and Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, was fought near this town, when the King's forces gained a complete victory; in conſequence of which, the unfortunate Prince, ſoon after,

near Builth, loſt both his power and life.

This victory put a final period to the Welſh independency, in the year 1282, ſince which time the principality has continued ſubject to the crown of England.

Cloſe to the town there is a beautiful ſeat belonging to Lady Denevor (the widow of the late Mr. Rice). The houſe is placed in the centre of a charming park, which runs down to the Towy; the woods are venerable and ſtriking; and the groups of trees are ſcattered over a variety of ground, and diſpoſed with great taſte on the banks of the river. On the ſummit of a pretty eminence, about half a mile from the houſe, an old tower rears its head above a thicket, and has a pleaſing effect.

The ruins of Dinevawr caſtle* ſtand on the high prominence of a beautiful ſemicircular hill, entirely mantled with wood, and which, with a regular ſweep, precipitately deſcends to the Towy.

The caſtle, which Giraldus ſaw, was razed to the ground in the year 1194, ſix years after his itinerary; but it was ſoon rebuilt.

From the extent of the preſent ruins, I cannot conceive it to have been ſo much a caſtle of ſtrength and grandeur as a ſmall palace calculated for the more refined and ſocial pleaſures.

The ruins are now encloſed in the beautiful park of Newton, belonging to Lady Denevor.

The caſtle of Caraig-cennin ſtands four miles S. E. from Llandilo, to-

* To this caſtle Dyer alludes in his poem of Grongar Hill.

wards the Black Mountain: it is moſt ſtrongly ſituated, on the point of a lofty, craggy, inſulated rock, three ſides of which are wholly inacceſſible: it is ſurrounded at moderate but unequal diſtances, with mountains; and the roads leading to it are, even now, but barely practicable. The fortreſs, of which there are great remains, does not occupy an acre of ground; for, indeed, the rock would not admit of more.

This was doubtleſs a Britiſh building; the remaining ruins confirm the ſuppoſition, as there is not the leaſt appearance of Gothic about them.

The well in this caſtle is a ſingular curioſity.

I am aware that there is no mention made of this caſtle in the hiſtory of Caradoc of Lhancarvan till the year

year 1248, when Rhys Fychan won it from the Engliſh, to whom his mother had ſome time before privately delivered it.

We now continued our route through a charming country, perfectly cultivated on each ſide of the turnpike.

We had a view on our left hand of the ruins of Durſlon caſtle, ſituated on a large natural knoll, near the Towy; and ſoon after paſſed through Abergwilly, where is a ſeat of the Biſhop of St. David's, but which has nothing to recommend it, except the beauty of the neighbouring country.

Caermarthen is a large and handſome Welſh town: I ſpeak by compariſon; for, in general, the Welſh ſtreets are narrow and winding, and the decent houſes are too often intermixed with the meaneſt cottages.

Part of the caſtle is now uſed as the county gaol; but there is nothing remarkable in the ruins of it.

According to Giraldus, the walls of Caermarthen were raiſed with brick, but I could not diſcover the ſmalleſt traces in the remains of them; though the redneſs of the ſtones at firſt deceived me, and inclined me to be of his opinion.

The maiden ſtone, a rude pillar in the middle of the road near Brecknock, is ſix feet high, but whether Roman or Britiſh cannot be aſcertained. On one ſide are the figures of a man and a woman in ancient habits, particularly curious. From Grongar Hill, eight miles from Caermarthen, is a very extenſive view; likewiſe the road from Llandilo to Neath, over the mountains.

At this place, in the year 480, flou-

flouriſhed the famous *prophet Merlin*. About a mile from the town, nearly oppoſite to the Biſhop of St. David's palace, is a hill covered with wood, called Merlin's Grove, to which he often retired to ſtudy: his book of prophecies is ſtill ſought after as a curioſity.

A long ſtone bridge croſſes the Towy from this town; but, like the common faſhion of the country, it is inconveniently narrow.

The beauty of the country now diminiſhes, and there is little worth attention in the road, till we arrive at Narbeth, a ſmall town, with ſome remains of a caſtle, in Pembrokeſhire. We had, indeed, a diſtant view, on our right hand, of the remarkable mountain called the Ragged Rocks, the ſummit of which appeared circular, and like the ſtupendous ruins of a caſtle wall.

About two miles forward, we croſſed the Cleddy, near which, on the right hand, appear the remains of Lauhaden caſtle, and on the left the fine woods of Slebach.

It is peculiar to Picton caſtle that it has always been inhabited. The preſent poſſeſſors are the Philips's, by whom it has been modernized. It is eſteemed one of the capital houſes in the principality; but the ſtrongeſt curioſity to examine modern architecture will cauſe little interruption to a tour through Wales.

Haverfordweſt is a large irregular town, built on the declivity of a hill, which is ſo ſteep towards the river, that the back windows of the ground floors in one ſtreet frequently overlook the roofs of another.

The

The caſtle ruins are conſiderable, and preſent a grand object to the approach from Narbeth.

As we were ſoon to traverſe an intricate country, we thought it prudent to take a guide part of the road from Haverfordweſt, to prevent the difficulties which might otherwiſe attend us.

We made an excurſion from Haverfordweſt to Harbarſton Haikin, ſituated on the broadeſt part of Milford Haven.

The little harbour of Harbarſton is generally full of veſſels, which export from it corn, coals, and lime-ſtone; and we found no difficulty in hiring a convenient boat to carry us to Pembroke.

We ſailed acroſs the haven of Milford, ſo well known for its magnitude and ſecurity. It appears like an immenſe lake; for the

mouth not being at any diſtance viſible, the whole haven ſeems landlocked: the mouth opens to the ſouthward, and the haven extends itſelf eaſtward.

There is nothing bold or picturesque on the ſhores of it; they are neither mountainous nor woody: the land round the haven conſiſts of ſmall inequalities of ground, pretty well cultivated, though ſometimes varied with large furze brakes.

The view of Pembroke and its caſtle, from the river, is very grand. The town is ſituated upon the ridge of a long and narrow rock, gradually aſcending to the higheſt point, on which ſtands the caſtle, at the edge of the precipice. If I may compare ſmall things with great, it reſembles much the ſituation of Edinburgh.

The

The caſtle is a Norman ſtructure, mixed with the early Gothic: the principal tower, which is uncommonly high and perfect, has even its ſtone-vaulted roof remaining.

This fortreſs was built by Girald, conſtable of Windſor, anceſtor of Cambrenſis.

We journeyed to ſee Carew caſtle and Tenby, in this neighbourhood, the view of which particularly gratified us.

We returned with the tide to Harbarſton, and by the ſame road to our quarters at Haverfordweſt, through an encloſed but unpleaſant country, near the little pariſh of Haroldſton, which may poſſibly have taken its name from King Harold.

From Haverfordweſt the road leads through a miſerable country, leaving a ruined tower of Roche caſtle

caſtle on the right hand, and winds down to the beach of Niwegal, about the midway towards St. David's: it then traverſes a mountain, and deſcends to the romantic little harbour of Solvath, which is a cove, ſurrounded with high and barren rocks.

A ſtreet of ſmall cottages, one of which is the inn, compoſes the city of St. David's. I had ſo little notion of its being the biſhopric, that I inquired in the ſtreet how far it was to St. David's. The reader will eaſily give me credit, when he hears that the palace and cathedral ſtand below the town, and cannot be ſeen from it.

The biſhop's palace, which was founded in the reign of Edward the Third, is now an immenſe ruin; ſeveral of the apartments are uncom-

commonly large, the walls of which are ſtill entire.

Edmund, Earl of Richmond, father of Henry the Seventh, lies under a raiſed tomb near the middle of the choir; and at a little diſtance from it is the monument of Owen Tudor.

" When King Henry the Second " was at St. Davis, and from the " cliffes there in a cleere day diſcover- " ed the coaſt of Ireland, that moſt " mighty monarck of this realme " ſaid—' I with my ſhippes am able " to make a bridge thither, if it " be no further;' which ſpeech of " his beeing related to Murchard " king of Lemſter, in Ireland, he de- " maunded if he added not to his " ſpeech ' with the *grace of God*;' " when it was anſwered, that hee " made no mention of *God*. ' Then " (ſaid he, more cheerefully) I feare

" him

" him leſſe which truſteth more to " himſelfe than to the helpe of " God'."—*Giraldus Cambrenſis.*

There is ſomething ſimple and pleaſing in the idea of ſtrewing flowers and evergreens over the grave of a departed friend, which is the univerſal cuſtom in theſe parts.

The weſtern coaſt of Wales is mountainous, with ſteep or perpendicular cliffs towards the Iriſh ſea. In croſſing the few rivers in this dreary part of our route, we had a ſharp deſcent from one mountain, and a quick aſcent to another. The road is commonly within view of the ſea, and ſometimes of the Iriſh coaſt.

Few encloſures are to be ſeen in the neighbourhood of St. David's.

I made a ſhort excurſion from thence to ſee *y maen ſigl*, or the ſhaking

ſhaking ſtone, mentioned by Gibſon: it lies near the moſt weſterly point of St. David's Head. Its ſhaking was certainly a *luſus naturæ*, as it is a fragment fallen from the upper rock.

This ſtone has long ſince been immoveable, but never could be ſo curious as the famous rocking ſtone at Stonehenge in Wiltſhire.

The weight of the two ſtones in queſtion appeared to me to be nearly equal.

Fiſgard ſtands upon the point of a mountain, from which there is a ſteep deſcent (cut from the precipice) to its little harbour, at the mouth of the Gwyne.

Within two miles of Newport, a poor town, ſituated under the ruins of a ſmall caſtle, the road paſſes, cloſe to the remains of four or five Druid ſepulchres or altars; the

ſtones

ſtones are large, and were originally ſupported with four upright pillars, like the legs of a table: they are all within the circumference of about ſixty yards, and one of them is nearly perfect.

Theſe monuments lie on the left hand of the road in an encloſed field, which, in Engliſh pronunciation, is called Daertinman.

The old croſs, mentioned by Gibſon, remains in the church-yard at Nevern; but we could not find either the inſcribed ſtone, on the north ſide of the church-yard, or the inſcription in the church; nor could we learn any intelligence of them.

The church at Nevern has no pavement in it; and the frequent burials, in the manner of St. David's, have raiſed the ground within, ſeven or eight feet higher than it is without.

This

This pariſh is pleaſantly ſituated on the banks of the river Nevern, and backed by ſome fine ſhady hills: we aſcended one of them, and, by a bad and intricate road, arrived at Cardigan, having paſſed through the dirty village of St. Dogmael, formerly famous for its abbey, ſome ruins of which ſtill remain, and which the river Tyvy divides from Cardiganſhire.

Moſt of the ancient monuments in theſe parts have lately been deſtroyed and converted to private uſes.

Cardigan ſtands upon a gentle eminence, riſing from the Tyvy, over which there is a handſome ſtone bridge. Part of the outward walls of the caſtle is ſtill remaining, but the materials within have long ſince been removed.

We

We rode from hence to Llangoidmore, and, ſending our horſes from thence round to Llechryd bridge, followed a beautiful ſhady path cut from the precipice of the Tyvy bank for two miles. This river runs in a broad and tranſlucid ſtream between the ſloping hills, which are about two hundred feet in height, and wholly covered with wood, from the water's brink to their ſummits. This ſylvan ſcene is only once inrerrupted by a lofty, naked, and projecting rock, on which ſtand the romantic ruins of Cilgarran caſtle, and which, by its ſingular contraſt to the reſt of the view, gives a finiſhing to a delicious landſcape.

The following lines breathe ſo much pathos, and exhibit ſuch delicate ſhades of elegant poetry, that we flatter ourſelves they will be acceptable to the reader. From the unfor-

unfortunate lot of the heroine in the poem, it appears, the village ſwains, and their laſſes, ſtill hold ſacred an hour to commemorate her unſhaken affection for her William, by annually gathering flowers, and ſtrewing them over her grave.

The maids and village ſwains, who annual meet,
Lucy! to ſcatter o'er thy funeral ſod
Freſh flowers: I knew thee in thy happier days,
Ere melancholy love had wrought thee woe.
Oh! if the muſe had taught my lip to breathe
Thoſe ſounds which hang upon the ear of time,
That magic melody which makes the paſt
Preſent, re-animates the dead, and gives
To immortality; thee, hapleſs maid!
Thee from oblivion my memorial note
Of pity ſhould preſerve. His country forc'd
Her lover from her arms; in foreign lands
The ſoldier fell; but Lucy liv'd, if that
May life be deem'd, when maddening o'er its grief
Broods dark deſpair. Yet a mild beam of peace
Gleam'd tranſient on herſoul, when unreſtrain'd
Amid the lov'd retreats where William dwelt
Frequent ſhe linger'd. Oft on Tyvy's banks
At early dawn the lonely angler met

Poor

Poor Lucy, wreathing 'mid her locks freſh
flowers,
And at the duſky cloſe of eve, again
On the ſame ſpot, from her diſhevell'd hair,
Scattering the faded bloſſoms in the ſtream:
Then floating down the eddying wave, thy corſe
The wandering ſhepherd found. Beneath this
turf
At length thy ſorrows reſt. Poor maid, farewell!

SOTHABY.

We met our horſes at Llechryd bridge, a little below which are ſome large and expenſive works, lately erected by a company for the purpoſe of making tin plates.

From theſe works the beauty of the river diminiſhes; but we were informed, that, at ſome diſtance upwards, the Tyvy is ſtill more picturesque.

The town of Llanarch conſiſts of a few ſtraggling cottages, but the name ſerved us as a guide to Aberyſtwyth: for we ſoon found it neceſ-

ſary

ſary to be previouſly acquainted with every place in our route, as we could ſeldom get any farther intelligence from the few people we met on the road than to the next town or village. But, indeed, the intricacies of this ride were frequently relieved by proper direction-poſts.

We now left a deep and ſhady dale on the left hand, and ſoon after deſcended to Aberaron.

From hence the ſhore becoming more level and agreeable, the road quickly paſſes by the intrenchment of a ſmall caſtle, half of which has long ſince been waſhed away by the ſea.

About two hundred yards on the left hand of the road, and two miles beyond Llanruſted, are two ſuppoſed Druidical ſepulchral monuments; they are upright ſingle ſtones, and one of them, when perfect, meaſured

ſured eleven feet in height above the ground, and five feet ſix inches in breadth.

Aberyſtwyth is ſituated on an eaſy elevation, in the midſt of a broad vale, at the mouth of the river Yſtwyth. All the towns beginning with Aber, denote their being near the mouth of a river; for Aber, in Welſh, is a ſmaller ſtream, diſcharging itſelf into a greater, or into the ſea.

Part of the old wall of the town is remaining, but all the facing ſtones have been taken away. The caſtle has undergone the ſame fate, and the ruins of it are now trifling, except one, a Gothic tower, the ſhell of which remains for a ſea-mark.

We learn from Powell the hiſtorian, that the preſent caſtle was founded by King Edward the Firſt, in 1277,

1277, a few years before his complete conqueſt of Wales.

From Tal y bont, our late long *tædium* began to find ſome relief from a cheerful ſylvan ſcene, which conducted us by the ſides of two waterfalls, near Gwellyn-gwin bridge, to the banks of the Dovy.

The proſpect before us is now enchanting; while the ſtriking contraſt of the preſent object, to the melancholy waſte we have lately left, makes us more ſenſible of the pleaſing tranſition.

The navigable Dovy runs through a broad expanſe of rich meadows, encircled with a majeſtic chain of ſuperb mountains, the ſlopes of which are beautifully chequered with corn-fields, paſtures, and large woods.

Machynlleth lies in a ſmall verdant plain, ſurrounded with mountains. It ſtands in the extreme weſt

angle of Montgomeryſhire, and the bridge from the town carried us into Merioneth.

Leaving Machynlleth, we ſoon found ourſelves in a truly Alpine valley. The rapid torrent, roaring over a bed of broken rocks, and now and then interrupted by immenſe fragments, from which it fell in conſiderable cataracts; the woody and exalted precipices on each ſide of the river, and the mountain brooks continually rattling about us; formed a miniature picture of the romantic road between Aigues-belles and Mount Cenis. Towards the extremity of this beautiful ſcene, the huge mountain of Cader Idris preſented its naked, craggy, and prominent cliff, full to our front. I never ſaw an object more awfully ſublime; it extends more than half a mile

a mile in length, and is at leaſt a thouſand feet high.

The road paſſes under part of this gloomy and tremendous precipice, on the right hand, within ſight of a large lake on the left, and cloſe to the brink of a ſmaller. It then croſſes an arm of Cader Idris, and with a quick deſcent of two rocky miles ends at Dolgelly. Part of this latter path leads through a thin oak wood, which hangs over an impetuous torrent, foaming down a rugged declivity as ſteep as the road.

The town of Dolgelly is finely ſituated upon the Wnion bank: the vallies around are richly interſperſed with woods and decent houſes, while the mountains bound every proſpect from the town at irregular diſtances.

There appears ſome ſpirit in the flannel trade in this neighbourhood,

which extends its buſy influence for many miles round the country.

We now paſſed near the poor remains of Vennar Abbey, or Kinner, according to Speed, and croſſing the river Mawddach, or Maw, ſoon traverſed another Alpine vale.

About five miles from Dolgelly (a few large Scotch firs on each ſide of the road marking the ſpot) we turned upwards on our left to ſee a waterfall behind a ſmall houſe of a widow Vaughan. This cataract is broken into two broad parts; the upper deſcends about thirty-five feet upon a ſmall craggy ridge, and the lower about twenty feet, into a romantic baſon, encircled with perpendicular or impending rocks: a fine wood ſurrounds it, and ſome of the largeſt trees project their ſhady branches over the precipice of the caſcade.

Return-

Returning to the high road, we ſoon croſſed a bridge, under which the torrent rattled from the above caſcade down a deep declivity, and through large disjointed fragments towards the river.

We quitted the valley two miles farther, and aſcended a barren and diſmal mountain: the road continued loneſome and melancholy for ſeveral miles, but at length conducted us to a comfortable little inn at Tan y Bwlch.

Theſe remarkable cataracts are each of them the fall of a whole river, and ſituated within a quarter of a mile of one another.

In an excurſion from Tan y Bwlch towards Harlech, we deviated a little from the road, to ſee the Rhaidr du, or black cataract, ſo called from the colour of its water.

This is a fall of the rivulet Velen-

ryd, about forty feet in depth: a regular baſon, ſemicircled with rock, and ſurrounded with a thin grove, receives it. The reſt of the valley is poor and unencloſed.

As we approached Harlech, the road became ſcarcely practicable; it was literally a ſtair-caſe path, worn on the ſide of a ſteep precipice of a craggy and disjointed mountain.

We had as yet ſeen no caſtle ſo perfect as this at Harlech; the ſhell is entire. I have no doubt but that the preſent fortreſs was erected by Edward the Firſt. It is a noble ſquare building, with a round tower at each corner, and one on each ſide the entrance; it was completed before the year 1283. (See Ayloffe's Welſh Calendar.) It is ſituated on a very high rock projecting in the Iriſh ſea.

In order to avoid the goat track of

of our morning ride, we returned over the ſands of the Traeth Bychan, which are paſſable only at low water.

It is remarkable that we had hitherto never deviated from the true line of our route, when alone, and that we ſeldom failed of doing it when we employed a guide.

Our preſent Ciceroni from Tan y Bwlch conducted us wrong both to and from Harlech; and on our return we were obliged to have guide upon guide, before we ventured to croſs the ſands, which are by no means difficult when known, but which, from their ſhifting and quickneſs, are intricate and dangerous to ſtrangers.

We were induced by the cleanlineſs of our little inn, and the attentive complacency of the landlady, to ſleep three nights at Tan y Bwlch. This is a ſingle houſe, in the pariſh

of Feſtiniogg; and about three miles below it, the river Dryryd divides the inn from the pariſh church and village of Maynturogg; it lies in a deep and narrow valley between the mountains, which are but moderately clothed with wood, excepting near the houſe, where the ſylvan walks, amid the craggy precipices, are extremely pictureſque.

At a little diſtance from the inn, on a woody mountain's ſide, is a pleaſant ſeat of William Oakley, Eſq.

We now traverſed a deſolate and cloud-clapt country; but as it happened to be low water, we avoided ſome of theſe mournful mountains by deſcending on the ſands of the Traeth Mawr, which carried us to the Pont Aberglaſlyn, which divides Merioneth from Caernarvonſhire.

This bridge is one wide ſtone arch,

arch, and is built over a roaring waterfall, from two perpendicular precipices.

Here we pauſed—the grandeur of the ſcene before us impreſſed a ſilent admiration on our ſenſes.—We at length moved ſlowly onward, contemplating the wonderful chaſm. An impending craggy cliff, at leaſt 800 feet high, projects from every part of its broken front ſtupendous rocks of the moſt capricious forms, and ſhadows a broad tranſlucid torrent, which rages like a cataract, amidſt the huge ruins fallen from the mountain.

The disjointed fragments of the oppoſite declivity, cruſhing their mouldering props, ſeem ſcarcely prevented from overwhelming the narrow ridge, which forms the road upon the brink of the flood.

Leaving with regret this ſublime

and unparalleled paſs, which continues for near a mile, we purſued our route through the miſerable town of Bethkelert, over a rocky deſert at the foot of Snowdon, and by the edge of two lakes, one of which commands attention from its ſize and the ſcenery around it, to Llynquellyn bridge, under which is a pictureſque waterfall, from whence there is a good road through the ſmall village of Bettws to Caernarvon, of which town you have a beautiful view before you enter it; and a turnpike road of nine miles brings you to Bangor, a ſmall town with a few decent houſes ſcattered about it, the beſt of which belong to the church. The old cathedral was burnt by Owen Glendwr, about the year 1404: the preſent was built by Biſhop Dennis in the reign of Henry the Seventh.

A vale

A vale begins now to open, which gradually ſpreads itſelf into the pleaſant and rich country around Caernarvon.

I entirely agree with Mr. Barrington, that the plans of the Welſh caſtles, founded by Edward the Firſt, were borrowed from the Aſiatic fortreſſes which that prince had ſeen in the Holy Land, becauſe they are preciſely ſimilar to many which Le Brun hath copied and inſerted in his valuable travels.

We croſſed the Menai Ferry at Beaumaris, and a four miles ride over the ſands at low water, where the true path was ſufficiently pointed out by poſts at proper diſtances, carried us to the Iriſh turnpike at Llanābar in Caernarvonſhire.

We had a glimpſe, for a few minutes only, of the ſummit of Cader Idris, from Dolgelly.

During our abode amid thoſe ſuperb mountains, neither ſun nor ſtars appeared to our ſight for ſeveral days; and, wrapt up in an impenetrable miſt, we were perpetually enveloped with a twilight obſcurity.

But on our emerging from theſe romantic viſions, the firſt view of the cheerful rays of the long abſent ſun gave an inexpreſſible refreſhment to our ſpirits—it ſaluted our immediate approach to the vale of Caernarvon. We changed the climate in an inſtant—we breathed a freer air.

The ſituation of Conway is exceedingly fine: it lies on the bank of a noble river, and in the centre of a beautiful vale, well cultivated and woody.

Here we found a conſiderable alteration in the manners of the people. We were now in the great Iriſh road; the

the article of eating was now doubled in our bills.

The town of Conway is ſmall, and indifferently built; it was fortified with walls which ſtill remain, and a caſtle, by Edward the Firſt. (See page 38 and 121 for a further account.)

We croſſed the wide ferry at Conway, which brought us into Denbighſhire, and traverſed a hilly country, till we came within eight miles of St. Aſaph, when we entered the fertile vale of Clwyd.

We paſſed over Penmaen-roſs in this morning's ride, where the declivity is ſteep and the road indifferent: a nearer path is cut for horſes along the ſide of the ſea cliff, in the ſame manner as at Penmaen-mawr; but it is ſo formidably narrow and unprotected, that few people dare truſt themſelves on their horſes on it.

Rhuddlan

Rhuddlan Caſtle is noted in hiſtory for the famous ſtatute enacted in it by Edward the Firſt, in the year 1284, for the better government of his newly-acquired dominion; and the preamble of this ſtatute informs us of the entire ſubjection of Wales.

Leaving the Iriſh road at St. Aſaph, we ſoon arrived at the pictureſque town of Denbigh, which is built on the declivity of a lofty hill, on the higheſt point of which are the ruins of a ſtrong caſtle of the time of Edward the Firſt. The principal gateway is a beautiful Gothic arch, and the king's ſtatue remains in a niche over it, in the ſame manner as at the caſtle of Caernarvon.

The original town ſtood upon this hill, and the walls of it are ſtill viſible; but at preſent the pariſh church

church only remains on it, near which is the unfiniſhed ſhell of a larger church, with a nave and two aiſles, which appears to have been begun in the fifteenth century. It is now a ruin.

Ruthin is a large and populous town on the Clwyd, commanding an extenſive proſpect into that charming vale.

Further intereſting Objects in the Tour from Chepſtow, &c.

THE moſt remarkable antiquity of Glamorganſhire is Kevn Bryn, a monument of unwrought ſtone, upwards of twenty tons, ſupported by ſix or ſeven others, ſet round in a circle to bear up the great one. The carriage and fixing of this ſtone is, no doubt, the effect of human induſtry,

duſtry, though it has been called in queſtion.

The moſt extenſive views are the vale of Tave, ſeen from the mountains of Rugmore rock, in the road to Brecon, and the bridge of Tavy, eight miles from Caerphily.

Lhan Newydh is remarkable for a ſtone pillar near the highway, and for being the reſidence of a great anceſtor of O. Cromwell, the *Protector*.

Below Talcharn, on the bank of the Tavy, ſtood a white houſe, built of hazel rods, where Howel Ddha, or the good Prince of Wales, in an aſſembly of 140 eccleſiaſtics, beſides laymen, gave a body of laws to his kingdom.

Straflour Abbey, in Cardiganſhire, was built by Hore Reſus, Prince of South Wales, in the year 1164, but was burnt in the various conflicts of

nations,

nations, and rebuilt by Henry the Firſt; the public records were kept here from 1156 to 1270.

At Machynlleth in Montgomeryſhire, *Owen Glyndwr* exerciſed the firſt acts of his royalty in 1402: here he accepted the crown of Wales, and aſſembled a parliament; the houſe wherein they met is now ſtanding, divided into ſeparate tenements.

The following are the Diſtances in the foregoing Tour, as near as can be aſcertained.

CHEPSTOW to Newport, 19 miles—from thence to Caerphily, 12 miles—ditto to Caerdiff, 20—ditto to Cowbridge, 12—ditto to Pile, 12—ditto to Swanſea, 15—ditto

ditto to Llandilo Vawr, 22—ditto to Caermarthen, 18—ditto to Narbeth, 22—ditto to Haverfordweſt, 10—ditto to St. David's, 16—ditto to Fiſgard, 20—ditto to Cardigan, 19—ditto to Aberaron, 28—ditto to Aberyſtwyth, 18—ditto to Machynlleth, 18—ditto to Dolgelly, 16—ditto to Tan y Bwlch, 21—ditto to Harlech, 13—ditto to Caernarvon, 21—ditto to Beaumaris, 15—ditto to Conway, 14—ditto to Abergele, 10—ditto to St. Aſaph, 8—ditto to Denbigh, 6—ditto to Ruthin, 8;—at all of which places there are good accommodations.

TOUR

FROM

ROSS TO BALA,

DENBIGH, up the Vale of CLWYD,

TO

CAERNARVON.

TOUR

FROM

ROSS TO BALA, &c.

WE took up our abode at the King's Arms at Roſs, formerly the habitation of that celebrated character known by the name of the "Man of Roſs," whom Mr. Pope has ſo highly praiſed in his poetical works. He was indeed a friend to the human kind. He gave his worldly goods, as far as they would go, to the unfortunate ſufferer; and his beſt wiſhes and compaſſion to all. His memory is ſtill

ſtill revered, and his loſs lamented in this place.

The following lines, deſerving of attention, were written upon a window-ſhutter:

Here dwelt the Man of Roſs. O traveller, here
Departed merit claims the rev'rend tear;
Friend to the friendleſs, to the ſick man health,
With generous joy he view'd his modeſt wealth.
If 'neath this roof thy wine-cheer'd moments paſs,
Fill to the good man's name one grateful glaſs,
To higher zeſt ſhall mem'ry wake thy ſoul,
And virtue mingle in th' ennobled bowl.
Here cheat thy cares—in generous viſions melt,
And dream of goodneſs thou haſt never felt.

Departing from Roſs, we purſued our journey over a very picturesque part of Montgomeryſhire, until we arrived at the capital, Montgomery, which is a neat town, and pleaſantly ſituated, partly on the ſummit of a hill. It owes its foundation to Baldwyn, Lieutenant of the Marches to William the Con-

Conqueror; it is alſo probable he built the caſtle ſome time before 1092. (See Powell's Hiſt.) This caſtle met the fate of others in the civil wars. On a hill, not far from the caſtle, is a ſtrong Britiſh poſt, guarded by four ditches. Lord Herbert ſpeaks of it as the habitation of ſome of his anceſtors. From this point is a beautiful view of the vale of Montgomery, which is very extenſive, and bounded by the hills of Shropſhire. The town was once defended by walls, ſtrengthened by towers, and had alſo four gates. Camden ſays, Henry the Third granted by charter, that the borough of Montgomery ſhould have the privilege of a free borough, with other liberties. The church is dedicated to St. Nicholas. The houſe called Blackhall, once the hoſpitable reſidence of the family,

family, ſtood at the bottom; a foſs now marks the ſpot being conſumed by fire. The lodge in Limore Park, at a ſmall diſtance from the town, is ſtill kept up, and ſhows a venerable wooded front: except St. Aſaph, it is one of the ſmalleſt capital towns in the king's dominions.

We continued our journey to Welſh Poole, in the neighbourhood of which, upon a moſt beautiful eminence, ſtands Powis Caſtle.—"It ſtands upon the ſide of a very high hill; below lies a vale of incomparable beauty, with the Severn winding through it: the town of Welſh Poole terminated with high mountains. The oppoſite ſide is beautifully cultivated half way up, and green to the top, except in one or two hills, whoſe ſummits are rocky and of groteſque ſhapes, that give variety and ſpirit to the pro-

proſpect. Above the caſtle is a long ridge of hills finely ſhaded, part of which is the park; and ſtill higher is a terrace, up to which you are led through very fine lawns, from whence you have a view that exceeds all deſcription. The county of Montgomery, which lies all within this view, was, to our eyes, the moſt beautiful in South Britain." (See Lord Lyttelton's Tour.)

From Poole to Gilesfield the country is beautifully broken into gentle riſings, prettily wooded.

The road from thence to Llanvilling is very intricate, and we contrived to loſe our way more than once, notwithſtanding we had been told it was very ſtraight.

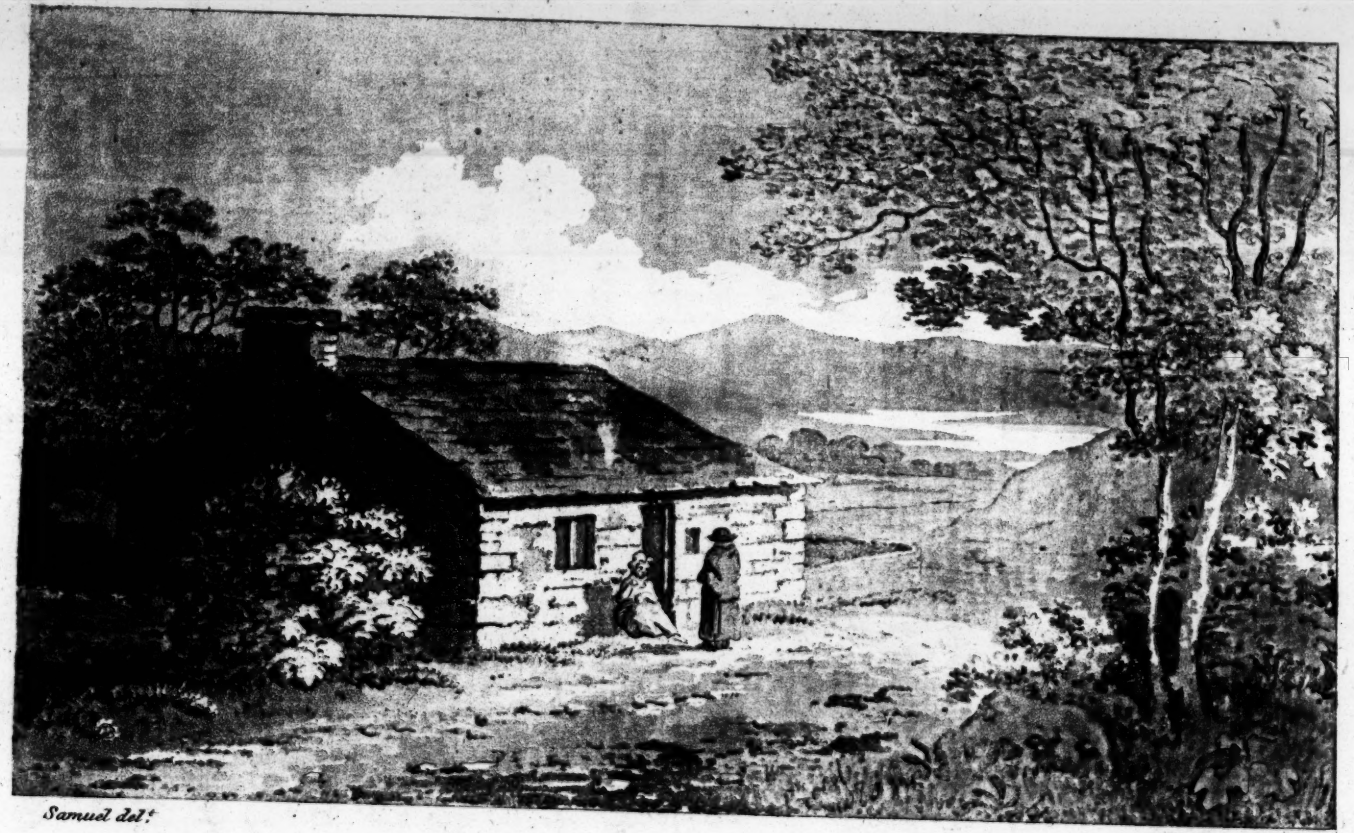
We were much delighted with the whole of our journey to Llanvilling, a ſmall town which had a charter beſtowed on it in the reign of

Edward the Second; alſo with the ſmall but pleaſant river Verniew, which we croſſed.

Llangunnog is ſingularly ſituated, ſurrounded on all ſides by barren and ſandy hills. The place conſiſts only of a few houſes, amongſt which there is a ſmall church, where once a week a ſermon is delivered in the Welſh language. A lead mine was diſcovered here in 1692, and continued in a flouriſhing ſtate during a period of forty years, when the water became too powerful, from having worked it to the depth of 100 yards.

About two miles diſtance up a ſmall valley, is the ſhrine of St. Monacella; her hard bed is ſhown in the clift of a neighbouring rock; her tomb was in a little chapel or oratory adjoining the church, and now uſed as a veſtry-room.

From



Samuel del.t

Underwood Sculp.t

A Cottage at Bala Lake.

Published April 21. 1797. by G. Sael. N.o 192. Strand.

From this place we proceeded to Bala, ſituated upon the borders of a large lake. The country round is grand and ſublime, but not intereſting; ſtupendous mountains ſeem "to mix their heads with dropping "clouds;" but with reſpect to cultivation, or even verdure, they are entirely deſtitute. It is a ſmall town in the pariſh of Llanckil, noted for its vaſt trade in woollen ſtockings, and its great markets every Saturday morning. Much of the wool is bought at the great fairs at Llanrwſt in Denbighſhire. Cloſe to the ſouth-eaſt end of the town is a great artificial mount, called Tommen y Bala, in the ſummer time uſually covered in a picturesque manner with knitters of both ſexes and all ages. This mount appears to have been Roman, and placed here with a caſtelet on its

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ſummit, to ſecure the paſs towards the ſea, and keep the mountaineers in ſubjection. The town is of a very regular form; the principal ſtreet very ſpacious, and the leſſer fall into it at right angles. Bala takes its name from its vicinity to the place where a river diſcharges itſelf from a lake which lies at a ſmall diſtance from the town, and is a fine expanſe of water, near four miles long, and twelve hundred yards broad in the wideſt place; the deepeſt part is oppoſite Bryn Golen, where it is forty-ſix yards deep, with three yards of mud; the ſhores gravelly; the boundaries are eaſy ſlopes, well cultivated and varied with wood: in ſtormy weather its billows run very high. It riſes ſometimes nine feet, and has overflowed the fair vale of Edeirnion. The waters are diſ-

charged

charged under Pont Mwnwgl y Llyn, a bridge of three arches. They ſeem inconſiderable in reſpect to the ſize of the ſtreams which feed the lake; for the Dee does not make in dry ſeaſons the figure we expected. Report ſays that the Dee paſſes through the lake from end to end, without deigning to mix its waters, as the Rhone was fabled to ſerve the lake of Geneva; but, in fact, the Dee does not aſſume its name till it quits its parent.

It was late in the evening when we left Bala, and therefore, contrary to our intention, we took up our quarters for the night at the Druid houſe, a ſolitary place only eight miles diſtant from that which we had laſt quitted; and early the following morning we purſued our journey to Rug, and from thence to Corwen, whoſe church and town

form a pretty view from different parts of the road. We next proceeded to Llangollen. The face of the country now became more intereſting. The ſcene gradually aſſumed a leſs rugged appearance; the dark brown mountain, and the deſolated heath, ſoftened by diſtance, formed a beautiful contraſt to the wild and irregular ſcenery that ſucceeded. We felt our ſpirits, which had before been depreſſed from the barren and gloomy country we had traverſed, now much exhilarated, and we ſeemed to breathe a freer air.

Our road was along the banks of the river Dee, which falls murmuring over its pebbled bed at the foot of the mountains, whoſe ſteep ſides are covered with wood of the largeſt growth; here and there the ſhaggy rock, more than half concealed by the ſurrounding foliage,

peering

peering its broken ſummit beyond the moſt extended branches, and threatening, by its fall, to obſtruct the courſe of the river beneath; whilſt the ſpreading beech-tree and mountain-aſh are found in great abundance upon its banks, dipping their ſlender branches in the ſtream.

Llangollen is moſt delightfully ſituated *.

There are two roads from Llangollen to Wrexham, one on each ſide of the river Dee; the beſt is that on the right, which we took, but it is rather the longeſt. The road is carried upon the high grounds, from whence the proſpect is delightful. The river, winding through the vallies, ſometimes intercepted by a riſing ground or thick wood, then opening full upon the view, the

* See page 67 for a minute deſcription of it.

luxuriance of nature is richly diſplayed through the whole landſcape.

On the other ſide, the river ſtealing through the valley, had, by its overflowing, contributed to give it the richeſt appearance of fertility. In ſome places, the mower, almoſt buried under the high graſs, often pauſed from his labour: in others, the ſharp ſound of the grinding-ſtone, the loud laugh, or toil-ſubduing ſong, were frequently heard: on the ſides of the oppoſite hills were ſcattered the modeſt hamlets that owned theſe induſtrious peaſants; behind us, at ſome diſtance, the whitened ſpire, and part of the little town we had left, were ſtill viſible; whilſt over all, the ſetting ſun caſt its ſoftened tints, a part of the valley only being ſhaded by the interpoſition of a neighbouring mountain, whoſe ſummit ſtill retained in glowing

ing colours the laſt rays of the departing day.

About half way from Llangollen to Wrexham, we croſſed a bridge where the two roads meet, and then we bad adieu to the river Dee, which kept its courſe afterwards to the right of us. Wrexham is a large, populous, and well-built town *.

From Wrexham our road became leſs intereſting, and for ten or twelve miles preſented nothing to recompenſe the fatigue of a long and tedious ride, until we had aſcended a very high hill, when the vale of Clwyd, in all its beauty, unfolded upon the ſight: it appeared like a moving picture, upon which nature had been prodigal of its colours. Hamlets, villages, towns, and caſtles, roſe like enchantment upon this

* See page 64 for a deſcription of this place.

rich carpet, that ſeemed covered with wood and encloſures; in the midſt of it, at the diſtance of about five miles, the town of Ruthin partially appeared from the boſom of a moſt beautiful grove of trees; the vale on each ſide being bounded by a chain of loſty mountains: and far off, on a bold and rugged promontory, ſtood Denbigh, with its fortreſs, the undiſputed miſtreſs of this extended ſcene. The great defect of the vale is its want of water; the little river Clwyd, which winds through it, not being perceptible at any diſtance.

Ruthin is pleaſantly ſeated on the eaſy ſlope and ſummit of a riſing ground; the caſtle ſtood on the ſouth ſide, and in part ſunk beneath the earth: its poor remains impend over the fall of land fronting the weſt, where a fragment or two of a town are ſtill to be ſeen, mixed with the native

native rock which, in parts, ſerved as a facing to the fortreſs, whoſe lower part was formed out of it: a very deep foſs, hewn out of the ſolid ſtone, with a portal at each end, divides it breadthways. The views from the ſummit of the ruins are very well worthy of the traveller's attention. If he is fond of a more aërial one, we would by all means have him aſcend the heights of Bwlch pen y Barras, from whence is a full proſpect of the boaſted vale, and the remote hills of the Alpine tract. The town of Ruthin was burnt by Owen Glendwr, on September 20, 1400. He took the opportunity of ſurpriſing it during the fair, enriched his followers with the plunder, and then retired to his faſtneſſes among the hills. In the laſt century, the caſtle was garriſoned by the loyaliſts, and ſuſtained, in 1646,

a ſiege from February to the middle of April, when it ſurrendered.

The church is large, yet only a chapel to Llanruth; the roof is prettily divided into ſmall ſquares, ornamented with ſculpture, and marked with the names of the workmen. The only monument of any note is that of Dr. Gabriel Goodman, Dean of Weſtminſter in the time of Queen Elizabeth, whoſe figure is repreſented by a buſt. This illuſtrious divine was a native of Ruthin, and was greatly diſtinguiſhed by his various merit. Leland mentions an houſe of white friars in this town, but gives no particulars. It probably ſtood in the ſtreet to this day called Priors ſtreet. The new jail does much honour to the architect Mr. Joſeph Turner; the contrivance comprehending all the requiſites of

theſe ſeats of miſery—ſecurity, cleanneſs, and health.

From hence we proceeded to Denbigh. This town is well built, and the principal ſtreet, which is on the ſlope of the hill, is broad and clean, and the accommodations good. Its manufactures in ſhoes and gloves are very conſiderable, and great quantities are annually ſent to London. After tea we took a walk to view the caſtle, whoſe venerable walls, riſing high above the town, command a magnificent view.

The proſpect through the broken arches is extremely fine, extending in parts over the whole vale, and all its eaſtern hills, from Moel Venlii to Diſerth rock; a rich view, but deficient in water; the river Clwyd being too ſmall to be ſeen, as before noticed, though in great rains ſo furious,

furious, as to overflow a great ſpace of the meadowy tract.

It was built in the reign of Edward the Firſt, and garriſoned in the time of Charles the Firſt by the royaliſts, but was obliged to ſurrender to the parliament army after a gallant and vigorous defence; the breaches in the walls are vaſt, and ſerve to ſhow the ſtrength and thickneſs of their conſtruction. The royal and unfortunate fugitive, Charles the Firſt, after his retreat from Cheſter, took up his abode for one night in this caſtle.

Leland relates a particular of this fortreſs, which I do not recollect to have ſeen in any other hiſtorian; he ſays, that Edward IV. was beſieged in it; and that he was permitted to retire, on condition that he ſhould quit the kingdom for ever. The only time in which that prince was conſtrained

ſtrained to abdicate his dominions was in 1470, when he took ſhipping at Lynn, not by reaſon of any capitulation with his enemies, but through the deſperate ſituation of his affairs at that period.

Denbigh is more of a venerable than a magnificent ruin, and would of itſelf have amply repaid us for all the fatigue we had undergone.

Viewing the caſtle alone, nothing could be more awfully grand than the ſcene before me, which I ſurveyed with a degree of admiration not totally deſtitute of a ſuperſtitious fear. The venerable appearance of the whole fabric; walls and battlements riſing in ruined majeſty; broken arches, half covered by the creeping ivy and enchanters nightſhade; high Gothic windows, which but diſplayed the horrible gloom that reigned within; the mouldering tower,

tower, ſhook by every ſtorm, affording an aſylum to the owl and the bat; whilſt the moon burſting from a dark cloud, threw a partial gleam upon the pile, and ſerved by its feeble light to diſcover the deep gloom of the remoter parts *.

UPON THE RUINS OF

DENBIGH CASTLE.

PROUD pile! thy tempeſt-beaten tow'rs, that rear
Their heads ſublime, and to the angry ſtorm
Bid bold defiance, though their aged brows
Bear viſible the marks of ſtern decay;
While Superſtition, with a frenſied eye,
And wildering Fear, that horrid forms ſurveys,
Affright the lonely wanderer from thy walls.
Far hence, thou buſy world, not here intrude
Thy ſounds of uproar, arguing much of care

* This town has been noticed in p. 206; the reaſon for giving it a place again, was from the deſcription being more enlarged, and probably more accurate; therefore we truſt it will not be leſs ſatisfactory to the reader on that account.

And

And impotent alarms. Behold, fond man,
This feeble monument of mortal pride,
Where time and deſolation reign ſupreme
With wildeſt havoc—o'er the ſolemn ſcene
In ſilence pauſe, and mark this pictur'd truth;
That not alone the proudeſt works of man
Muſt periſh; but as this tow'ring fabric,
That lifts its forehead to the ſtorm, till time
And the wild winds ſhall ſweep it from the baſe;
Paſs but a few ſhort hours—the dream of life
Is fled, and to the cold grave ſinks man's faded form.

From Denbigh we went to the hoſpital houſe of Gwaenynog, about two miles diſtant, fronted by the moſt majeſtic oaks in the principality. The fine wooded dingles belonging to the demeſne are extremely well worth viſiting: they are moſt judiciouſly cut into walks by the owner, John Middleton, Eſq. and afford as beautiful ſcenery in their kind, as any that may be found.

Mael Varmna ſuperbly terminates one view; and the ruins of Denbigh caſtle,

caſtle burſt awfully at the termination of the concluding path.

Llanerch, the ſeat of the Dean of St. Aſaph, ſtands moſt advantageouſly in a ſmall but beautiful park, with a fine piece of water at the bottom, and commanding a rich view of the vale, and a long extent of the Clwydian hills, with their fertile ſides terminating in heathy ſummits. The venerable old houſe, particularly the reſpectable ancient hall, is ſhattered into a villa. The former gardens were made by Mutton Davies, Eſq., on his return out of Italy in the laſt century, and were fine in that ſort of ſtyle, decorated with water-works and ſtatues, emitting water from various parts, to the aſtoniſhment of the ruſtic ſpectators.

Not far from Henllan church, in the pariſh of Llanfydd, on the bank of the brook Meircheon, are the remains

mains of a ſeat of Merddydd ap Meircheon, Lord of Iſdulas. Part is now ſtanding, particularly the chapel, which ſerves for a farm-houſe; but ſome very extenſive foundations ſhow its former importance.

From hence, after a ride of a few miles, we reached the vale of the river Aled, a very narrow tract bounded by high hills. The old houſe of Dyffreyn Aled ſtood in the bottom; it had been for many generations the ſeat of the Wynnes, deſcended from Marchud.

At the head of the valley ſtand the village and church of Llanſunnan, dedicated to St. Sannan, confeſſor and hermit, the friend of St. Winefrede. Their remains were both interred at Gwytherin.

In our way we deſcended a very wooded dell, in the townſhip of Penured, to viſit the gloomy cataract

of

of Llyn yr ogo, where the Aled tumbles into an horrible black cavern, ſhaded by oaks.

Somewhat higher up is another, expoſed to full day, falling from a vaſt height, and dividing the naked glen. Llyn Aled, the ſmall lake from which the river flows, lies at a ſhort diſtance, amidſt black and heathy mountains, through which runs much of the road to Gwytherin.

That little village and church ſtand on a bank at the head of a ſmall vale near the riſe of the Elwy: the church is celebrated for the honour of having firſt received the remains of St. Winefrede.

We followed the courſe of the Elwy by Havodynos, the ſeat of Howell Lloyd, Eſq. by the church and village of Llanguniui; by Garthewin, the ſeat of Robert Wynne, Eſq.

Eſq. commanding a moſt lovely view of a fertile little valley, bounded by hills, and covered with hanging woods; and by Llanvair, Dôlhaearn, a village and church at a ſmall diſtance above the conflux of the Elwy and Aled. Returning to Gwaenynog, we paſſed beneath Denbigh caſtle, and viſited Llanrhaider, a village in the middle of the vale, remarkable for an eaſt window of good and very entire painted glaſs, expreſſing a favourite ſubject of the time, the root of Jeſſe. The patriarch is repreſented ſprawling at the bottom with a genealogical tree iſſuing out of him, containing all the kings of Iſrael and Juda up to our Saviour. The branches around the kings are in very beautiful foliage; at the top is a roſe of Lancaſter, and another with an eye in glory within it, the window being done in 1533,

after

after the acceſſion of that houſe. Oppoſite to the church is the houſe of Llanrhaider, partly ancient, partly rebuilt by Richard Parry, Eſq. the late owner. On an eminence to the north-weſt of the church, called Gwladus' Chair, is an extremely beautiful view of the vale between Denbigh and Ruthin, and the whole breadth chequered with wood, meadows, and corn-fields, and almoſt the whole range of the eaſtern limits ſoaring far above it. Denbigh caſtle from hence ſhows itſelf to great advantage, with its walls and towers extending along its precipitous baſe.

At the foot of this riſing is Fynnon St. Dyfnog, a fine ſpring, formerly much reſorted to by votaries. The fountain is encloſed in an angular wall, decorated with ſmall human figures, and before it is

the

the well for the uſe of the pious bathers.

Near the road to Ruthin is Bachymbyd, a ſeat and eſtate belonging to Lord Bagot.

Near the ſide of the road are to be ſeen ſome very fine cheſnut trees, one of which is near twenty-four feet in circumference. The reader need not be told that this ſpecies of trees is not a native of Great Britain, nor even of Europe. We are indebted for it to the Romans, who probably firſt planted it in Kent.

We now paſſed through Ruthin, and ſaw the neat mother church of Llanruth. There is in this church a monumental buſt of Ambroſe, admirably cut: his hair ſhort, beard peaked, and ruff flat.

Two miles eaſt of Ruthin is the ſeat of Edward Thelwall, Eſq. of Llanbeder, a moſt beautiful ſituation

high on the ſide of the hills. From Llanruth the vale grows very narrow, and almoſt cloſes with the pariſh of Llanvair. If we place the extremity at Pont Newydd, there cannot be a more beautiful finiſhing; where the bridge near the junction of the Clwyd and the Heſpen, and a lofty hill with its back clothed with hanging woods, terminate the view.

We next aſcended the vale of Nant-clwyd, and for ſome time rode over dreary commons. On one is a ſmall encampment with a ſingle foſs called Caer-Senial. Near this place we entered Merionethſhire within ſight of Caer Drewyn, another poſt, in full view of the beautiful vales of Glyn-dwrdwy, watered by the Dee. It lies on the ſteep ſlope of an hill, is of a circular form, and about half

a mile

a mile in circumference, and moſtly in ruins.

This poſt or faſtneſs of Caer Drewyn is but one of the chain that begins at Diſerth, and is continued along the Clwydian hills into the mountains of Yale. Deſcending, we found the uſual ford of the Dee to Corwen impaſſable, got again into the Ruthin road, and paſſed near the houſe of Rûg.

The mount on which the caſtelet ſtood is ſtill to be ſeen in the garden.

We croſſed the Dee on a very handſome bridge of ſix arches, from which the river ſhows itſelf to great advantage above and below, in form of two extenſive channels bordered by trees, and fertilizing a verdant tract of meadows; and ſoon reached Corwen.

Lord Lyttelton ſays, Corwen is celebrated for being the great ren-

dezvous of the Welſh forces under Owen Gwynedd, who from hence put a ſtop to the invaſion of Henry the Second, in the year 1165. The place of encampment is marked, as we were told, by a rampart of earth, above the church ſouthward, and by the marks of the ſites of abundance of tents from thence to the village of Cynwyd. On the ſouth ſide of the church wall is cut a very rude croſs, which is ſhown to ſtrangers as the ſword of Owen Glendwr.

Leaving Corwen, we returned as far as the bridge on the way we came. The vaſt Berwyn mountains are the eaſtern boundary of this beautiful vale. Their higheſt tops are Cader Fronwen. On the firſt is a great heap of ſtones brought from ſome diſtant part, with great toil, up their ſteep aſcent, and in their middle is an erect pillar: of him, whoſe ambition

bition climbed this height for a monument, we are left in ignorance. Under their ſummit is ſaid to run an artificial road called Helen's Way.

Cynwyd is a ſmall village, formerly noted for the courts kept here; but they have been long diſcontinued, and the records deſtroyed.

Rhaider Cynwyd finely finiſhes the end of the view, and extends about half a mile from the village. The water of the river burſts from the ſides of the hill through deep and narrow chaſms, from rock to rock, which are overgrown with wood. The rude and ancient ſtocks that hang in many parts over the precipices, add much to this picturesque ſcene, which is ſtill improved by the little mill and its inhabitants in this ſequeſtered bottom.

We proceeded to Bala, and paſſed the little church of Llangar, and ſoon

arrived at Llandrillo, a village with a church, ſeated on the torrent Keidio, at the mouth of a great glen, which extends upwards of two miles, emboſomed in the Berwyn mountains, and leads to the noted paſs through them, called Milldir Gerrig, into the county of Montgomery.

At about a mile diſtant from Llandrillo, we croſſed the Dee at Pont Gilan, a bridge of two arches, over a deep and black water. Beyond this ſpot the valley acquires new beauties, eſpecially on the right. The road runs at the foot of the brow of a ſtupendous height, covered with venerable oaks, which have kept their ſtubborn ſtation amidſt the rudeſt of rocks. Upon the right ſtand the church and village of Llan-Dderfel, and oppoſite to this a bridge of four arches. At ſome diſtance from it the vale almoſt cloſes; and

at

at Kaletter finiſhes nobly with a lofty wooded eminence, above which ſoar the vaſt maſs of the Aren mountains, notwithſtanding they appear immediately after to be very remote.

On the left is Rhiewadog, noted for a battle between Llowarch Hên and the Saxons, in which he loſt the laſt of his numerous ſons. The eſtate of Rhiewadog is owned by Mr. Dolbin.

Paſſing by the village and church of Llanvawr, we croſſed the torrent Troweryn, beneath Rhiwlas, the ancient ſeat of the Prices.

We returned to Bala, and continued our journey on the ſouth ſide of the lake, a moſt beautiful ride, and paſſed by Llanychil church.

We left on the right an ancient ſeat, Caer Gai, placed on an eminence. Camden ſays, it was a caſtle built by one Caius, a Roman;

the Britons aſcribe it to Gai, foſter-brother to King Arthur. Returning towards Caer Gai, we ſaw the village and church of Llan-uwchllyn.

Cloſe by this village run the Avon and Lliw. The laſt riſes from two ſprings, and falls into the former. Thoſe who chuſe to derive the Dee from its double origin may fix on theſe: but we meet with a third at the fartheſt corner of the lake, ariſing from the neighbourhood of the lofty Arun.

Arriving at the foot of Bwlch y Groes, or the Paſs of the Croſs, one of the moſt terrible in North Wales, the height is gained by going an exceedingly ſteep and narrow zig-zag path: the paſs itſelf is a dreary, heathy flat, on which it is ſuppoſed the croſs ſtood to excite the thankſgiving of travellers for having ſo well accompliſhed their arduous journey.

journey. The deſcent on the other ſide is much greater, and very tedious, into the long and narrow vale of Mowddwy. It is ſeven or eight miles long, and ſo contracted as ſcarcely to admit a meadow at the bottom. Its boundaries are vaſt hills, generally very verdant, and fine ſheep-walks.

In one place to the right the mountains open, and furniſh a gap to give ſight to another picturesque and ſtrange view, the rugged and wild ſummit of Aran Mowddwy, which ſoars above with tremendous majeſty.

There is a beauty in this vale, which is not frequent in others of thoſe mountainous countries. The encloſures are all divided by excellent quickſet hedges, and run far up the ſides of the hills, in places ſo ſteep as that the common traveller

would ſcarcely find footing. Numbers of little groves are interſperſed, and the hills above them ſhow a fine turf to the top, where the bog and heath commence, which give ſhelter to multitudes of red grouſe, and a few black.

A new road is now making at this place.

After riding ſome time along the bottom of the vale, we paſſed by the village and church of Llan y Mowddwy; and about five miles further we reached Dinas-y-Mowddu, ſeated on a plain at the junction of three vales. (See page 15.)

We took a delightful walk of about two miles along the vale on the banks of the Dyfi. The valley expands, and the hills ſink in height towards the weſt.

After paſſing the Dyfi we croſſed a bridge over the deep and ſtill water

of

of the Klywêdog, black as ink, paſſing ſluggiſhly through a darkſome chaſm into open day.

We reached Mallwyd, remarkable for the ſituation of the altar in the middle of the church.

One of the beautiful yew-trees in the church-yard is extremely well worth notice; it is a ſort of foreſt of vaſt trees, iſſuing out of one ſtem, forming a moſt extenſive ſhade, and magnificent appearance.

Leaving here, we took the road towards Dolgelly; we paſſed by ſome deſerted lead-mines.

About three miles from Dinas we left on the left hand the vaſt ſheep-farm of Pennant-higi; a deep bottom environed on three ſides by vaſt mountains, forming a noble theatre. We aſcended a ſteep hill into the paſs Bwlch Oer-ddrews, and the

country beyond ſuddenly aſſumes a new face.

The following intereſting account of Dinas-y-Mowddu is given by W. Hutton, Eſq. F. A. S. S.

" I was given to underſtand, that " this place held a conſiderable emi- " nence in the ſcale of Welſh towns; " was the property of the ancient " family of *Malton*; that it was one " of the five lordſhips in Wales " which were independent manors, " and exempted from tribute to the " prince; that it held a government " within itſelf, conſiſting of a mayor " and aldermen, with all the mag- " nificent *inſignia* and ornamental " trappings of a corporation. I had " obſerved alſo its name diſtin- " guiſhed with bold letters in our " maps.

" I wiſhed to viſit this favourite " place,

" place, but my way did not lie
" through it. Being detained, how-
" ever, at Mallwyd by the rain, and
" Dinas Mowddu diſtant only a
" mile and a half, I watched the op-
" portunity of a fair gleam, left the
" company I accidentally met at the
" inn to their wine and their con-
" verſation, and ſtole a viſit to this
" important place.

" The ſituation of Dinas Mowddu
" is romantic, ſingular, and beau-
" tiful, upon a ſmall flat, made by
" nature, and improved by art, on
" the declivity of a mountain pro-
" digiouſly elevated, and nearly per-
" pendicular on the left, deſcending
" to the town, and on the right con-
" tinuing the ſame ſteep to the river
" Dovy, which waſhes its foot. The
" road winds round the hill in the
" ſhape of a bow; the town takes

" the ſame curve. It appears to the " obſerver like a town ſuſpended " upon the ſide of a mountain. " Curioſity led me to count the " houſes, which were 45. One of " theſe, by far the beſt, is worth, " at a fair rent, perhaps, 50*s.* a " year. This I concluded muſt be " the parſonage, for who would " deny the beſt to the prieſt? But " finding there was no church, I " underſtood this manſion was dig- " nified with the Hall.

" Returning, well pleaſed with " my viſit, I remarked to my land- " lord, a civil intelligent man, that " I could not conceive that the whole " property of the united inhabitants " of this celebrated town exceeded " 600*l.* He aſſured me it was much " leſs.

" If care attends multiplicity,

" theſe

"these must be a happy people; "their circumscribed style of ex- "istence declares it. As I saw nei- "ther a beggar, nor a person in rags, "it corroborates the remark."

Before us was a vast extent of dreary slope bounded by great rocky mountains, among which Cader Idris soars pre-eminently.

We descended from hence, along very bad stony roads to Dolgelly, every entrance to which is barred by a turnpike, in imitation of other places, and every approach mended for a short space by the help of the scanty tolls. The town is small, the streets disposed in a most irregular manner; but the situation is in a beautiful vale, fertile, well wooded, and embellished with numbers of pretty seats, and watered by the river Wnion; over which, on account

account of its floods, is a bridge of ſeveral arches.

Cader Idris riſes immediately above the town, and is generally the object of the traveller's attention.

On the other ſide, at nearer diſtance, we ſaw Craig Cay, a great rock* with a lake beneath, lodged in a deep hollow; poſſibly the crater of an ancient volcano. This is excellently expreſſed by the admirable pencil of Mr. Wilſon.

In deſcending from the Cader, we kept on the edge of the greater precipice till we came near the Cyfrwy, another peak. The whole ſpace, for a conſiderable way, was covered with looſe ſtones, in the form of a ſtream, ſloping from the precipitous ſide.

We continued our ride beneath

* See page 18.

Tyrrau

Tyrrau Maur, one of the points of Cader Idris, the higheſt rock I ever rode under. We deſcended a ſteep paſs through fields, and croſſing the river, dined on a great ſtone beneath the vaſt rock Craig y Deryn, ſo called from the number of cormorants, rock pigeons, and hawks, which breed on it.

Here the Towyn is contracted into a fertile vale, which extends about two miles further; near its end is a long and high rock, narrow on the top. Here ſtood the caſtle of Tiberri, which was cut out of the rock on two ſides.

We continued our ride ſeveral miles along the pretty vale of Tal y Llyn; very narrow, but conſiſting of fine meadows bounded by lofty verdant mountains, very ſteeply ſloped.

We

We went by Llyn y Myngil, a beautiful lake, about a mile long, which ſo far fills the valley as to leave only a narrow road on one ſide. Its termination is very picturesque.

A few miles beyond Tal y Llyn church the hills almoſt meet at their bottoms, and change their aſpect. No verdure was now to be ſeen; but a general appearance of rude and ſavage nature.

We paſſed near the Three Grains, which are three vaſt rocks, the ruins of the neighbouring mountain, which ſome time or other had fallen into the water.

After deſcending Bwlch Coch, we again reached Dolgelly, croſſing the bridge of Llan Ellytd. Below is a fine tract of meadow, wretchedly deformed by the neceſſity of digging into

into it for turf, the fuel of the country. On the left is the church of Llan Ellytd; on the right, in a rich flat, ſtand the remains of the abbey of St. Cymmer. Part of the church is ſtill to be ſeen, and ſhows its ancient grandeur. The great hall, and part of the abbot's lodgings, now form a farm-houſe.

We continued our journey on a bank high above the Maw. The valley grows ſoon very contracted; the ſides of the hills finely covered with wood almoſt to the top; the river aſſumes the form of a torrent, rolling over a rocky channel.

At Dôl y Melynllyn we turned out of the road, meeting the furious courſe of the Gamlan, that falls with ſhort interruptions from rock to rock, for a very conſiderable ſpace, amidſt the woods and buſhes, till it

reaches

reaches a lofty precipice, whence it precipitates into a black pool, which gives to the cataract the name of The Black.

Not far from thence, the junction of the Maw and Eden forms another fine ſcene. A lofty hill clothed with woods ends here, and forms the forks of the rivers correſpondent to the ſteeps through which theſe torrents roll, and exhibits a view like thoſe of the ſhady wilds of America.

In various parts Cader Idris appears in full majeſty over theſe ſloping foreſts, and gives a magnificent finiſhing to the proſpect. Soon after our arrival among the woods, another caſcade aſtoniſhed us with its grandeur. After the water reaches the bottom of the deep concavity, it ruſhes into a narrow rocky chaſm of a very great depth, over which is an admirable

admirable wooden Alpine bridge; and the whole, for a conſiderable way, awfully canopied by trees.

"From hence we took the track "towards Feſtiniog, a village in "Merionethſhire, the vale before "which is the moſt perfectly beau-"tiful of all we had ſeen. From "the height of this village you have "a view of the ſea. The hills are "green, and well ſhaded with wood. "There is a lovely rivulet which "winds through the bottom; on "each ſide are meadows, and above "are corn-fields along the ſides of "the hills; at each end are high "mountains which ſeemed placed "there to guard this charming retreat "againſt any invaſions. With the "woman one loves, with the friend "of one's heart, and a good ſtudy "of books, one might paſs an age "there, and think it a day. When

"we

" we had ſkirted this *happy vale* an
" hour or two, we came to a narrow
" branch of the ſea, which is dry at
" low water. As we paſſed over the
" ſands, we were ſurpriſed to ſee all
" the cattle prefer that barren place
" to the meadows. The guide ſaid
" it was to avoid a fly which in the
" heat of the day came out of the
" woods, and infeſted them in the
" vallies.

" The view of the ſaid ſands is
" terrible, as they are hemmed in on
" each ſide with very high hills, but
" broken into a thouſand irregular
" ſhapes. At one end is the ocean,
" at the other the formidable moun-
" tains of Snowdon, black and naked
" rocks, which ſeemed to be piled
" one above the other; the ſummits
" of ſome of them are covered with
" clouds, and cannot be aſcended.
" The grandeur of the ocean, cor-

" reſponding

" reſponding with that of the moun-
" tain, formed a majeſtic and ſolemn
" ſcene; ideas of immenſity ſwelled
" and exalted our minds at the ſight:
" all leſſer objects appeared mean
" and trifling, ſo that we could
" hardly do juſtice to the ruins of
" an old caſtle, ſituated upon the top
" of a conical hill, the foot of which
" is waſhed by the ſea, and which
" has every feature that can give a
" romantic appearance. The morn-
" ing being fair, we ventured to
" climb up to the top of a moun-
" tain, not, indeed, ſo high as
" Snowdon, which is here called
" Moel Guidon, i. e. the neſt of
" the eagle; but one degree lower
" than that called Moel Happock,
" the neſt of the hawk, from whence
" we ſaw a phenomenon new to our
" eyes, but common in Wales; on
" the one ſide was midnight, on the
" other

" other bright day: the whole ex-
" tent of the mountain of Snowdon
" on our left, was wrapt in clouds
" from top to bottom: on the right
" the ſun ſhone moſt glorioufly over
" the ſea-coaſt of Caernarvon. The
" hill we ſtood upon was perfectly
" clear, the way we came up a
" pretty eaſy aſcent; but before us
" was a precipice of many hundred
" yards, and below a vale, which,
" though not cultivated, has much
" ſavage beauty; the ſides were
" ſteep, and fringed with low wood.
" There were two little lakes, or
" rather large pools, that ſtood in
" the bottom, from which iſſued a
" rivulet that ſerpentined in view
" for two or three miles, and was a
" pleaſing relief to the eyes; but the
" mountains of Snowdon, covered
" with darkneſs and thick clouds,
" called to my memory the fall of

" Mount

" Mount Sinai, with the laws de-
" livered from it, and filled my mind
" with religious awe." For this animating picture we are indebted to Lord Lyttelton's *Tour*.

We kept on the ſide of the hill above the valley which leads to Barmouth, ſeated near the bottom of ſome high mountains, and the houſes placed on the ſteep ſides, one above another, in ſuch a manner as to give the upper an opportunity of ſeeing down the chimnies of their next ſubjacent neighbours. The town is ſeated very near to the ſea, at the mouth of the Maw.

From hence we took the road to Harlech, a ſmall town, remarkable only for its caſtle, which is ſeated on a lofty rock, facing the Iriſh ſea, above an extenſive marſh once occupied by the water. " Margaret of
" Anjou,

"Anjou, the faithful and ſpirited "queen of the meek Henry VI., "found in this caſtle, in 1460, an "aſylum after the unfortunate bat-"tle of Northampton." (See Crate's Hiſtory.)

From Harlech we paſſed by the village of Llan Tegwyn, and near a ſmall lake, filled with that beautiful aquatic, the water-lily.

Somewhat farther is a lake which well merits the name of fair and lovely, about a mile round, whoſe waters are of a cryſtalline clearneſs.

After a ſhort ride we reached the village and chapel of Maen Twrog, adjoining Tan y Bwlch. Here is a very ſmall neat inn for the reception of travellers, who ought to think themſelves much indebted to a nobleman, for the great improvement it received from his munificence.

Above

Above it is a houſe emboſomed with woods, moſt charmingly ſituated on the ſide of the hill.

The river hereabouts widens into a good ſalmon fiſhery, and after ſome ſpace falls into an arm of the ſea.

About a mile from Cynfael is a comfortable inn, which received us after our toilſome expedition. After refreſhment we deſcended the long and tedious ſteep of Bwlch Carreg y Fran, into the narrow vale of Penmachno, and after aſcending another hill, turned to the right into the black and moory mountains to viſit Lly Conwy, the ſource of the noted river of that name: it is a very large piece of water, moſt diſmally ſituated among rock and bog, and the ſides very irregularly indented.

We proceeded two or three miles, and reached the village Yſpytty, the

hoſpital of St. John of Jeruſalem, ſo ſtyled from its having formed, in the then inhoſpitable country, an aſylum and guard for travellers, under the protection of the knights, who held the manor.

Proceeding, we ſoon reached the river Conway, and entered into Caernarvonſhire.

TOUR

TOUR

OF

CAERNARVONSHIRE

AND

ANGLESEA.

TOUR

OF

CAERNARVONSHIRE

AND

ANGLESEA.

CAERNARVONSHIRE is eſtimated to be ſixty miles long; but the breadth in the broadeſt part does not probably exceed twenty. The inhabitants have been calculated to be twenty thouſand.

This county claims precedency to every other in Wales, for the loftineſs of its mountains, and the multitude of its eminences. They occupy

almoſt the whole extent, in a curved, ſerrated chain, from the promontory of Ormſhead eaſterly to Bardſey Iſle. Whilſt its fertile vales on the one hand invite you to repoſe, its huge and ſavage rocks on the other, generally come home to the feelings of the traveller in an abundant degree. Not a ſpace is there that is not diverſified with bare and ſtupendous elevations, with wide gaping chaſms of ſavage aſpect, with pleaſing incurvations of ſome fertility, with rich bottoms, and ſome abrupt and ſome gentle ſlopes and ſwells. Its antiquity is rather obſcure; and the hiſtorical accounts of the county, prior to the commencement of the eighth century, furniſh no ſatisfactory regiſter of events. The improved parts of the county now occupy nearly the half of the ſuperficies; and perhaps in ages to come almoſt

the

the whole ſurface, wherever any mould is left, may be brought to a ſtate of artificial paſturage. It was with pleaſure we learned that cultivation had of late years been much encouraged in this county. In many places the mountains ſhow the marks of uſeful exertion and laudable induſtry, being conſiderably cultivated at their bottoms, and aſcending gradually upwards, as far as the ſoil would admit to repay the labour.

The mountains in the ſpace from Conway to Caernarvon ſeem embo-ſomed in one another, and aſſume various features; but from the Angleſea ſhore they put on a more regular appearance, range riſing upon range in three gradations, then loſt in the diſtant azure. The lower vallies and ſides to the firſt ſwell are in general fertile, temperate, and habitable. The ſecond range affords

paſturage and fuel for the poor, ſuch as peat, &c. The higheſt ridge compriſes in it the nature of the frigid zone; the air is keen and rarefied, and ſnow ſometimes prevails there more than half the year. When it rains mildly in the lower diſtricts of the mountain, it oftentimes ſnows with ſeverity on the heights.

At Llanrwſt, the traveller by way of Shrewſbury firſt enters this delicious vale: the ſide down the hill, upon the opening of it, is ſtriking beyond imagination; the Caernarvonſhire ſide, riſing ſuddenly to a great height, impreſſes the mind not accuſtomed to abrupt ſcenes of nature with aſtoniſhment and delight. This ſmall town is ſituated near the ſouthern extremity of the vale on the banks of the river Conway, which divides this county from that of

Den-

Denbigh. The place is celebrated for its bridge, which conſiſts of three arches, the middle of which is elliptical, and is the admiration of ſtrangers, and worthy of the great architect Inigo Jones. The town has nothing to boaſt of in its buildings; the church is a pleaſing object, dedicated to St. Ryſtyd, A. D. 361, in which are ſome monuments worth the attention of the curious, particularly that of Llewellyn the Great. The vale, which is of no great extent, widens in ſucceſſion to its termination at Conway; and a noble river, capable of receiving ſmall craft, runs the whole length of it.

Near Llanbeder, from the road, is ſeen a roaring cataract; the fall is not altogether perpendicular, but the inclination is nearly ſo; and the whole body of water, which in floods is conſiderable, appears all foam,

from its agitation with oppoſing rocks. On the left is Caerhun, ſo called from Rhyn ap Maelgwyn Gwyneth, who lived here about the ſixth century. Here we tried to find Helen's noted road, but our ſearch was fruitleſs. We ſaw a Britiſh poſt of much ſtrength, and ſingularly guarded. From this hill one way is a wild and barren proſpect of rude mountains and ſtony bottoms; and on the other, the whole extent of the pretty fertile Nant Conway.

At this part of the river, called Tal y Cafn, is a flat ferry conveyance from one ſhore to the other.

The town of Conway, before noticed, is pleaſantly ſituated on a gentle aſcent over the eſtuary of that name. It is ſo called from the Britiſh words Kyn and Wy, which ſignify the head or chief river. For a further

further account of this place, ſee Tour from Holyhead.

Though *Snowdon* has been before mentioned, in page 30, the following account is ſo extremely intereſting, that I flatter myſelf it will be acceptable to the reader:

This is the moſt noted eminence in the whole region of the Welſh hills, and may with propriety be ſtyled the Britiſh Alps. The top, by way of pre-eminence, is termed y Wyddfa, that is, the *conſpicuous*; for from this height the viſible horizon cannot be leſs than a thouſand miles. The ſummit is a plain of about ſix yards in circumference; and from hence may be ſeen a part of Ireland, of Scotland, and of England, Cumberland, Lancaſhire, Cheſhire, and all North Wales, the Iriſh and Britiſh ſeas, and lakes innumerable. Such a bountiful diſ-

play of nature at once aſtoniſhes and charms the beholder. Tancred Robinſon makes the height 1200 yards; but Mr. Pennant, perhaps nearer the truth, ſets it at 1189 yards. But what is this altitude to that of Mont Blanc, or Cotopaxi? The former meaſures two thouſand four hundred and twenty-ſix toiſes, and the latter three miles perpendicular height. To aſcend Snowdon is no eaſy exerciſe; it requires ſome reſolution and activity to clamber rocks, and ſkip over bogs; yet perſons on horſeback have been known to reach the ſummit with a degree of ſafety. All pleaſures are attended with fatigue. Once, in aſcending this king of hills, I found myſelf uncommonly weary at the end of the journey: having put on boots for warmth, they not only retarded expedition, but rendered the footing

leſs firm and ſecure. The night is uſually choſen to begin the aſcenſion, in order to be at the apex at ſunriſing, which is a proſpect uncommonly magnificent, if the morning be clear. I left Caernarvon at five P. M. and arrived leiſurely at the baſe of the mountain a little before eight, in the month of Auguſt. The azure now promiſed no fair weather, it being hazy, and the wind high. However, from this hopeful circumſtance I learned ſome operations of nature, which I ſhould have miſſed, had the ſky appeared without a cloud. Quellyn lake exhibited a ſurface boiſterous to a degree that I had never obſerved before in freſh water: like a tempeſtuous ſea, the billows foamed and roared. The wind ruſhing along the interſtices of the mountains, and being pent from expanding, exerted itſelf in

in an incredible degree of fury. Here one had no occaſion

——" to invoke the winds
" To break the toils where ſtrangled vapours lie."

Storms frequently prevail in the defiles of the mountains; the wind ruſhing between them through a narrow channel, at once increaſes in ſpeed and denſity. I reſted the beginning of the night at a ſmall farm-houſe among the rocks: to begin to aſcend it was too ſoon. At twelve P. M. I eagerly proceeded with a guide, and arrived at the top, without any material occurrence of obſervation, about three in the morning. The dawn of day now appeared, and there was ſomething very awful and impreſſing in the ſituation. Nature looked tremendous and frowning, and the atmoſphere was every moment putting on a different aſpect:

at

at one inſtant the ſky was clear, the next overcaſt with clouds: now a miſty rain, then fair weather. The tranſition was uncommonly quick and perceptible, until the ſun became viſible in the horizon. Never ſhall I forget the horror and the pleaſure I then felt. He appeared to come forth from the ocean in fiery redneſs, and like a giant to run his courſe. A pure azure for a few minutes now diſplayed itſelf with refulgent beauty. The clouds were forming faſt underneath, and the wind being briſk, ſoon carried them over head: and with ſuch rapidity were they impelled from the great chaſm of Llanberris, that they ſeemed to riſe like ſmoke out of a great furnace. Now and then the beams or rays of the ſun darted from between the clouds like lightning, flaſhing upon the adverſe rocks. The multitude

of

of lakes in theſe mountains, and the humidity of the ſoil, bring on theſe phenomena. When the ſun had aſcended ſome degrees, the ſky brightened; but the exhaled vapours appeared viſible, and ſometimes are ſo through the courſe of the day. Goats are not unfrequent on ſome of the moſt inacceſſible cliffs, and ſheep on all eaſy acclivities. Though you are here within an hour's ride of an hoſpitable and ſocial people, yet the ideas of waſte and ſolitude unavoidably prevail. The elevation of your footing is ſo unuſual to the mind, that while you ſurvey the amazing proſpect with aſtoniſhment and admiration, you tremble at the contemplation of the ſlippery ſituation you are in. Angleſea diſplays or unfolds itſelf to you like a map, and you can plainly diſcern its windings, crooks, and bays. Man's power is

dimi-

diminiſhed, and even debaſed in his own eyes, at the grandeur and greatneſs of the ſcenes before him.

About ſix miles from Caernarvon is Llanberris. The upper and lower lakes are ſeparated by a meadow; and on a craig are ſeated the ruins of Polbadern caſtle, at the foot of which flows the river; that riſing in the upper end of Llanberris vale, paſſes through the lakes, and falls into the Menai at Caernarvon.

Llanberris is a very pictureſque vale, bounded by the baſe of Snowdon. The venerable oaks ſpoken of by Leland are now no more.

One of the curioſities of Caernarvonſhire is Pont Aberglaſlyn, a bridge which joins this county to Merionethſhire. It is remarkable for a ſalmon-leap cloſe by it, and famous for its ſite, being an arch thrown from one hill to another.

The

The country hereabouts is uncommonly romantic and wild, riſing on either ſide into abrupt precipices; and the noiſe of the river, in the wintry deluge, is uncommonly loud, though the ſtream in its uſual progreſs is never very ſilent and placid, from the number of dark looſe blocks of ſtone in every direction of the river, hurled into it from the circumjacent hills. The road from Caernarvon to the bridge, the diſtance about twelve miles, is hard, ſpacious, and ſufficiently level for wheel-carriages; in conſequence of which, and the pictureſque ſcenes all along the ride, the place is much reſorted to in the ſummer ſeaſon.

The church of Beddgelert, a ſmall neat ſtructure, is ſituated cloſe to the river, and ſurrounded by towering mountains. Behind the public houſe, oppoſite a mill, is a grand ſublime

view

view of the variegated face of nature. To the eaſt is a ſolemn hollow, rugged with rocks, and ſavage with huge excreſcences. The eye, in the ſurvey of this horrid chaſm, is relieved now and then by ſpots of verdure, by patches of heath, by thinly ſcattered ſheep, and by the beautiful curvature of the mountain. This is an excellent ſtand to take a landſcape of naked nature; having received no embelliſhment from the induſtry of man, it exhibits a ſurface deſolate and deſerted. It is probable this part of the country was covered with trees, which were a covert for wolves, and other beaſts of the foreſt; as in the Welſh annals this region is ſtyled the foreſt of Snowdon.

The mountains of Caernarvonſhire run in a bent line from ſea to ſea. The eaſt point is a headland, called Ormſhead,

Ormſhead, the weſt Aberdaron. The defiles and openings that give theſe mountains a paſſage, have all been ſtrongly fortified, either with caſtles, towers, or forts. Deganwy caſtle ſtands at the opening at Conway; Caerhun at the paſs of Bwlch y Ddau Vaen, with a fort below it at Aber; Dol y Felin caſtle and a watch-tower at Nant Frankon; Dolbadern at Nant Peris: at Criccieth is a ſtrong caſtle; and at Caſtall Gyfarch a watch-tower; and a fort at Dolbenmaen.

There are two grand ridges of mountains in North Wales, running due north and ſouth—the Snowdon chain, and that of Cader Idris, the higheſt and interior peaks of which conſiſt of primitive rocks of granite, porphyry, ſerpentine, and hornblend: then come the ſecondary, as ſlates; theſe are terminated by the deri-

derivative mountain of lime and ſandſtone.

There is not the leaſt appearance of the effects of volcanic fire in all Wales, nor the ſmalleſt ſpecimens of lava, cellular or compact pumice, to be found. All the Welſh mountains evince a Neptunean origin. Some decompoſed ſtones about Cader Idris have been miſtaken for volcanic products.

All mountains are abundant in ſprings and rivers; and the reaſon is obvious. Their power of attraction, and degree of cold, is conſiderable, and in proportion to their height; they intercept the flying vapours and clouds, which are condenſed; water ruſhes down their ſides, and forms lakes of great depth; and from theſe conſervatories rivers are formed; or elſe inſinuating itſelf between the ſtrata, forms ſprings.

South-

South-weſt of Caernarvon are thoſe very obſervable hills called Rivles. They are all conical, and of great height: they extend in a beautiful towering order, almoſt to the weſtern extremity of the county.

The air of the upper mountains is keen, and oftentimes piercing: the vallies are more temperate; and about the ſkirts of the hills, and near the influence of the ſea air, it is milder ſtill. Snow ſeldom continues long in the lower regions; in the higher regions it uſually maintains a conteſt with the ſun for more than ſix months in the year.

The weather in North Wales is very changeable, and ſubject to heavy rains, as all mountainous countries on the ſide of the tropics are: yet the variation of the thermometer is never great; 30 uſually is the loweſt, and 75 the higheſt; a

difference of 45 only: the medium is 44.

Dinas Dinlle, about four miles ſouth-weſt of Caernarvon, is an artificial mount of gravel and earth, cloſe to the ſea ſhore. This is conjectured to have been a Britiſh camp or fortification; but Mr. Pennant judges it to have been a Roman fortreſs; and, to corroborate this ſuppoſition, a coin of Alectus was found here.

Clynog.—This place is famous for having been a college, which was founded by Beuno, ſon of Bavagius. King Cadwallader and Prince Anarawd were conſiderable benefactors to the church, which is Gothic, and the moſt handſome in the county: the architecture, though upon a ſmaller ſcale than that of Bangor, ſeems ſuperior to the cathedral in ſtyle of building.

As

As this village is about midway between the towns of Caernarvon and Pwllheli, it has one tolerably good inn. The country from hence to Pwllheli is, in general, dreary and barren, but with here and there a gentleman's houſe, around which the ground for a little way puts on a more cultivated appearance; yet, on the whole, ſterility ſeems viſible. The paſs to the entrance of Llyn is called Drws Daufyndd, a narrow avenue defended by two lofty mountains. A. D. 945, Aliboc waſted this country; and again, ſoon after, Conſtantine with the Danes ravaged it; and at a place called Gwaith Hirberth the Danes were overthrown, and Conſtantine was ſlain.

The town of Pwllheli is the beſt in this county, ſituated cloſe to the ſea, and conſiſts of one main ſtreet and ſome lanes: it is a place of conſiderable

ſiderable trade in corn, butter, cheeſe, &c. and has the cheapeſt market of any ſea-port town in North Wales. It has a tolerable harbour for veſſels of about ſixty tons.

This place was made a free borough by the Black Prince, by charter, dated the 12th year of his principality at Caernarvon.

At the diſtance of five miles from hence is Carn Madryn, a lofty rocky hill, noted for being a ſtrong-hold of O. Gwyned, to whom this part of the country belonged. From the ſummit is an extenſive view of Caernarvon and the country round.

At Penmorfa ſeveral antiquities are ſcattered about this part of the country. Near Dolbenmaen is a large mount, on which, it is conjectured, there has been a watch-tower. Near Yſtemgegid are three cromlechs; and in the neighbour-

hood of Clennenny is a druidical circle, conſiſting of thirty-eight ſtones.

Nafyn is a ſmall market town on the ſea coaſt. Here King Edward the Firſt, in 1284, held his triumph on the *conqueſt of Wales*. The concourſe of viſitors was prodigious; not only the chief nobility of England, but numbers from foreign courts, graced the feſtival.

Dugdale ſays, beſides this feſtival held at Nafyn, another was preſented by the Earl of Mortimer at Kenilworth, where the knights performed their martial exerciſe, and the ladies danced in ſilken mantles.

At a ſmall diſtance from hence is Vortigern's Valley, an immenſe hollow, where, it is ſaid, he fled from the rage of his ſubjects, and that both he and his caſtle were conſumed by lightning. Fancy cannot frame

a place

a place of deeper *ſolitude* for him who may wiſh to retreat from the world and ſociety. To have ſhowed it *Zimmerman*, might have dilated his heart, if it had afforded no new idea to his mind, on a ſubject he has ſo happily diſcuſſed *. The herring fiſhery is carried on here to conſiderable advantage.

We paſſed by Slymlyn, the ſeat of —— Wynne, Eſq. and arrived at Crickieth, a ſmall borough town, contributary to Caernarvon: it has a caſtle, ſuppoſed to be founded by Edward the Firſt, which is ſeated on a round hill jutting far into the ſea, and the iſthmus is croſſed by two deep ditches. On either ſide of the entrance is a great round tower: its ſuppoſed founder is Edward the Firſt, but Mr. Pennant ſuſpects it to be of Britiſh architecture.

* See Zimmerman on Solitude.

Evioneth is a hundred of the ſouth-weſt of Caernarvonſhire: it is ſuppoſed to have obtained this name from its being watered by a number of ſmall rivers.

Bardſey Iſland is ſituated at the extremity of Caernarvonſhire, celebrated in former times as a religious aſylum: it is about two miles in circumference, and contains a few inhabitants. The abbot houſe is a large ſtone building, inhabited by ſeveral of the natives. The whole iſland's ſpiritual concerns are now ſupplied by one perſon only—ſtrange fatality! when we read that this once celebrated place afforded an aſylum to 20,000 ſaints, and after death graves for the ſame. Dr. Fuller, with pleaſantry, obſerves, "it would be more facile to find "graves in Bardſey for ſo many "ſaints, than ſaints for ſo many "graves."

"graves." The ſlaughter of the monks of Bangor, about the year 607, is ſuppoſed to have contributed to the population of this iſland, numbers having fled here to avoid the fury of the Saxons. Here a beautiful red ſtone is dug, which will take a fine poliſh.

The productions of Caernarvonſhire are neither very abundant nor various, yet more than ſufficient, with good huſbandry, to ſupply the inhabitants. The ſoil for the moſt part is raw and ſhallow: even the vallies and bottoms ſeem to be only the ſhattered refuſe of the mountains, conſiſting chiefly of looſe ſtones, ſome earth, and ſome vegetable remains. Where the land is thoroughly manured and meliorated, it produces good corn.

The Welſh muſic is harmonious, but plaintive, ſlow, and affecting.

The tunes were chiefly compoſed to celebrate the glory of the heroes of their country, or to bewail their loſſes, and to ſtir up a ſpirit of liberty in the people. Although alliteration is a characteriſtic of the Welſh ſong, they have very few tunes in allegro.

Of inſtruments, the harp, the crowd, and pib-corn, are peculiar to the Welſh. The firſt needs no deſcription; the ſecond is ſimilar to the baſs-viol, but with ſix ſtrings, and played with the bow in the ſame manner; the pib-corn is a fluted bore, with ſix ſtops, and a hollow horn at each end; the mouth-piece is a reed or quill: the tone has ſome affinity to that of the bagpipe.

Of minſtrels there were three ſorts formerly in Wales: firſt, the bards, who compoſed ſongs and odes of various meaſures; ſecond, ſuch as

played

played upon muſical inſtruments; third, *Ateaniad*, whoſe buſineſs it was to ſing to the inſtrument played upon by another: each of theſe Griffydd ap Conan, about A. D. 1136, reformed and corrected.

ISLE OF ANGLESEA.

ANGLESEA, with her ſiſter, the Iſle of Man, have been thought to be the Elyſian Fields and Fortunate Iſlands ſo much talked of by the ancients. The general name, Mona, imports both a ſolitary place, and furthermoſt iſland. The language firſt brought over to the iſland of Albion, probably continued in it for many ages after, and conſequently muſt be the firſt language uſed and ſpoken in the Iſle of Angleſea. This was anciently, by Latin writers, called Mona, is an iſland,

Engraved for the Lond. Mag.

A NEW MAP of the ISLAND of ANGLESEY Drawn from the best Authorities. By T. Kitchin Geograph.

IRISH SEA

CARNARVANSH

Explanation

Borough Towns with the N.o of Members they send to Parliament by Stars.
Market Towns
Parishes or Villages.
Great or Direct Post Roads.
Cross Roads.

Moylrowiad I. · Carven P.t · R. Mathavern · Llanrederis · Llabadern · Hillary P. · East Mouse · Amlock Harb. · Linas P.t · Llannair · Lannech · Amlock · St. Hellens · Bodewred · Dillas I. · Llanstewen · Dillas Hall · Dillas Bay · Llanerchimead · Holy head B. · Llanbabo · Llanigel · Capelythog · Rodigidio · Milvray P.t · Mow R. · Llandourodok · Holy head · Lanvair · Lit. Sandy B. · Llanllibio · Llanylthgo · Lanenghennel · Preserved Hall · C. Dinas wathan · Llansan fraid · Llanuarmanhut · Boddedar · Rudband Bridge · Red Wharf Bay & Harb.r · Round Table · Gr: Orms Head · Priest Holme I. · Llanvairen · aLong Stone · Llandrogan · Llannaier · Mossallan · Trenalghmay · Haneglos · Llangaveny · Penmon · Llandonil · Llaethulet · Penbreath · Llitniog Bay · Gibbet · Trea Castle · Llannalog · Hentlass · Wealt I. · Llangineirwin · Llangristolis · Llanrednell · Tincohet · Conway · Capelltatallin · Alms houses · Llanyhangle · Aberfraw · Trewednath · BEAUMARIS · Kumi R. · Llangaffo R. · Llandillio · Llanerian · Grig Hill · Brant · Llanedwin · Llangaffenive · Llanedan · BANGOR · Bodeon · Newburgh · Llanbeder · Menai R. · Carnarvan · Abermenai Ferry

British Statute Miles
½ 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

Longit. W. from London

53 Deg. 20 Forth Lat.

Printed for R. Baldwin in Pater Noster Row 1735.

iſland, and one of the counties of North Wales, according to the preſent diviſion, ſeparated from the main land by a narrow arm of the ſea. It is ſeated in a temperate air, enlivened by a benign ſun, and enriched with a good and bountiful ſoil. It is now become ſo great a thoroughfare from Ireland, and has ſo much buſineſs of its own, that the roads are in general very good, and (what is unuſual in Wales) the traveller often meets with direction-poſts in the diviſions of the road. The face of the iſland is but little intereſting to the traveller, though it affords a rich harveſt to the mineralogiſt.

Porth Althwy, the moſt general ferry into Angleſea, is immediately below the church.

The following beautiful lines open with a view of the druidical remains:

Sweet are the peaceful ſhades, to memory dear,
And ſweet the note that melts on Fancy's ear;
Shades, from the FANE on yonder hill ſurvey'd,
And cheerful notes that echoed from the glade.
Seen from yon central ſtone, a varied ſcene
Of hill and dale, with waving woods between,
O'erſpread with flowers of many a beauteous dye,
Holds in delighted gaze the lingering eye.
Time-hallow'd pile, by ſimple builders rear'd!
Myſterious round, through diſtant times rever'd!
Ordain'd with earth's revolving orb to laſt!
Thou bring'ſt to ſight the preſent and the paſt.

We cannot, perhaps, fix upon any particular time, as the æra of the druidical eſtabliſhment, either in Britain, or any other country. Was this a proper place for the diſcuſſion of ſo complicated a ſubject, it might, perhaps, admit of no difficult proof, that the vaſt body of men, known by the deſignations of Brachmans, Celtes, Druids, &c. although ſpread over regions the moſt diſtant from each other, were all properly members of one great ſociety, united in the

the belief of certain principles, whereby they are particularly diſtinguiſhed. At the time when the world was peopled by the deſcendants of *Noah*, it is natural to ſuppoſe that his poſterity preſerved, in their various migrations, ſome part of thoſe doctrines which he may have taught them. And it would have been ſtrange if theſe original truths had not been debaſed and diſfigured, during the courſe of many ages, by foreign intermixtures. The great doctrines of the unity of God, and of his perfections; of the creation of the world within a fixed period, and of its tendency to diſſolution; not to mention many others which might be enumerated; characterized the various claſſes above mentioned, and were moſt probably coeval in the minds of men with the earlieſt ages of population. (See

Diog. Laert. in proem. Hyde de Relig. Strabo, lib. 4.) Even thoſe obſervances and tenets which are properly *druidical* in the general eſtimation, as the veneration of the oak, and the belief of the metempſychoſis, may be traced to periods of the moſt remote antiquity. If we give credit to Herodotus, the doctrine of a metempſychoſis had its origin in Egypt, at a very early period. It ſeems to follow from theſe obſervations, that the firſt inhabitants of the Britiſh iſles either brought along with them the principal druidical tenets, at the time when they peopled the country, or adopted theſe ſoon after their arrival. At any rate, there is not the leaſt reaſon to believe that any part of the religious ſyſtem of the Druids was borrowed from that of the Greeks

Greeks and Romans. (Vid. Univ. Ancient Hiſt. vol. 18. and auct. ibi citat.)

Of the various etymologies of the term *Druid* (etymologies with which learned men appear to be fond of amuſing themſelves and their readers), the moſt probable appears to be, that of deriving this appellation from the word Deru, which among the ancient Britons ſignified an oak. There is a ſtriking ſimilarity in the ſounds of theſe words, as there is likewiſe in the Greek word Δρυς, which has the ſame ſignification, and, in Pliny's eſtimation, is the original of the term. (Plin. Nat. Hiſt.) Be that as it may, we are certain that the Druids venerated this ſacred tree above all others; as containing virtues of ſovereign and of peculiar efficacy. They believed not only that

that God had choſen the oak as the place of his more immediate reſidence; but that every thing belonging to it came from heaven. Its fruit, and in particular the ſubſtance called the miſletoe, which ſometimes grows at the extremity of its branches, they conceived to have a divine virtue, from which both man and beaſt received benefit, in every diſeaſe of whatever nature. They therefore held their religious aſſemblies under this tree; ſprinkled its leaves over their feaſts; and wore ſmall boughs of it at all their ſacred ceremonies. (Vid. Plin. Nat. Hiſt.)

With reſpect to the ideas which the Druids entertained concerning the divine perfections and providence, nothing needs to be added to the teſtimony of Tacitus, in his work De Moribus Germanorum, to which the reader, who may want

informa-

information on this ſubject, is referred. Their number, agreeable to an ancient author, was ſuppoſed to be 20,000.

The Druids were divided properly into three claſſes. Theſe were the Vacerri, the Bardi, and the Eubages. Of thoſe, the Bardi or Bards held the ſecond place after the ſacred miniſters of religion; and were reſpected by the people in general, as perſons of eminent dignity and uſe in the community. Their office was to record the great actions of illuſtrious men, in order to excite their ſucceſſors to an imitation of their example. They were not exempted from this duty even in battle, wherein they mixed promiſcuouſly with the combatants, in order to encourage them to fight with intrepidity and perſeverance. Tacitus informs us, that the wo-

men, upon theſe occaſions, expoſed themſelves to equal hazards as the ſoldiers.

The account he alſo gives us of the expedition of Suetonius againſt this iſland is the moſt ſtriking picture of the character of the Druids, and probably more to be relied upon than any other.

The ſhore from Porthamel is famed for being the place where he landed, and put an end in this iſland to the Druid reign.

The Danes frequently invaded Angleſea; and between the years 969 and 972, Godfryd, the ſon of Harold, ſubdued the whole iſland.

Our knowledge of the Druids is ſtill vague and unſatisfying, and muſt ever remain ſo, as they committed few things, if any, to writing, though they were certainly not unacquainted with letters; for,

among

among the maxims collected by Gollet, there is one that forbids their myſteries to be written, a prohibition which could never have been given, had letters been entirely unknown: ſome curious particulars, however, may at leaſt be traced from tradition, and others from ſpecimens of their poetry that have been recited by the natives. As guardians of what they called true religion, they of courſe poſſeſſed the greateſt authority among the people: no laws were inſtituted by the princes without their advice. They taught the immortality, and ſome ſay the tranſmigration, of the ſoul; a doctrine borrowed from the Pythagoreans, though Clemens Alexandrinus expreſſly aſſerts that the Pythagoreans borrowed that doctrine from them.

Once

Once a year they, with their chief, an Arch-Druid, aſſembled at a fixed time and place to hear cauſes and determine all diſputes; where their deciſive court was held has never been determined, but moſt probably in Angleſea, as that iſland was certainly their metropolis. So great was the power of the Druids, that not only the property, but alſo the lives of the people were entirely at their diſpoſal; and this power continued abſolute till the time of Tiberius: it was afterwards ſuppreſſed by Claudius, under the fair pretext of aboliſhing human ſacrifices; but the prieſts themſelves, their gods, and their altars, ſubſiſted, though in obſcurity, till the final deſtruction of Paganiſm.

Very few traces of the temples and habitations of the Druids are now to be

be found; ſome old ſtones, ſhapeleſs and without order, here and there, indicate that there might have ſtood on theſe ſpots the rude and ſimple piles where the primæval inhabitants of this iſland ſolemnized their religious ceremonies; and this is all that now remains of that once celebrated order of prieſthood, which overſpread the northern regions of Europe. Strange fatality! that little more than a few ſhapeleſs ſtones, and the uncertain teſtimony of oral tradition, remain to ſatisfy us of the influence that extraordinary religion once poſſeſſed over the human mind.

At Tre'r Dryw, or the habitation of the *Arch-Druid*, we met with the mutilated remains deſcribed by Mr. Rowland in his Hiſtory of Angleſea. His Brein Gwyn, or royal tribunal, is a circular hollow of 180 feet in diameter, ſurrounded by an immenſe

immenſe agger of earth and ſtones, evidently brought from ſome other place: it has only a ſingle entrance. This is ſuppoſed to be the grand conſiſtory of the druidical adminiſtration.

Here are alſo the reliques of a circle of ſtones, with the cromlech in the midſt, but all extremely imperfect.

Their ceremonies, according to Tacitus, were performed "in groves, "ſacred to the moſt cruel ſuperſti- "tions; for they offered up their ſa- "crifices upon altars ſtained with "the blood of their captives; and it "was uſual for them to augur ac- "cording as the blood of the human "victim followed the ſacred knife "that had inflicted the wound."

While other orders fell, by turns diſgrac'd,
Their names diſhonour'd, and their forms defac'd,
The BARDS in ſlaughter's deſolating hour
Still held their office, and retain'd their power.

On

On heights diſpers'd, or wand'ring o'er the plain,
They brought from hill and dale a liſt'ning train;
Lur'd by ſoft numbers, and the powers of ſound,
Thy ſons informing Nature pour'd around!

The Bards continued to be held in reverence, and even to enjoy peculiar privileges, during many ages after the abolition of the other druidical eſtabliſhments. The great hiſtorian *Bede* informs us, that even in his time the perſons of the Bards were accounted ſacred, and that their houſes were ſanctuaries in all that part of the iſland wherein the ancient language of the Britons continued to be ſpoken: that, reſpected by all parties, they had liberty to paſs and repaſs at pleaſure through countries at war with each other: that they were received by the nobles with honour, and were generally diſmiſſed with donations, &c. (Bede, lib. 2.)

Though

Though Angleſea is called the granary of Wales, it appeared to us as unworthy the appellation; for twenty miles of our road through it, we could not diſcover more than five or ſix corn-fields, and the graſs lands ſo miſerably poor, that it ſtarved rather than fed its hungry inhabitants. We undoubtedly did not ſee the country to the beſt advantage, becauſe the exceſſive heat of the ſummer had parched up the ground, and occaſioned a general appearance of dearth.

Newborough, about three miles from the ſhore, is a place greatly fallen away from its ancient ſplendour. Here had been one of the reſidences of the princes. This was alſo the ſeat of juſtice for the whole county of Menai. Edward I. erected the town into a corporation, which

was

was confirmed by Edward III. From this time it was called Newborough.

Amlwch is a conſiderable town and ſmall ſea-port on the coaſt. Thirty years ago there were not ſix houſes in the pariſh, though it is now ſuppoſed to contain near 4000 inhabitants. They are alſo erecting a church here. The copper that is found in the Paris and Mona mines, which are not more than two miles from the town, is ſhipped to London, Liverpool, &c. The Mona mine produces the fineſt ore; they alſo precipitate large quantities of copper by means of old iron, from the water which runs through the ore, and which is collected in pits. (For a particular account of the whole proceſs, ſee the Scotch Encyclopedia, and Pennant's Hiſtory of Wales.) There is no difficulty in diſtinguiſhing this celebrated mountain, being

being perfectly barren from the ſummit to the plain below; not a ſhrub, and ſcarce a blade of graſs, being able to live in this ſulphurous atmoſphere.

At Llanidan is the ſeat of Lord Boſton, finely ſituated on that arm of the ſea, commanding, upwards, a beautiful proſpect of Caernarvon and Snowdon hills. The church adjacent was built in 1535.

Plas Newydd, the ſeat of Lord Uxbridge, lies cloſe upon the water, protected on three ſides by venerable oaks and aſhes. The view up and down this magnificent river-like ſtrait, is extremely fine.

A little below Plas Newydd, on the Caernarvonſhire ſide, appear the extenſive woods of Vaenol, with the old houſe of the ſame name.

At Craig y Ddinas we were irreſiſtibly delayed by feaſting our eyes with

with the fine view of the noble curvature of the *Menai*. The parts adjacent to the Menai are finely wooded, but the trees commonly ſhrink from the ſouth-weſt, and many of them are entirely blighted from that quarter. The interior of the iſland is rather naked, but breeds many cattle and ſheep.

The Caernarvonſhire mountains we had lately quitted extend all acroſs the county, from Penmaen-mawr to Traeth-mawr, in one continued chain, whoſe outline is varied at irregular intervals by conical peaks, towering above the reſt; theſe gradually riſe to the ſummit of Snowdon, and again as gradually decline, till they terminate all together in the northern horn of Cardigan Bay. The Menai at high water is about one mile broad.

We dined at Gwyndu, on the great road to Holyhead, which is called by the natives Caer Guby, on account of St. Kybi, a holy man, who lived there A. D. 308. We left it on the right, and ſteered our courſe nearly ſouth, through the centre of the iſland. Gwyndu ſignifies, from its name, a place of hoſpitality at the expenſe of the lord; and it anſwers, in ſome reſpects, to its title even now; nor muſt we forget to pay our tribute of thanks to the hoſt, who paid us the utmoſt attention, and appeared particularly ſolicitous about us. We left this hoſpitable inn with regret, and arrived at Hoel Don Ferry, which we croſſed, after a ſleepleſs night, happy to quit this rather inauſpicious iſland.

TOUR

TOUR

FROM

SHREWSBURY TO OSWESTRY,

ELLESMERE, BANGOR, MOLD,

AND

FLINT.

TOUR

FROM

SHREWSBURY TO OSWESTRY,

BANGOR, MOLD, and FLINT.

THE town of Shrewſbury is ſeated within a peninſula, with ground finely ſloping in moſt parts to the river. The caſtle was judiciouſly placed on a narrow iſthmus 200 yards wide, which connects it to the main land: Roger de Montgomery made this his principal ſeat. The town was not defended by walls till the year 1219, nor paved until the next reign, by the aſſiſtance of certain cuſtoms granted for that pur-

poſe. In almoſt every part the original walls were at a diſtance from the river. Thoſe on the ſouth-eaſt ſide of the town are kept in good repair, and form pleaſant but interrupted walks, by reaſon of flights of ſteps. This town had for many ages been the capital of POWISLAND, and the ſeat of the princes. In the time of Edward the Confeſſor it had only two hundred and fifty-two houſes. The manufactures are but inconſiderable, but it draws very great profit from thoſe of Montgomeryſhire, this place being the chief mart for them. The free-ſchool ſtands near the caſtle, in a broad handſome ſtreet; it was founded by Edward VI. in 1552. Two bridges connect this peninſula with the country. The *Welſh Bridge* is a very ancient ſtructure of ſix arches, with an handſome embattled gateway at one

one end. On the ſide of the river ſtood the great mitred abbey of St. *Peter* and St. *Paul*, founded, in 1083, by *Roger* Earl of *Shrewſbury*. Quarry Walk has always been greatly admired, and forms a charming promenade; it ſurrounds a field ſloping to the ſide of the Severn, well ſhaded by ſtately woods. From the mount of the caſtle you have a beautiful view of the whole town, with the Severn, and its meandering courſe. There are many other hiſtorical evidences of the antiquities of the town, for more particulars of which I muſt refer the reader to Philips's Hiſtory of Shrewſbury.

Near the town is the Upper and Lower Berwick; one the ſeat of —— Betton, Eſq. the other of T. Powis, Eſq. both commanding delicious views of the river and town of Shrewſbury.

The ride from Shrewſbury to Oſweſtry is, in many parts, pictureſque and beautiful. Thoſe mountains, that have often terrified from their ſtupendous height, now break forth with awful and ſublime effect upon the eye of the traveller, whilſt the fertile vales, ſcreened from the tempeſt, bud and bloſſom at their feet,

"Waſting their ſweetneſs on the deſert air."

GRAY.

About eight miles diſtance from Shrewſbury is Neſcliffe, a ſmall village, ſituated at the foot of ſome freeſtone rocks.

A little further on the road are fine views of the three Beddins hills, riſing abruptly from the plain to the height of about one thouſand feet, marking the boundary between the counties of Montgomery and Salop:

on

on the ſummit of the largeſt hill ſtands a column, which was erected to record the ſplendid victory of Admiral Rodney over the French fleet, 1782. At a ſmall diſtance, on the left of the road, is the Hill of Llanymyneck, remarkable for a fine proſpect, but better worth notice as containing by far the moſt extenſive lime-works of any in this part of the country. This hill aſcends gradually out of the plain of Shrewſbury.

Oſweſtry.—A conſiderable town, about two miles diſtant from Whittington, a place celebrated in Saxon hiſtory and legendary piety. On this ſpot, on Auguſt 5, 642, was fought the battle between the Chriſtian Oſwald, king of the Northumbrians, and the Pagan Penda, king of the Mercians. Oſwald was defeated and loſt his life. At preſent,

there is not a relique of any old building, excepting the ruins of a chapel, over a remarkably fine ſpring, that ſtill bears the name of the ſaint: near the church is a ſpot moated round, the uſe of which is now quite unknown. The preſent church is of no great antiquity, is ſpacious, and has an handſome plain tower. We learn from a monument in memory of Mr. Hugh Yale, that the old church was demoliſhed in 1616. The town was fortified with a wall and four gates; that called the Black Gate is demoliſhed; the New Gate, the Willow Gate, and the Beatrice Gate, ſtill remain. The laſt is an handſome building, with a guard-room on both ſides; and over it the arms of the Fitz-alans, a lion rampant. There are only a few fragments of the caſtle remaining to mark its fallen ſtate, and to call to

our

our recollection the departure of its former greatneſs.

Hanymynech is prettily ſituated on the banks of the Virnwy.

Sir William Dugdale ſays, that there was a caſtle at Oſwaldſter, at the time of the conqueſt, which is probable; and it had its chapel placed at a little diſtance, dedicated to Saint Nicholas, and was in the gift of the Earls of Arundel. This town was garriſoned for the King in the beginning of the civil wars, but was taken in June 1644 by the Earl of Denbigh and General Mytton; men eminent for military knowledge.

About a mile from Oſweſtry, in the pariſh of Sellatyn, lies a fine ancient military poſt on an eminence, of an oblong form, which has been fortified with much art.

In Sellatyn pariſh is Parkington, the ſeat of R. G. Owen, Eſq. pleaſantly ſituated, and well wooded. This place takes its name from a ſingular entrenchment in a neighbouring field. Sir J. Owen, the famous royaliſt, was of this houſe, but not of the family.

From Oſweſtry we continued our journey to Elleſmere, a pleaſing ride. From an eminence called the Perthy, we had a moſt extenſive view of the flat part of the country, bounded by the hills of Denbighſhire, Montgomeryſhire, and Shropſhire; amidſt them appear the vaſt gaps through which the Severn and the Dee ruſh upon the plains out of their mountainous confinement. This track is intermixed with woods, fertile lands, and moors of great extent.

Alſton is ſituated on an elevated ſpot of ground; a very extenſive

wood flanks each ſide of the houſe, which is bounded by a fine piece of water, made by extending the banks of the river Perry.

Elleſmere is a town ſituated on a lake of an hundred and one acres in dimenſion, and whoſe greateſt depth is twenty-ſix yards, well ſtocked with fiſh. The Duke of Bridgewater owns this fine water.

The environs have two advantages ſuperior to the other lakes. A good town borders on one ſide; the fine park of Ockle, or Ollby, with the venerable wooden houſe, is a great ornament to the other.

The park is covered with trees of great ſize and ancient growth. A vaſt lime-tree, of the ſmall-leafed variety, is particularly conſpicuous. The ground is finely broken into ſeveral riſings, and the views charming, of the town, of the mere, and

ot

of the two others, Whilemere and Colemere. The ſituation, taken all together, may be looked upon as a firſt rate, and particularly deſirable.

The town is of Saxon origin, and takes its name from the water, which was called Aelſmere.

The caſtle ſtood on a vaſt artificial mount, on a high ground, with three large ditches on the more acceſſible ſide: of which, at preſent, there is not a veſtige to be ſeen.

Our next ſtage was to Overton, a pleaſant village, ſeated on a riſing bank. About a mile beyond the bridge, above a rich meadowy flat, varied by the Dee, you have a charming view; bounded in front with fertile and wooded ſlopes, while the lofty and naked mountains ſoar beyond, and cloſe the delightful ſcene.

In 1278, in the reign of Edward the Firſt, it was in poſſeſſion of Robert

Robert de Crevecœur, who obtained for it a weekly market, held on a Wedneſday. There are no reliques of its fallen caſtle, which ſtood in a field, ſtill called Caſtlefield to this day. The church is an handſome building, and the church-yard reckoned among the wonders of Wales, on account of its handſome yew-trees, which are ranged in the moſt regular order that can be conceived round the church-yard. The epitaphs here are numerous, and many, from their ſingular compoſition, would afford the traveller ſome amuſement.

Mr. Fletcher's ſeat, called Gwernhailed, in this pariſh, muſt not paſs unnoticed. Few places command ſo fine a view, and few have been more judiciouſly improved: it ſtands on the lofty brow that ſkirts the country; beneath runs the river Dee,

bounded

bounded on the oppoſite ſide by beautiful meadows, and varied in the diſtance by a number of hills, ſome of ſmall, and others of conſiderable magnitude.

About five miles from Overton is Bangor, ſeated alſo on the banks of the Dee, which is here bounded on both ſides by rich meadows. The church has been built at various times, no part of which is very ancient; nor does it particularly arreſt the attention. This place is, however, celebrated for being the ſite of the moſt ancient Britiſh monaſtery, or rather ſeminary, in England or Wales; it was ſuppoſed to contain two thouſand four hundred monks, who, dividing themſelves into ſeven bands, paſſed their time alternately in prayer and labour. William of Malmeſbury, the celebrated monk, cotemporary with King Stephen,

ſpeaks

ſpeaks of the remains in his days, ſaying, "That no place could ſhow "greater remains of half-demoliſhed "churches, and multitudes of other "ruins, than were to be ſeen in his "time in Bangor."

This place has alſo been the ſite of the ſuppoſed Bonium, or Bovium, a Roman ſtation. Leland ſays, that in his time Roman money was found here. The bridge is a beautiful light ſtructure, and conſiſts of five arches.

On the road from hence to Wrexham ſtands Marchwail, celebrated for its antiquity; and after a ſhort ride we arrived at Wrexham. (Vide page 64.)

From Wrexham to Caergwrle the traveller will find much to arreſt the eye in the beauty of the ſcenery; Wales here puts on a leſs formidable appearance. Cultivation and the hand

hand of labour have done much for this part of the country, to render it a very deſirable ſituation.

Caergwrle is a village on the banks of the Alun, the form of which ſpeaks it to have been a Roman ſtation, which, to the antiquarian eye, is evident. The caſtle ſtood on the ſummit of a great rock; precipitous on one ſide, and of ſteep aſcent on the others. Some of the walls and part of a round tower ſtill remain, ſufficient to ſhow that its ſize was never great. It is probable this caſtle was one of the few Welſh fortreſſes that we have to boaſt of. Here Eleanora the Queen of Edward I. lodged in her way to Caernarvon, where her huſband ſent her to give the Welſh a ruler born among them. The village and church of Hope lie about a mile from the caſtle. On the north ſide of the ſtream, weſt of the

the caſtle, on a lofty hill, is Bryne Yorkyn, the paternal ſeat of Ellis Yonge, Eſq. The firſt charter given to Hope was by Edward the Black Prince, dated from Cheſter, 1351. Caergwrle with Hope is a preſcriptive borough.

Abundance of limeſtone is burnt into lime on Caergwrle hill, a lofty mountain, compoſed of that ſpecies of ſtone, from which a vaſt trade is carried into Cheſhire and other places. From hence to Mold you paſs Leeſwood, the ſeat of R. Hill Waring, Eſq. charmingly ſituated and well wooded. Mold is a ſmall neat town, conſiſting principally of one handſome ſtreet, on a gentle riſing, in the midſt of a ſmall but rich plain. The church is placed on an eminence, and is of the time of Henry VII.: it has of late years been adorned with a handſome ſteeple.

The

The architecture of the church is of the Gothic, of the beginning of the ſixteenth century; the windows large, and their arches obtuſe. The ſame may be obſerved of the old building over St. Winifrede's well, at Holywell. The mount is now called the Bailey-hill. It appears to have been ſtrongly fortified by great ditches, notwithſtanding its arduous aſcent. The ſummit of this hill commands a ſhort but moſt exquiſite view of the circumjacent vale; and to the weſt, Moel-famma riſes with awful pre-eminence among the Clwydian hills. Powell ſays that "The firſt certain account that we "have of this place is in the reign of "William Rufus, when we find it "in poſſeſſion of Euſtua Cruer, who "then did homage for Mold and "Hopedale;" and he further adds, "That much of the country was "(in

" (in the reign of Edward I.) ſo co-
" vered with woods, that before his
" conqueſt of Wales, he was obliged
" to cut a paſſage through them, in
" the tract between Mold and a place
" then called Swerdewood." About a mile weſt of the town is Maes Garman, a ſpot that retains the name of the ſaintly commander, in the celebrated battle, the Victoria Alleluiatica, fought in 420 between the Britons and Saxons, who were carrying deſolation through the country. Not far from Mold ſtands Givyſaney; a moſt reſpectable old houſe, beautifully ſituated: it was of ſtrength ſufficient to be garriſoned in the time of the civil wars, and was taken on the 12th of April 1645. Here alſo the county aſſizes are held.

Cambria here lays aſide her majeſtic air, and condeſcends to aſſume a gentler form.—We for ſome time hung

hung over the charming vale which opens with exquiſite beauty from FRON, the paternal eſtate of the Rev. Mr. Williams, delightfully ſituated, commanding a rich proſpect of well-cultivated lands.

Northope, a ſmall town, bears the addition of *North*, to diſtinguiſh it from the other *Hope*. The church is a neat ſtructure, and the tower lofty and handſome.

Between the eight and nine mile-ſtone, at a ſmall diſtance out of the Cheſter road, are the ruins of Eulo caſtle, placed on the edge of a deep wooded dingle. It is a ſmall fortreſs, conſiſting of two parts; the towers of which are finely overgrown with creeping ivy, and command the view of three wooded glens, deep and darkſome, forming the moſt gloomy ſolitude a human mind can conceive.

In

In the woods near this place Henry the Second, in 1157, loſt part of the flower of his army, being ſurpriſed and defeated by David and Conan.

From hence we paſſed on to Flint, a diſtance of about five miles; this town being ſeated on a flat beſide the river Merſey, and well wooded, is not ſo much expoſed in the tempeſtuous ſeaſons of the year, to ſuffer cold in any degree equal to other towns in North Wales, whilſt the gentle ſea breeze renders it particularly wholeſome.

The town, in conjunction with Caerwys, Ruddlan, Caergwrle, and Overton, ſends a member to parliament; the election is made by the inhabitants paying parochial taxes, and the return made by the two bailiffs of Flint, appointed by the mayor: the borough land of this town extends over the whole pariſh,

and

and alſo the townſhip of Coleſhill in the pariſh of Holywell. The Welſh boroughs and counties received the privilege of repreſentatives by act of parliament of the 27th of Henry VIII.

Although this be the county town, it has ſuffered itſelf to be ſurpaſſed by the town of Holywell; it is doubtleſs capable of great improvements, and why not eſtabliſh manufactories here? In this place, emulation may be ſaid to ſleep, and leave the gifts of fortune to be reaped by her neighbours.

A modern hiſtorian has given us the following curious particulars relative to this ſhire:

When our firſt invaders landed on *Great Britain*, *North Wales* was poſſeſſed by the *Ordovices*, a name derived from the language of the country, ſignifying the ſituation, being almoſt entirely bounded by the

the river *Diva*, or the modern *Dee*. The ſpirit which the people ſhowed at the beginning, did not deſert them to the laſt. Notwithſtanding they were obliged to ſubmit to the reſiſtleſs power of the Romans, though they ſunk beneath the preſſure of the new invaders; they preſerved an undaunted courage amidſt their native rocks, and received among them the gallant fugitives, happy in congenial ſouls. The hardy *Saxons*, for above three centuries, could not make an impreſſion even on the low lands. *Offa* was the firſt who extended his kingdom for ſome miles within theſe borders. His conqueſt was but temporary; for the Welſh poſſeſſed *Cheſter*, till the year 883, when it was wreſted from them by the able *Egbert*.

It may be remarked, that, contrary to what happens to moſt ſubdued nations, the Welſh preſerved its native language, and the conquerors even deigned to adopt the names of the *Britiſh* towns and people, latinizing them from the original words.

The firſt notice of any ſubdiviſion of the tract called *Flintſhire*, appears in the *Doomſday* book. When that ſurvey was taken, it was a part of *Cheſhire*, to which it was conſidered as an appendage, by conqueſt. Old records affirm, that the county of *Flint* appertaineth to the dignity of the ſword of *Cheſter*. It was ſoon ſubdued by *Robert* de *Nothelent*, commander in chief under *Hugh Lupus*, who carried his arms far into *Wales*, and ſecured his conqueſts in the marches by building,

or

or rather by adding new works to the caſtle of *Rudland*, which he had wreſted from one of the Welſh princes.

At the time of the Conqueſt, all this tract of *Flintſhire*, which was called by the *Saxons* Englefield, and afterwards by the *Normans* Atiſcroſs, was in poſſeſſion of *Edwin*, the laſt earl of *Mercia*; and on his defeat and forfeiture, beſtowed, with the earldom of *Cheſter*, on *Hugh Lupus*.

It is obſervable, that there were only ſeven churches at that time in the whole hundred; parochial diviſions had not yet taken place. A writer in the latter end of the ſixteenth century, remarks, that the old hiſtorians make no mention of either pariſhes, parſons, vicars, incumbents, or curates. The people attended, in thoſe days, either the

cathedral churches, or the conventual, which were ſerved by the prelates or monks, and thoſe often aſſiſted by preſbyters, clerks, and deacons. As piety gained ſtrength, other churches, for the conveniency of the devout, were erected by the nobility and men of property, who were deſirous of ſpiritual aſſiſtance within their precincts; and to this were owing the churches, which, at that period in queſtion, were ſo ſparingly ſcattered over the land.

The whole of *Flintſhire* was ſubdued by the *Saxons* immediately after the taking of Cheſter by *Egbert*. It was an open country, deſtitute of inacceſſible rocks and mountains, like the reſt of *North Wales*; and conſequently incapable of defence againſt ſo potent an enemy.

The town is laid out with much regularity, but the ſtreets are far from

from being completed. The removal of the greater and the leſſer ſeſſions, and its want of trade, will be further checks to its improvement. This town gave name to the county, which, with that of Caernarvon, Merioneth, and Angleſea, compoſed the four ancient North Welſh ſhires, formed by Edward the Firſt, immediately after the conqueſt of the principality.

The town is formed on the principle of a Roman encampment, being rectangular, and ſurrounded with a vaſt ditch and two great ramparts, with four regular partæ, as uſual with that military nation. The public buildings within this precinct are the church, the town-hall, and the jail, not one of which is any particular ornament to this little capital. The caſtle is a ſquare building, with a large round tower at

three of the corners, and a fourth a little disjointed from the other, and much larger than the reſt. This is called the double tower: it had been joined to the caſtle by a drawbridge, and is of great thickneſs.

The founder of this caſtle is uncertain. Camden attributes it to Henry the Second. On the reſtoration it was reſumed by the crown, among its other rights, in which it ſtill continues. The crown governs it by a conſtable, who is likewiſe mayor of Flint.

The impending rocks which overhang the path in ſome parts of the lower road to Cheſter from hence, give a ſolemnity and beauty to the ride. The road is beſide the river, which is a charming object, while the ſurrounding ſcenery cannot fail to detain the eye. Though the river does not from this point

meaſure

meaſure more than five miles over, and in ſome parts nearly paſſable at low water, yet when the tide is full, and a briſk wind accompanies it, you behold the waves lifted from their capacious beds, and even aſſume the bold ſallies of the ocean itſelf. The ſhips that are navigated through its element are from three to four hundred tons burden, and when wafted along by the gentle breeze, afford a lovely ſpectacle to the eye.

You obſerve Hoyle Lake occupy a ſmall neck of land near to Liverpool, at which place the river conſiderably expands, ſo much as to meaſure ſeven miles acroſs. Hoyle Lake is a charming ſummer reſidence. The liberal ſupport and patronage it has received from Sir J. Stanley, has given a conſiderable importance to the place. In 1792, the large handſome hotel was built by him,

by

by which means he has converted theſe pleaſant downs into a commodious ſea-bathing place, which is much reſorted to by perſons from Cheſter, Liverpool, and various parts of the kingdom.

From this point you have a full view of the commerce and importance of the buſy town of Liverpool. Veſſels are continually paſſing before the eye, ſome homeward, others outward bound, all tending to enrich an enterpriſing and commercial people, whoſe liberality can only be meaſured by their ſcale of commerce.

" Far on the right, the dim Lancaſtrian plains,
" In pallid diſtance, glimmer thro' the ſky,
" Tho' hid by jutting rocks, thy ſplendid fanes,
" Commercial LIVERPOOL, elude the eye.
" Wide in the front the confluent oceans roll,
" Amid whoſe reſtleſs billows guardian HOYLE,
" To ſcreen her azure LAKE when tempeſts howl,
" Spreads the firm texture of her amber Iſle *."

Miſs SEWARD.

* The *Sand Iſland*, which lying in the ſea, a mile from ſhore, forms *Hoyle*, or *High Lake*.

Park

Park Gate lies a little below Hoyle Lake, and forms a pretty object from Flint: the houſes ſtanding in a ſtraight line beſide the river, have given the following local diſtinction to the place: "Like Park "Gate, all on one ſide." This place has long been a deſerving and favoured ſpot for ſea-bathing; but we were informed, that from the preference given to Hoyle Lake, it had ſuffered materially of late, and the bright circle that once graced its walk, are now but few in number. The gentle ſea breeze that you are always welcomed with both here and at Hoyle Lake, is as wholeſome as it is pure.

The ride from Flint to Cheſter on the Low Road (as it is termed) will much gratify the traveller. It is by far more calm and ſerene than the common

common poſt-road from Holywell to Cheſter, and frequently preſents many pleaſing objects that you are deprived of in that way.

About two miles from Flint you meet with ſome large fragments of rocks, that occaſionally obſtruct the view; in other parts, cultivation is even extended to the very banks of the river. A few miles from Park Gate, on the oppoſite ſide, you have a pleaſing view of Worral, well wooded, and highly cultivated, in the foreground of which ſtands the manſion of Sir J. Stanley, clothed with venerable woods, and delightfully ſituated. Sir John has made conſiderable improvements to his extenſive domain of late years, having banked in a part of the river, on which he has made a new plantation; conſequently a new ſcene of objects preſent

preſent themſelves in an agreeable manner. We here obſerved the humble cottages exhibiting the ſame neatneſs the other parts of our tour had preſented; the gardens of which were ſprinkled over with uſeful vegetables; the family all ſun-burnt, and apparently happy, emblems of induſtry and virtuous content.

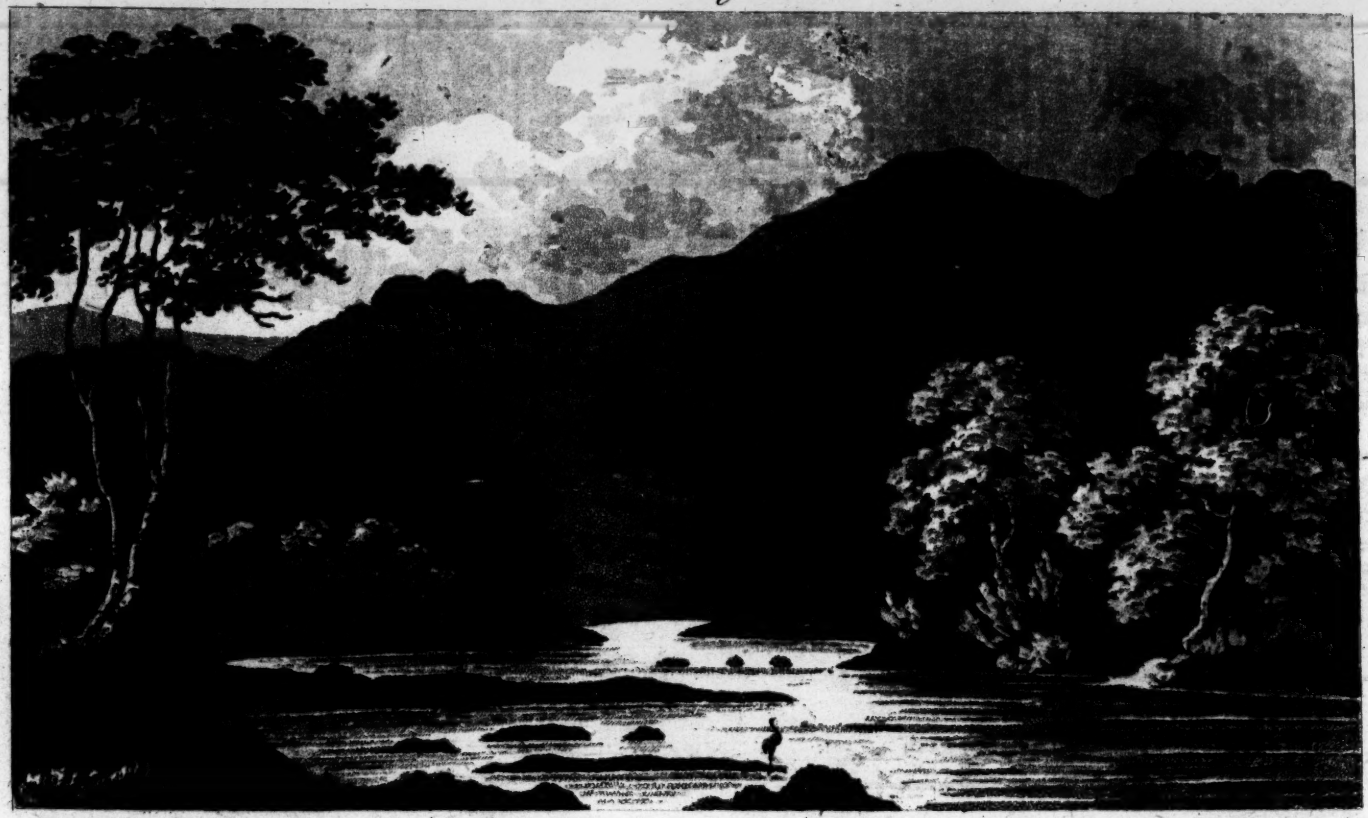
At the diſtance of ſix miles from Flint you reach the higher ferry over the river Dee. On the right ſtands Saltney Marſh, noticed before, page 139. Here Henry II. encamped after his defeat at Ewloe; and Edward I. had alſo a camp here in his march to ſubdue Wales. Conjecture has made it a field of battle, and nothing is more probable but it might have partook of the horrors of war; for in forming the navigation of the Dee, when cutting through it,

it, both helmets and ſpears were found, with other implements of war.

A ſhort and very pleaſing ride over the ſands leads immediately to Cheſter.

TOUR

To face the Wye



Samuel del.[t] *Underwood Sc.*

View near Buallt.

TOUR

OF THE

RIVER WYE,

AND OTHER PARTS OF

SOUTH WALES.

TOUR

OF THE

WYE.

THERE is not any part of our country that has a ſtronger claim to the attention of the traveller, or has been more univerſally admired, than the celebrated RIVER WYE. This beautiful meandering ſtream has often been the theme of poets, and the fruitful ſubject of touriſts; ſome of whom have not heſitated to ſay, that for pictureſque beauty and rich ſcenery it is not to be equalled in this or any other country.

A modern writer of taſte has obſerved, "that while the eye of a "traveller is employed in ſurveying "the variety of ſcenes which na-"ture exhibits, his attention ſhould "be engaged in marking with ac-"curacy the manners of the inha-"bitants, through the countries "which he paſſes; that, by ſelect-"ing whatever is found excellent "among them, he may learn to "model his own conduct; by "which, profit and delight will go "hand in hand: and by repeated "change of ſcene, he will daily "lay up freſh treaſure in his own "mind, to meliorate and improve "it."

It is a circumſtance ſingular in its nature, that within a very ſmall diſtance from the well-head of the Wye, the Severn has its origin. The two ſprings are not unlike: but

but the fortune of rivers, like thoſe of individuals, owes much to the various circumſtances of ſituation and place. The Severn, oppoſed by a tract of ground that riſes to the right, ſoon leaves Plinlimmon, and purſuing its courſe north-eaſt, continues nearly in that direction until it reaches Shrewſbury. Here it meets another obſtruction, which turns it ſouth-eaſt; afterwards, having leſs impediments, it enlarges its circle from place to place, receiving many large and bountiful ſupplies of water in its courſe; until at length its eddying waves embrace their kindred element by entering the ocean as an arm of the ſea.

From the top of the mountain Plinlimmon, in Montgomeryſhire, the Wye takes its riſe: the water falls in a narrow ſtream, ſome hun-

dred yards, almoſt perpendicular, and purſues its capricious courſe through Radnorſhire, Brecknockſhire, Herefordſhire, Monmouthſhire, and Glouceſterſhire, embracing, in its courſe, a number of tributary ſtreams, until it empties itſelf into the Severn, below Chepſtow.

The length has been generally computed eighty miles; and for its various picturesque ſcenery, it is no doubt indebted to the elevated banks of the river, and its peculiar winding courſe: circumſtances, while they change the ſcene, are perpetually placing new objects of beauty before the eye.

It may likewiſe be obſerved, that though the Wye is compoſed of ſimple parts, ſtill they are varied, and always new, chiefly owing to the road partaking of the irregularity of the coun-

country, firſt climbing the hill, and then ſinking into the valley, each change exhibiting a different character of things.

Another object of beauty is its *woods*. Wherever we may be led to traverſe nature, in purſuit of pleaſure, we never found a barren or ſolitary waſte ſtrike the mind with any peculiar effect, ſave the feelings it excited for the wretchedneſs it deplored.—How different a well-cultivated land! broken into hill and valley—take a *novice* in the ſtudy of nature into this ſcene, and you immediately diſcover its effects. By way of obſervation, it may not be improper to notice how, on a firſt view from Richmond Hill, the foot of a ſtranger is rivetted to the ſpot for many minutes. The cauſe is evident; the beautiful meander-

ing of the river Thames, the well-wooded bottom, and the chain of hills to the weſt, are objects of too much importance not to excite the feelings and intereſt the mind, by ſo grand an aſſemblage of beauty.

The *rocks* are the next point from which the Wye receives additional beauty; theſe, perpetually ſtarting through the woods, produce a grand effect. The eye is pleaſed with the rich foliage of a tree, and views the eddying ſtream with gratefulneſs; while the naked and broken rocks never fail to produce thoſe ſenſations which are inſeparable from a ſurvey of the *ruined majeſty of nature*. In one ſpot you behold them with a few ſhrubs trembling before the blaſt of heaven; in another hanging their impending forms, and ſtriking terror in the obſerver.

The

The general ornaments of the Wye, therefore, may be claſſed under four heads—the *ground*, *rocks*, *wood*, and *buildings*. In whatever point of view theſe four attracting objects may be taken, they will yield a rich harveſt to the eye of the traveller.

A few miles from Plinlimmon the country does not put on any new appearance: a chain of hills forms what may be called the diſtance, varying and irregular. The river, not broad, rolls gently over its rocky bed, until at Cumerger, a diſtance of ſix miles, it receives a large ſupply of water from the river Caſtal. On the road which leads to the *Devil's Bridge*, you have the Caſtal in full view, which forms a very pleaſing object. At Cumerger there is a wooden bridge thrown acroſs this river, the fine

ſcenery around which will have ſufficient charms to detain the traveller, if he has taſte or ſenſibility to reliſh the beauties of nature. From hence, a good road leading to Llanidlos, runs parallel with the river, and affords a pleaſant ride until you reach the village of Llangerig, whoſe clay-built cottages proclaim the wretchedneſs of its inhabitants. A little below the town, the river Darnel has its ſource, it is ſaid, from the hills of that name, and purſues its courſe into the Wye.

If any thing can compenſate for the poverty of Llangerig, it is the extreme beauty and romantic appearance of nature that ſurrounds it; together with the hills that are enriched with the ſtately oak and branching underwood, forming an inimitable picture for the pencil of the artiſt.

We

We continued our journey to the little town of Rhayader, whoſe whitewaſhed cottages had a pleaſing effect. We could not altogether applaud the mode of whitewaſhing houſes, which is a general cuſtom in Wales, on account of the effect it has upon ſtrangers not accuſtomed to look on ſuch objects.

In the neighbourhood of Rhayader there are many charming ſcenes. The bridge, forming the ſegment of a circle, conſiſts of one arch; the ſtructure is plain, and, from its elevation, has a romantic appearance, having the immenſe rocks on each ſide for its baſes.—This place formerly boaſted of a caſtle, but no remains are now to be found. Camden informs us, it was put in repair in the reign of Richard the Firſt.

The attention and civility we received from the hoſt at the *ſign of the Red Lion*, we cannot but remember with ſatisfaction.

Though not immediately connected with the ſubject of our river, we could not reſiſt the impulſe we felt to take a view of the *Devil's Bridge*, of which we had heard ſuch multiplied and extraordinary accounts in our journey: as ſuch, we departed the next day to inſpect this ſtupendous ſcene. The diſtance from our comfortable little inn was 18 miles. During our ride, the eye was frequently arreſted by the romantic beauties of this part of South Wales. For a few miles, the road is one continued aſcent, which perpetually gives new beauty to the landſcape. The ſmall town of Rhayader, and Vaga's

ſtream

ſtream winding through the fertile vale below, have a charming effect. Flocks of ſheep and herds of cattle, the wandering companions of the mountain, here browſe in numbers, with the lonely ſhepherd beſide them. The feelings of the mind, in contemplating theſe pictures of rational and animal life, move us by different ſenſations; we feel the excluſion of the former from ſocial life, while the latter creates our concern for their perilous ſituation, as one falſe ſtep would make inſtant death certain.

Purſuing the road on this ſide the old lead-mines, it becomes frightfully barren; but here you meet with a few cottages, erected for the workmen, that chaſe the gloom away.

The method of procuring the ore as found in its native element, will,

no

no doubt, be gratifying to one not accuſtomed to ſuch ſights.

The engine and other apparatus uſed in the proceſs, are characteriſed by conſiderable antiquity, and bear marks of having been conſtructed before mechanics arrived at the perfection they now have.

The ſhaft will no doubt give ſome ſurpriſe, through which the miners informed us they had perforated the mountain, and have made a ſubterraneous paſſage almoſt through the ſame.

At a ſmall diſtance from hence, the woods of Hafod burſt at once on the eye. To the right, the road leads to Aberyſtwith.

We ſtopped to take a little refreſhment at Pentre, a ſmall inn about three miles diſtant from the bridge.

Continuing the road from Cwmyſtwith,

yſtwith, a chain of mountains, of great extent, but remarkably irregular, preſent themſelves; which appear as though driven by an immenſe ſtorm, gradually riſing above each other, with increaſing grandeur, till they appear to touch the clouds.

We took up our abode at the Haſod Arms, a neat comfortable inn, which ſtands in front of the Rhyddol. Fancy may here buſy herſelf with what nature preſents to the eye, in a pleaſing manner.—The famous bridge is but a very ſhort ſpace from the inn; but, being emboſomed in a thicket, it is probable many a ſtranger has paſſed over it, inſenſible of what the curious have ſought after with ſo much avidity. The bridge conſiſts of two arches, thrown over each other: one has great marks of antiquity; and, from that circumſtance, we were

were informed the common people attribute it to the *devil*'s invention. The chaſm it covers is about 25 feet wide; and, from ancient records, it is ſuppoſed was built about the year 1075. In the reign of Richard I. during the time of the pious cruſades of our anceſtors, tradition informs us, that Baldwin, the Biſhop of Cambray, paſſed over it in 1188. The preſent fabric, built over the ancient one, was completed in 1753. The breadth of the old bridge was about 25 feet, the latter near 30. The chaſm that yawns under theſe arches is ſo much covered with wood, that the eye can but have a partial view of the abyſs below; in order therefore to obtain a better one of the vaſt torrent that ruſhes through it, we croſſed the bridge to the right, and ſoon came to the baſe of the rocks on the eaſt ſide of the arch. Here, indeed,

ima-

imagination may pauſe, and fill up all that language cannot deſcribe. The ſtupendous height which the bridge beſtrides, of more than 100 feet above the obſerver, the gloomy wood, which gives a deep ſolitude to the ſcene—the troubled torrent at his feet, ſtruggling through oppoſing rocks, with a tremendous roar, fill the mind with mingled ſenſations of fear and delight.

Having for ſome time gratified the eye with this ſurpriſing ſcene, we purſued a winding path that leads to the ſublime cataracts weſt of the bridge. The Mynach here, from its unconfined courſe through broken rocks, burſts upon the eye with wildneſs and agitation. The firſt is a fall of more than 20 feet, whence it ruſhes, with equal force, to a ſecond leap of 60 feet: a third is attempted, but decreaſes about 20 feet; and here it falls amongſt

amongſt the ragged rocks, which continually acting as a barrier to its repoſe, give it a tenfold rage; and ruſhing, with immenſe velocity, over projecting ſtones, tumbles with a headlong deſcent of 100 feet and upwards—after which it purſues its courſe through a ſmall channel, and mixes with the waters of the Rhyddol. We could long have contemplated this ſcene as worthy of our detention, had not a gathering ſtorm called to our recollection the comforts of our little inn.

The Rhyddol here is encircled with vaſt hills, ſome of which are prettily clothed with wood, others frightfully naked and barren.

From the brink of the river (though not eaſy of acceſs) you are well repaid by a ſcene enchanting as beautiful.

Being now in the neighbourhood of the ſylvan *Hafod*, we were anxi-

anxious to change the awful and ſublime for the leſs terrific, and repoſe ourſelves on fairy ground—for, taking it in all points of view, the charming reſidence of T. Johnes, Eſq. certainly may be ſtyled the *Paradiſe* of *Wales*; and, fearing to do it all the juſtice it deſerves, we forbear intruding our own ſentiments, but will take the liberty of offering a deſcription from the elegant pen of Mr. Cumberland.—It may be neceſſary to acquaint the reader, that by the liberal politeneſs of T. Johnes, Eſq. tickets are left at the Hafod Arms and Devil's Bridge, for gaining admiſſion to his elegant manſion, grounds, &c. and which never fail of ſecuring an eaſy acceſs.

"That which renders the reſi-
" dence of Hafod the moſt remark-
" able is, that, with all its natural
" beau-

" beauties, it is close in the vicinity " of mountainous forests, of a cha- " racter totally different from its " own; of a character, I may add, " totally unlike any thing I ever " before beheld, and which many " people think superior to any place " in Wales.

" One excursion to this place will " not suffice common observers, nor " indeed many to the lovers of the " grand sports of nature; and, al- " though the intended paths are not " as yet sketched out, I shall re- " commend to those who can bear " the fatigue of climbing among " dingles—who, in search of beau- " ties, are capable of descending " from the 'hilly crofts, that brow " the bottomed glades, down to the " dark sequestered rocks below'— " to enter upon the Fynach stream, " about four miles from Hafod, and

" skirt

" ſkirt it, as well as they can, down
" to the Devil's Bridge.

" I can fairly promiſe them they
" will often find themſelves in
" 'umbrageous grots and caves of
" cool receſs, over which the ivy
" creeps;' behold the murmuring
" water-falls down the ſloped 'dell
" diſperſed,' or 'in a glaſſy pool
" unite their ſtreams;' ſee 'criſped
" brooks, with mazy error, under
" pendant ſhade, offering their
" glaſſy, cool, tranſlucent waves,
" 'midſt grots and caverns, ſhagged
" with horrid ſhade'."

The different walks through the woods extend ſix or ſeven miles, and exhibit a variety of pictureſque ſcenery which alternately charm and ſurpriſe.

" Hafod is a place in itſelf ſo pre-
" eminently beautiful, that it highly
" merits a particular deſcription.

" It

" It ſtands ſurrounded with ſo many
" noble ſcenes, diverſified with ele-
" gance as well as with grandeur;
" the country, on the approach to it,
" is ſo very wild and uncommon,
" and the place itſelf is now ſo em-
" belliſhed by art, that it will be
" difficult, I believe, to point out a
" ſpot that can be put in competi-
" tion with it, conſidered either as
" the object of the painter's eye,
" the poet's mind, or as a deſirable
" reſidence for thoſe who, admirers
" of the beautiful wildneſs of na-
" ture, love alſo to inhale the pure
" air of aſpiring mountains.

" To all theſe charms, it has a
" capacious ſtone manſion, executed
" in the pleaſing, becauſe appropri-
" ate, ſtyle of Gothic architecture,
" ſituated on the ſide of a choſen,
" ſheltered dingle, embowered with
" trees, which riſe from a lawn of

" the gentleſt declivity, that ſhelves
" in graceful hollows to the ſtream
" below.

" From the portico, it commands
" a woody, narrow, winding vale;
" the undulating forms of whoſe
" aſcending ſhaggy ſides, are richly
" clothed with various foliage,
" broken with ſilvery water-falls,
" and crowned with climbing ſheep-
" walks, reaching to the clouds.

" Within the building, whoſe
" decorations, though rich, are
" pure and ſimple, we find a maſs
" of rare and valuable literature,
" whoſe pages here ſeem doubly
" precious, where meditation finds
" ſcope to range unmoleſted.

" In a word, ſo many are the de-
" lights afforded by the ſcenery of
" this place and its vicinity, to a
" mind imbued with any taſte, that
" the impreſſion on mine was in-

" creaſed

" creaſed after an interval of ten
" years from the firſt viſit, employ-
" ed chiefly in travelling among the
" Alps, the Apennines, the Sabine
" Hills, and the Tyrolleſe; along
" the ſhores of the Adriatic, over
" the Glaciers of Switzerland, and
" up the Rhine; where, though
" in ſearch of beauty, I never
" ſaw any thing ſo fine—never ſo
" many pictures concentred in one
" ſpot.

" Wales, and its borders, both
" north and ſouth, abound, at inter-
" vals, with fine things: Piercefield
" has grounds of great magnificence,
" and wonderfully pictureſque beau-
" ty. Downton Caſtle has a deli-
" cious woody vale, moſt taſtefully
" managed: Llangollen is bril-
" liant—the banks of the Conway
" ſavagely grand—Barmouth ro-
" mantically rural. The great Piſ-

" till Rhayader is horribly wild—
" Rhayader Wennol gay, and glo-
" riouſly irregular; each of which
" merits a ſtudied deſcription.

" But at Hafod, and its neigh-
" bourhood, I find the effects of
" all in one circle. I ſee the 'ſweet-
" eſt interchange of hill and valley,
" rivers, woods, and plains, and
" falls, with foreſts crowned, rocks,
" dens, and caves;' inſomuch, that
" it requires little enthuſiaſm there
" to feel forcibly with Milton,
" that

" All things that be, ſend up from earth's great altar
Silent praiſe!"

The taſteful and liberal proprietor of this beautiful ſpot has, with the avail of modern improvements, contrived a communication from his library to his conſervatory, which has an effect to the eye the moſt ſerene and ſoothing that can be view-

ed. The library, a grand and capacious room, fitted up with every thing that is elegant and uſeful, ſtrikes you, on your entrance, with ſenſations of the happineſs it is capable of imparting within itſelf. At the further end is the large glaſs door, opening into the conſervatory, wherein is collected a variety of rare and beautiful plants, with a fountain playing in the centre.

The botaniſt here would find an ample field for the gratification of the mind; as well as the ſtudious, for all that literature is capable of imparting.

To thoſe who are deſirous of paying a viſit to the ruins of Strata Florida Abbey, it ſtands about ten miles from Hafod, ſcreened by friendly woods and lofty mountains, with the river Tivy winding beneath.

Having

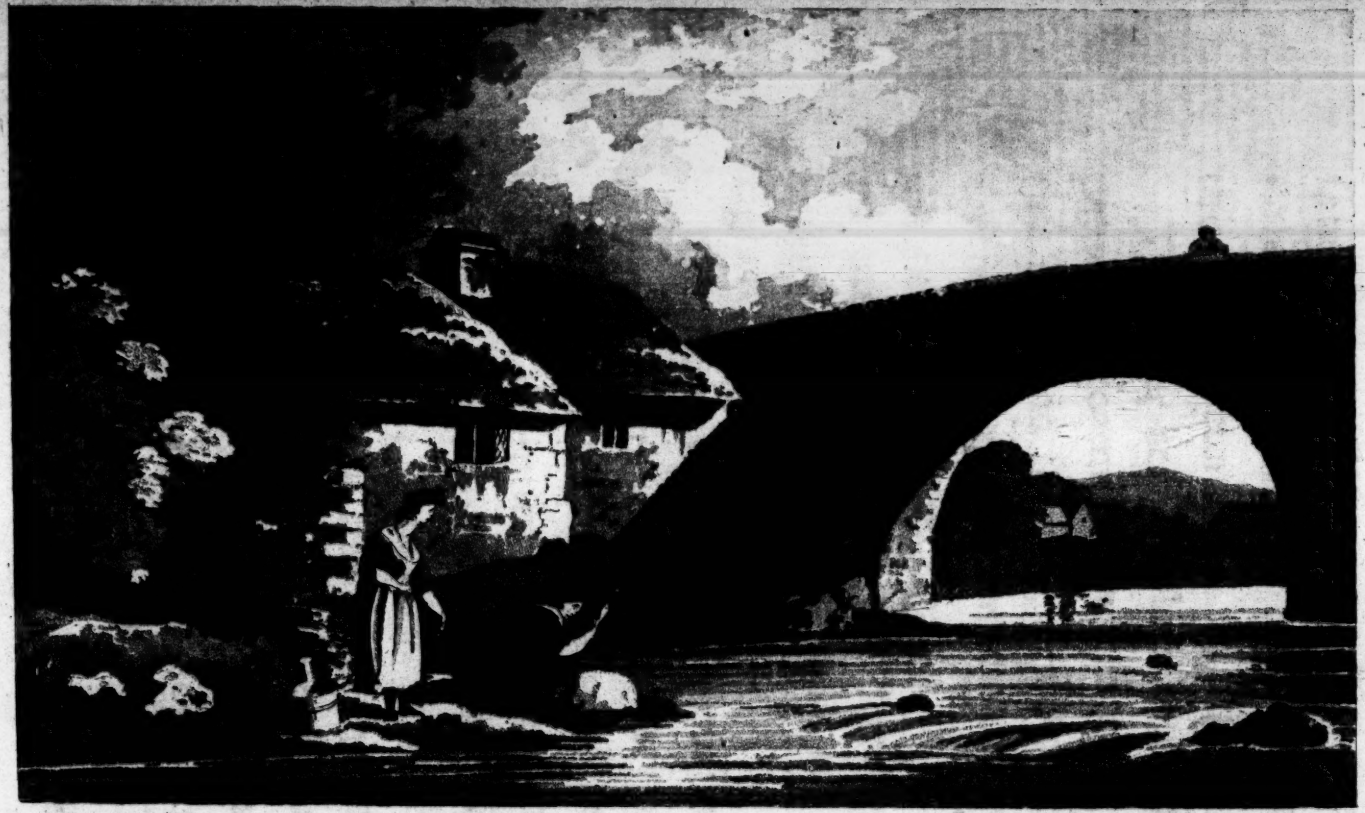
Having highly gratified ourſelves with what Mr. Cumberland has deſcribed, by varying the road back, and leaving Hafod to the left, we ſoon came to our little inn at Pentré, from whence we purſued our old route back to Rhayader.

The imagination can form but a faint idea of the horrors of a thunder-ſtorm in theſe wild and romantic places. In the courſe of our journey we were witneſs to two or three. The thunder rolls with an awful rumbling over the head, while the vales and the mountains give back the tremendous ſounds with double force. The cracks and burſts it makes were diſtinguiſhed from any we had before heard in our own neighbourhood. We had the curioſity to mark its progreſs, after the firſt flaſh of lightning, to its ceſſation, which, before the atmo-

ſphere became calm and tranquil, rather exceeded one minute and thirty-one ſeconds.

The river here diſplays much impetuoſity, foaming over its adamantine bed, and forming a caſcade of ſeveral feet, almoſt immediately under the bridge: the foot-path winds its margin through the meadows, leaving the turnpike road to the right.

Kingſton, in this neighbourhood, deſerves particular attention from the traveller. The memorable remnants of antiquity to be ſeen in its diſtrict naturally call back thoſe days in which *Caractacus* flouriſhed, whoſe camp is ſtill in high preſervation on the hills towards Chum. Cæſar's may alſo be traced on an eminence beſide the valley. Here too the immenſe dyke of Offa, king of the Mercians in the eighth cen-



Samuel del.t

Underwood fc.

Bualt Bridge.

Published April 20. 1798. by G. Suel 192. Strand.

century, passes by Kingston, taking a slant direction, from the river Dee, across the kingdom, to Weymouth.

Brampton Bryan, the ancient seat of the Oxford family, stands in this valley. Its charming woods, that once afforded shade and shelter, are now no more: the husbandman having laid his axe to the root, it presents a naked and comfortless waste to the eye.

At the distance of a few miles from hence, both the river Eland and brook Clanven give another supply of water to our river.—From hence we journeyed on towards Bualt. A little before we reached the town, the scenery was peculiarly inviting, on which account it did not fail to detain us.

Bualt is a small town, surrounded with a pleasant plain: it had for-

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merly a caſtle, of which there are now no remains.

It was in this neighbourhood that the laſt reigning Prince of Wales, *Llewellyn*, was ſlain, in a wood, after a deſperate battle between the Welſh and Engliſh forces.

Bualt has to boaſt of ſome buſtle, though it puts on no parade of ſelf-importance. A market-day here may be deemed London in miniature, from the hurry of its buſy people.

The juſt and laudable zeal of induſtry has that in its nature, from the benefit it diffuſes over a ſtate, as to merit the applauſe of every obſerver. As ſuch, it was our united wiſh that the buſy multitude of Bualt and its neighbourhood might reap the perſonal benefit of their ſeveral labours.

About

About the diſtance of a mile from Bualt the river Irvon winds its courſe, and embraces the Wye. The Irvon, compared with other neighbouring rivers, is broad; it has its origin from the hills in the county of Brecknock.

A new ſtone bridge is now erecting over it, near to the old one. It has ſix elliptical arches; and upon the whole, produces a grand effect. On a hill, near adjoining to this place, is the reſidence of D. Thomas, Eſq. The houſe is a handſome ſtone building, and commands a noble proſpect towards the ſouth; as well as the meandering courſe of the Wye and Irvon. It was here we contemplated the ſolitary life of the ſhepherd.

The fanciful deſcriptions and profuſe eulogies which the poets have beſtowed on the ancient paſ-

toral life, might incline us very highly to eſtimate a ſtate that is repreſented as replete with bleſſings, almoſt unallayed with afflictions, and as compriſing the happieſt of mankind; but how unlike is the picture of the unenlightened ſhepherds of our own times and country! Secluded from the world, bred up in ignorance, and without a reſource to fill up the many vacant hours, how tediouſly muſt they paſs away; and how undeſirable ſeems the lot of this portion of mankind, doomed from the days of their youth to the ſole employment of tending flocks, and fated to traverſe, during life, bleak and dreary mountains, rarely trodden by the foot of man, and where the ſolitary ſhepherd is ſeldom greeted by a human voice!

The

The road from Bualt to the Hay is down a beautiful valley, which partaking of the advantage of a high bank, every beauty of the enchanting diſtrict preſented itſelf to the eye. The river rolls on with majeſty and grandeur, and often diſports itſelf in broad curves, waſhing with white foam the verdant banks that bloom beſide it.

Not far diſtant from hence, we had a view of Llanged.—Surrounded with its majeſty of woods, it is a very extenſive domain, and worthy the reſidence of any perſon; but why it ſhould be deſerted by its former maſter, we know not. However, certain it is, it has paſſed into the hands of a ſtranger.

The ſmall village of Clyro it may be neceſſary to notice, not from any peculiar beauty it poſſeſſes, but for

the highly intereſting view you have of the Wye from a ſmall temple in the upper part of the garden of the parſonage-houſe. In the foreſt of Clyro, from a ſmall hill, the point of proſpect, which is marked by a ſingle tree, commands a wonderful aſſemblage of beauty.

Continuing our route, we had a view of the elegant ſeat of Mr. Edwards, and ſoon reached the ſmall village of Swains. The mountains here gradually recede, and the face of the country aſſumes a new character. Glaſsbury bridge, built by the late Mr. Edwards, we admired: it conſiſts of ſeveral arches, and has an agreeable light appearance. Mr. Edwards was the celebrated architect of Pont-y-Pridd, an account of which will be found in page 159.

About

About four miles from the Hay ſtands Meaſlough, the ancient reſidence of the Howarths. The ſituation has been deemed not inferior to any in Wales.

The Hay is happily ſituated on a hill. It was formerly a Roman ſtation, and was conſidered as a place of great ſtrength, being defended by a ſtrong caſtle, until Owen Glyndwr laid it in aſhes.

Miſs Seward, in her celebrated poem of Llangollen Vale, ſpeaks in honour of this hero as follows:

"Luxuriant vale, thy country's early boaſt,
"What time great GLENDOUR gave thy ſcenes to fame;
"Taught the proud numbers of the Engliſh hoſt,
"How vain their vaunted force, when Freedom's flame
"Fir'd him to brave the myriads he abhorr'd,
"Wing'd his unerring ſhaft, and edg'd his victor ſword."

At Mackynelth he exerciſed the firſt acts of his royalty, when he accepted the crown of Wales A. D. 1402. At this place he aſſembled a parliament. The houſe is ſhown to this day, divided in ſmall tenements, and is well worth a viſit from the curious.

The preſent caſtle is near the centre of the town. The creeping ivy, the general companion of fallen ruins, faſtens around its remains, producing a ſtriking effect on viewing this venerable ruin.

The ancient caſtle is converted into a dwelling-houſe, belonging to the Wellington family.

The church ſtands on the ſide of the river, but has nothing particular to recommend it. At a ſmall diſtance from the bridge, you have a ſcene peculiarly enriched by meadows, corn-fields, and ſtately woods.

The

The black mountains give an excellent back ground to the ſcenery, and when illuminated by the ſun, cannot fail of giving force to every object and feeling to every nerve.

The Wye, on quitting this place, receives a great body of water from the Dulas river, after which it aſſumes a bolder confidence and more rapid current.

About the diſtance of ſeven miles from the Hay, on the road to Abergavenny, ſtand the ruins of Llantony Priory. Dugdale informs us, in his Monaſticon, that it was a place richly adorned with wood.—How great would be the contraſt, could the ſearching eye of our celebrated hiſtorian view it now!—Its tall woods are no more, and the ruin is wholly naked and deſolate.

The following account of this

once celebrated place is given by Giraldus:

"In the deep vale of Ewyas "ſtands, encircled with an amphi- "theatre of immenſe mountains, "the church of St. John: it is co- "vered with lead, and not inele- "gantly built, with an arched roof "of ſtone. This ſpot is juſtly "ſuited for religious exerciſes, and "the moſt proper for canonical diſ- "cipline of any other monaſtery in "the Britiſh iſland.

"The church was firſt founded, "ſolitary and remote from all "worldly noiſe, by two hermits, "to the honour of a monaſtic life, "and is ſituated on the river Hod- "ney, which runs through the "length of the vale.

"The cloiſtered monks may "view, from within their walls,

"the

" the mountains rising above them,
" and almoſt touching heaven with
" their exalted ſummits, and a-
" bounding with deer feeding aloft,
" at the extremity of the lofty ho-
" rizon.

" The ſun is never viſible to this
" gloomy receſs, till between the
" afternoon hours of one and three;
" and even then is rarely ſeen, ex-
" cept in the cleareſt ſeaſon."

The foregoing picture from Giraldus is maſterly drawn; and, though touched with a poetical pencil, is very accurate. The church is really encircled with mountains, for the opening through them to the vale is not viſible from the cloiſter.

The lower parts of the mountains, and the valley itſelf, are enriched with meadows and corn-

fields,

fields, and are now and then enlivened with a little wood.

The abbey church was built in the form of a croſs, and is ſtill a noble object; it was founded, according to Speed, in the year 1137, and is a regular compoſition of Norman architecture, mixed with Gothic. It may be called regular, becauſe all the under ſtructure is Gothic, and the upper Norman, the arches below being all pointed, and thoſe above circular; and becauſe it was built upon one entire plan, and manifeſtly at one and the ſame time.

The whole nave, the roof excepted, remains from eaſt to weſt, and is, by my meaſurement, two hundred and twelve feet in length, and twenty-ſeven feet four inches in breadth; the aiſles are no more than eight feet eight inches broad. The ſtone diagonal vault, over the body

of

of the church, ſprang from ſmall cluſtered flying pillars; theſe are ſtill ſeen projecting from the walls, between the Gothic arches of the nave.

Two ſides of the high tower are ſtill extant, which riſe from nearly the centre of the church.

The whole ſtructure is faced with a durable and well-worked ſtone, and the ruins offer as romantic a view as any in the tour.

Juſt above the little pariſh of Llandewi, four miles from Llantony, is a remarkable mountain, the ſides of which have, at different times, been broken from it, and now lie in immenſe fragments underneath, having left a long perpendicular precipice more than 100 feet high.

We could learn no particulars about theſe ſeparations of the rock, though,

though, from the apparent freſhneſs of ſome of the fallen pieces, we did not conceive the laſt to be very ancient.

Several ſtupendous fiſſures and chaſms appear on and about the mountain of Skirid vawr, the foot of which we paſſed in our morning's ride. Theſe were occaſioned by the ſame cauſe as the ſeparation of the rock near Llandewi, which in all probability proceeded from its foundation being weakened or deſtroyed by the frequent burſtings of the ſprings below; when the ſinking or diviſion of the part of the rock would naturally follow from its great impending weight.

Whatever truth may be in our conjecture, the inhabitants of Abergavenny attribute the rents of Skirrid vawr to a different cauſe, and endeavoured to convince us that they

they were the miraculous effects of the convulſions of nature on the day of the crucifixion.

At a diſtance of little more than two miles from the Hay is Clifford Caſtle. Camden records it to have been built by Fitzoſborn, Earl of Hereford, from whom deſcended the earls of Cumberland. Tradition informs us, that at this place the celebrated Roſamond ſpent the early part of her life. The caſtle is an object worthy the notice of the touriſt, if it be only to ſketch its leſſer attractions in the fallen ruins. Paſſing through ſeveral villages, we ſoon obtained a charming proſpect of the Merebich hills, whoſe noble ſwells riſe full in front, continuing for ſome time before the eye as a conſiderable object.

Whitney we remarked as a pleaſant village. Its time-worn bridge

now

now only exhibits a maſs of ruins.

Bradwardine is ſituated on the bank of the river: the ruins of the caſtle ſtand in full view, but little remains to attract notice, ſave the ſcenery around the place, which has much to intereſt the eye.

About eight miles from Hereford, and very little out of the road, ſtands Foxley: the charming wood that furrounds it, as well as its grounds, are greatly worthy of attention.

A pleaſing ride of about two miles, through a wood of fine young oaks, leads to the point of a hill called *Lady Lift*, where the view cannot fail to ſtrike with admiration and delight: it commands a north-eaſt proſpect of Herefordſhire, the Clee hills in Shropſhire, the Malvern hills in Worceſterſhire,

ſhire, and Brecon and Radnorſhire mountains. The direct road to Kingſton is under this hill.

Paſſing from hence to Hereford, a number of charming villas preſent themſelves; among theſe we particularly diſtinguiſhed Belmont, the views from which in every direction, muſt irreſiſtibly attract notice. Nature and art having happily combined, here make a free-will offering to the ſtranger of their lovelineſs and charms.

As ſeveral hiſtories of Hereford are extant, it is foreign to our intention to inveſtigate its antiquities: nevertheleſs, as it has been our cuſtom hitherto to obſerve particular objects, we wiſh to notice thoſe that appear to us worthy of the attention of the ſtranger. This ancient city, we are informed by the eminent hiſtorian Camden, was

founded

founded in 1079, in the reign of Henry I. The preſent venerable church has undergone many changes, and at different periods has been much beautified by its ſeveral biſhops. The columns are maſſive and ponderous, and exhibit all the grandeur of ancient architecture. There are likewiſe ſome monuments of its biſhops ſtill remaining, and others not unworthy of notice, which ſtand as beacons to the paſſing ſtranger, to point out his mortality. From the accident which happened in 1794, when the weſt tower of the church, with part of the body, unfortunately fell down, the cathedral has undergone a thorough repair, at the expenſe of upwards of 10,000*l.*

The vicars' college ſtands at a little diſtance from the cathedral, and commands a fine view of the

Wye,

Wye, as well as its fertile vales and meandering ſtream.

The caſtle has been a capital fortreſs. Leland, in his Itinerary, ſays, "it was one of the faireſt, "largeſt, and grandeſt in England." The place on which it ſtood is now called Caſtle Green, from which is a good view of the ſurrounding country.

The bridge, conſiſting of eight arches, is of ſtone, and carries with it proofs of great antiquity. Some hiſtorians have ſuppoſed it to be erected ſoon after the conqueſt.

The Wye here winds its placid ſtream round a point of land for two miles, until it is almoſt brought to touch the town. The face of the country is in a high ſtate of cultivation; and the cattle which graze in its meadows are objects that add beauty to the ſcene. We paſſed the pic-

picturesque village of Mordiford, and soon came in view of Holme Lacy, a mansion belonging to the Duke of Norfolk. The building, compared with many in this country, has nothing to captivate, except possessing a fine collection of family portraits.

King's Caple, a small village, is very pleasantly situated amidst a charming assemblage of woods, a little below which is Harewood, the ancient residence of —— Hoskins, Esq.

We continued our route to Selleck, which afforded us a capital view of Ross, on the approach to which the venerable trees called Ash-wood, successfully clothe the banks of the Wye.

Ross stands high, and commands many delightful views: the churchyard has always been the most admired;

mired; it conſiſts of a partial but rich proſpect of the Wye, and of a vaſt extent of country beyond it, which, being broken into many parts, is marked by no characteriſtic objects. The pleaſure-boats that are conſtantly employed between here and Chepſtow give life and beauty to the town.

Roſs once boaſted of a caſtle, which is reported to have been demoliſhed in the civil wars.

To paſs over the benevolent Man of Roſs, John Kyrle, would be to ſlight thoſe virtues which any part of our countrymen might be proud to poſſeſs. This town owes much of its improvements to his benevolent exertions. The admirable poet* who ſung ſo well in his praiſe has informed us he poſſeſſed but 500*l.* a year, and yet he appears to have

* Pope.

enjoyed every happineſs himſelf, as well as to have diffuſed it to others. He was ſheriff for the county 1683, and died 1724. It is ſingular to remark, that there was no monument raiſed to the memory of this exemplary character until 1776, a period of 52 years.

From Roſs, the banks of the Wye are low, and the river here becomes tame. Croſſing the bridge, we reached Wilton Caſtle, which appears on the margin, ſhrouded with a few trees. The caſtle formerly covered a vaſt extent of ground, now in part converted into a garden.

Camden ſays, that King John gave Wilton, with the caſtle, to H. Longſchamp, from whom it deſcended to Lord Grey de Wilton.

At the diſtance of a mile from Wilton, it may be worth the traveller's

ler's attention to aſcend the hill leading to Monmouth, called Pencreek, where nature has been profuſe of her gifts; the views of which cannot fail to charm, and may be conſidered as the moſt ſublime the river affords. Deſcending from this eminence, little attracted our attention except the doubling of the ſeveral capes, and the woody banks riſing one beyond another, appearing and vaniſhing by turns, until we came to Goodrich Caſtle, which is conſidered the ſecond grand object of the river, and is truly pictureſque. It has been ſaid, that "nature is "always great in deſign:" in this place, ſhe may be ſaid to colour from the harmony of the whole. We aſcended the hill, to contemplate the ſcene, and ſurvey the ravages of time. The creeping ivy, as though it were the ſorrowing com-

panion of decayed fabrics, had here entwined itſelf round the embattled tower. Hiſtory appears ſilent with regard to the period when this caſtle was built; but we learn, ſo early as the reign of King John, that the Earl of Pembroke had a grant of it from that monarch. It has four large round towers; the windows are arched in the Saxon ſtyle. Here was once a drawbridge, reſembling that of Beeſton Caſtle, in Cheſhire, intended, no doubt, as a place of ſafety for its guard.

As the Wye here makes one of its boldeſt ſweeps, you are carried almoſt round the caſtle, which you ſurvey in a variety of forms, and contemplate both its own dignity and the dignity of its ſituation.

A little below the caſtle is Goodrich Priory: a few Gothic windows are ſtill remaining, to mark the ſpot of

of penitence and prayer. Hiſtory records it to have been endowed by Edward the Fourth, A.D. 1481.

From the village of Goodrich we had an extenſive view of the foreſt of Dean, alſo of Rure Dean church, which is an object of grandeur.

Purſuing our courſe down the river, the ſeat of —— Vaughan, Eſq. of Courtfield, attracted our attention, and appeared a lively object in the road. For ſome diſtance, both ſides of the river continue ſteep and beautiful. Nature here may be ſaid to characterize her own ſcenes, and cheriſh her own beauties, as we cannot but admire how ſhe adorns both concave and convex forms.

From hence we ſoon approached Ladbroke Wharf, where a conſiderable commerce of coal is carried

on to Hereford, Roſs, and its neighbourhood. Here appeared life and buſtle. The ſmall veſſels which lie againſt the wharf are ready to receive their burden; all hands are buſy, and every mind occupied with its own portion of labour. Behind the wharf hangs a rich wood, forming a back ground to the whole. By a quick bend of the river, your eye immediately meets the pictureſque town of Welſh Bickner, which, with its plantations and ſtately woods, forms a noble and majeſtic ſcene. We next approached Cold Well: the front appears as a woody hill, occaſionally varying as the objects riſe or recede before the eye.

Here we left the barge to its navigators, and climbed the majeſtic rocks, to enjoy the ſcenery; and though the taſk was arduous, it well re-

repaid us for the toil. In paſſing theſe rocks to the New Weir, a more ſublime ſcenery cannot be conceived; wild thyme and various mountain productions ſcent the gale, and yield a rich fragrance to the ſmell: it is alſo to be noticed that this paſs is little more than one mile to the New Weir, though by water it is three. The river here is wider than uſual, and takes a ſweep round a prodigious rock.

On the oppoſite ſide of the river are the vaſt iron forges, which are well worth viſiting: the hammers that beat and ſhape the fiery maſs, though the ſound may be grating to the ear of ſenſibility, ſtill be it remembered how uſeful are its purpoſes, and how valuable is every part of *manual labour* that tends to produce the comforts and conveniences of life.

Mr. Tanner's iron works at Monmouth are particularly deſerving of notice; and, from the very obliging diſpoſition of the owner, much information may be obtained.

The ore, we were informed, was principally ſupplied from Lancaſhire, and ſmelted by the aid of great bellows, worked by water. The genuine metal is ſeparated from the droſs by the vaſt heat of the furnace. Different forges are variouſly and curiouſly conſtructed for the purpoſe of forming the metal to every ſize, from the ponderous pig to the thin wove extended wire.

Whitechurch ſtands in the centre of a vale, the hills beyond which being in part covered with detached ſtones, from the upper part of the rocks, give a ſingular effect to the ſcene: one pointed fragment in particular riſing above

above its kindred rocks, produces a fantaſtic appearance; the eye being directed ſolely to the view of thoſe wild pictures of nature, cannot but call forth all the emotions of terror and delight.

A great maſter in landſcape might here ſay to himſelf—"Soul, take "thy fill. Here is nothing, how-"ever ſmall or great, that thou mayſt "not feaſt on with rapture: why "then roam into diſtant countries, "in purſuit of what cannot give "thee more ſubſtantial pleaſure or "delight? Here thou beholdeſt the "works of thy Creator, disfigured "by no ingenuity, nor tortured by "pampered taſte: nature, pure na-"ture, ſhines in all her works, "blending, in the happieſt manner, "the gay with the grand, and the "ſimple with the ſublime!"

The river here makes a ſudden fall, but of no conſiderable height, ſtill ſufficient to challenge the name of a caſcade: the water, through the whole courſe we had gone, kept a ſolemn and ſteady pace, while the objects around moved as it were in uniſon with it: every rock which overſhadowed the bright ſtream was tranquil and majeſtic; but here the rapidity of the water, with the more than uſual noiſe it produced, impreſſed a new face on the ſcene; by us it appeared to be uproar and agitation, while every rock, paſſing the bounds we had before noticed, ſtared with terror and wildneſs.—The barges here require more than common toil to tow them up the river. A little below New Weir the ſcenery of the river was cloſed by the Doward hills. Camden has ſaid,

ſaid, that the bones of gigantic perſons were found here interred. They who may be courageous enough to climb them, would, no doubt, be repaid by all that could captivate the eye in ſcenery.

Adjoining the wood, near the extremity of the hill, is a cavern, called King Arthur's Hall.

A little before we reached Monmouth, we were ſtruck with the pleaſing ſituation of Hadnock Houſe, which ſtands beſide the foreſt of Dean. From hence we were gratified with a view of Monmouth, which we ſoon approached. The caſtle, which was formerly the palace of a king, and the birth-place of a great prince, Henry the Fifth, has now few attractions to detain the traveller. When we contemplate the picture of time, how little is there to be proud of, when we

are told by a celebrated touriſt, "that this ſaid palace is now con-"verted into a yard for *fatting* "*ducks!*" Hiſtory records, that in this caſtle, Edward the Second, after he had been made priſoner by his Queen Iſabella, was for a time confined, A. D. 1326. We alſo further learn, that the celebrated hiſtorian Jeffery of Monmouth was born and educated here. It had a Benedictine monaſtery, or convent of monks, founded 1240. Jeffery was made archdeacon of Monmouth 1251, and afterwards biſhop of St. Aſaph.

The gaol, compared with many, has great advantages, being built on a lofty, healthy ſpot: it caſts a look of terror over the country, and we flattered ourſelves that was its worſt conſequence. From this ſpot we had a good view of the town, and the

the adjacent country. For more particulars of this place, ſee page 96.

As we departed from Monmouth, the banks of the river, on the left, were rather low; but we had not proceeded far when they became ſteep and woody, varying their ſhapes as uſual. In the neighbourhood of St. Breival's Caſtle are ſome beautiful views, but the caſtle is at too great a diſtance to form a ſtriking object from the river.

Oppoſite to Monmouth you have a view of the Kemmin rocks. The country here is particularly rich in ſoil, as well as other gifts of nature.

We could not reſiſt paying a viſit to ſee the noble remains of Ragland Caſtle, a diſtance of about ſix miles from Monmouth. On the road, we were greatly delighted with the rich

rich cultivation of the country.—Ragland ſeems to ſtand in a vale; but, as you approach it, aſſumes an elevated ſtation. This noble ruin has two areas within the ditch, into each of which you enter by a lofty gateway: the firſt area contains the kitchen and offices; the grand hall, or banquetting room, forms the ſcreen between the two; the muſic gallery may alſo be traced, which divides the hall from the parlour. On viewing the hall, &c. the mind is naturally filled with images of former magnificence and grandeur; the feſtivity of whoſe board is paſſed into forgetfulneſs, like the worthy inhabitants of this once devoted ſpot. How well has the poet obſerved—

Vain is the blaze of wealth, the pomp of power!
Lo, here attendant on the ſhadowy hour.

The

The citadel is a large octagonal tower, three ſides of which are ſtill remaining: the tower is encircled by a moat, and was formerly joined to the caſtle by a drawbridge.

Ragland might once, with great juſtice, be ſtyled the *court* of the princes of this country; and that at a period not very remote. The youths of the diſtinguiſhed families of Wales may be ſaid to have received the laſt poliſh of manners within its walls. The ſplendour it exhibited was the juſt admiration and boaſt of its devoted countrymen, and might fairly challenge our beſt modern times. Whence or wherefore it is left deſolate and forſaken by its noble owners, muſt be matter of mournful concern; as a continuance of its former dignity and hoſpitality would doubtleſs add much comfort and happineſs

neſs to a certain claſs of people, who are only left to contemplate the ruin which time diſplays, or reflect on the hours which, alas! cannot be called back.

See a more minute account of this place in page 89.

A little before you reach St. Breival's, the Wye receives a new ſupply from a little ſtream called Whitebrook.

St. Breival's caſtle hiſtory records to have been built by the Earl of Hereford, in the reign of Henry I. The Earl of Berkeley is the preſent conſtable, and the Duke of Beaufort (by whom this ancient ſtructure is kept in repair) the lord of the manor.

Cultivation here, arrayed in her milder forms, cannot fail of giving pleaſure to the eye and gratification to the mind.

At

At a ſmall diſtance from Big Weir is the ſeat of General Rooke, well deſerving attention: it commands a charming view of the river, and other intereſting objects, which, from induſtry and commerce, is conſtantly preſented to the eye; while, at the ſame time, it imparts this uſeful leſſon—that only from multiplied ſcenes of active life ſprings the true ſource of our happineſs.

From hence we departed, to viſit the noble remains of Tintern Abbey, which, to court the favourable impulſe of meditation, is ſequeſtered in a dale.

A banquet this, where men and angels meet,
Eat the ſame manna, mingle earth and heaven.
YOUNG.

It occupies a ſmall eminence, ſcreened on all ſides by its own friendly

friendly rocks and woods, through which the river winds its courſe: the hills, cloſing on its entrance and its exit, not common to other places, leave no room for the inclement blaſts to enter.—The abbey was founded 1131, by Walter de Clare. It is an elegant ſpecimen of the chaſte Gothic, conſtructed on one plan and in one ſtyle, exhibiting another inſtance of the diſcernment of our anceſtors in their ſelection of reſidences favourable to tranquillity and comfort, as well as of their choice of a ſituation abounding in every beautiful variety of ſcenery. William the Conqueror had given to Oſbert the great grandfather of Walter, the manors of Wolleſton and Fadenham, and all that he could obtain in conqueſt from the Welſh.

The

The ſite of Tintern Abbey was poſſibly the reſult of one of the ravages of Oſbert.

Walter, the founder, died without iſſue, and was ſucceeded by his brother Gilbert Strongbowe, Earl of Pembroke, whoſe grandſon, Robert Strongbowe, conquered Leinſter in Ireland. This afterwards came, by marriage, to the family of the Earl of Norfolk and Suffolk, Hugh Bigod marrying Maud the eldeſt of the female heirs of Strongbowe.

At the time of the diſſolution here were thirteen religious. Henry the Eighth granted the ſite of this to Henry Earl of Worceſter, through whom it has deſcended to the preſent Beaufort family.

The rich weſt window of this monaſtery is one of the fineſt ſpecimens and remains of Gothic architecture

tecture in the kingdom, and is ſtill entire and perfect: it is perhaps rather too broad for its height; and, according to modern taſte, may be deemed not quite in proportion. But the grand and ſublime of former days was not under the control of imaginary rules; and the loftineſs of the roof, with the general contour of the building, might have created beauties and perfections of which the ravages of time have deprived us of the means of judging.

The exquiſite execution which is ſtill apparent in ſome of the fragments of the once ſculptured roof and its other decorations, is calculated in ſeveral inſtances to excite the emulation of the firſt artiſts of the age we live in.

The woody mountains with which the

the abbey is encircled and o'erſhadowed make it highly favourable for contemplation.

Come, penſive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure—&c.
But firſt and chiefeſt with thee bring
Him that yon ſoars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation!

MILTON—*Il Penſeroſo.*

Perhaps a more pleaſing retreat cannot well be conceived: here is every thing combined by nature, in a ſmall compaſs, that can captivate the eye or lead devotion to the altar of its God.

Oh, virtue! thou gem of heaven, if thou regard thy inward happineſs and peace, flee not this ſequeſtered vale for the bubble of the world, though its gaudy tints invite: remember it has nothing like

like thy hopes can ſhelter it in its hours of ſolitude and reflection.

There let *her* ſtrike with momentary ray,
As tapers ſhine their little lives away;
There let her practiſe from herſelf to ſteal,
And look the happineſs ſhe does not feel.

. . . . . .

Be *thine* to meditate an humbler flight,
When morning fills the fields with roſy light;
Be thine to blend, nor thine a vulgar aim,
Repoſe with dignity—with quiet, fame.

ROGERS.

No part of the ruins is ſeen from the river, except the abbey church. To ſee the whole ſtructure to the greateſt advantage, you muſt take your ſtand near the road. Time, the great maſter architect, has blunted the ſharp edges of rule and compaſs, and the nice diſtinction of line and figure remain no more to invite the ſtranger, ſave to contemplate its fallen ornaments; the worn-off traces of the chiſſel, and

the creeping ivy, lending a neſt to the bat and the ſwallow.

Such is the appearance of Tintern Abbey—

A ſilent chronicle of happier hours!

For a further hiſtorical account, ſee page 146.

We ſoon, from hence, approached the rocks on which Persfield is ſituated, late the ſeat and gardens of Valentine Morris, Eſq. We contrived to land here at high water, as the ouzy beach makes it not only inconvenient but very unpleaſant to wade through, when the tide is out. We climbed the aſcent by a regular, eaſy zig-zag, and with facility gained the ſummit.

When we had attained the top, we had a command (from the eminences of this ſituation, which ſurveys the Wye) of the grandeſt views

to

to be ſeen on the river—the interſection of rock and wood forming the ſegment of a circle which ſweeps in its ſemicircumference a baſe of two miles and upwards.

For the better effects of the views as well as the conveniency of landing, we were here at the period of the water flowing in and reaching the ſhores, as the river is ſtrongly tinged with the various ſoils over which it waſhes; and at the ebb the rich verdure of the banks is fringed with ſlopes of mud, which greatly reduce the impreſſions the mind would otherwiſe acquire.

Nature had been highly bountiful to this ſpot before Mr. Morris began his attempts at her improvement; and he had little elſe to do than make approaches to her beauties by forming walks and opening views, through the woods, to the va-

variegated objects which ſurround them.

Invention may here ardently buſy herſelf in forming fancied objects—now a citadel, now a promontory, now a bay, preſenting itſelf to the eye, and which the imagination may almoſt change at pleaſure for other ſubſtitutes. Rock upon rock appears to riſe in ſeries over each other; ſometimes the woods between, and ſometimes below them; and again the woods riſing above the rocks. Precipices, water-falls, and all the accumulation of grandeſt ſcenery ariſing one after the other, without confuſion, without diſorder—ever varied, and though a variety of the objects are often ſeen, ever new.

Can we poſſibly paſs over theſe enchanting grounds, and not lament that their once elegant and taſteful

proprietor is now no longer its owner? Judgment and ſkill appear diſplayed in the higheſt degree, in all that Mr. Morris has done; the faſtidious critic may carp, and ſuggeſt alterations; but the ſucceeding critic, carping and ſuggeſting again, will tell him—*ſuum cuique tribuere.*

Along the brow of the precipice, you catch the moſt romantic views, the compaſs of ſcenery being the richeſt in which the imagination could wiſh to buſy herſelf.

The walks are diſpoſed through woods and ſhrubberies on theſe bold and lofty parts, whoſe courſe follows the winding paſſage of the river for ſeveral miles, in all its meanderings, giving views of ſuch variety as dazzle with their faſcination.

The viciſſitude of proſpects is more rapid at Persfield than can be conceived, without being ſeen; at one

one point it is confined to a range of half a mile; advancing a few yards, you follow the Wye in all its ſerpentine windings, through a narrow but beautiful valley, to its junction with the vaſt waters of the Severn. Proceeding a little farther, the landſcape again becomes bounded as before, yet ſurpriſingly varied, and as delightfully attractive; alternately limited and extended, but ſo ſweetly varying, you ſcarce trace an affinity of reſemblance, and at the period you almoſt imagine yourſelf on fairy land.

At times we caught the oppoſite ſhore, lofty, bold, and ornamented with hanging woods, excluding the proſpect of the country behind; at other times, the eye falls on a craggy naked cliff, leſs elevated, and giving admiſſion to a wide range of view. At one ſpot the flatneſs of

the ſhore lets in the foreſt of Dean, the freſh verdure of whoſe meadows forms a beautiful contraſt to the romantic ſcenery with which the eye has previouſly been feaſted.

Approaching the end of the walks, from a perpendicular precipice, upwards of 300 feet high, is a ſcene that can be but faintly deſcribed; the ſoft tints of a beautifully variegated wood ſurpriſing you with a ſoothing tranquillity that makes you inſenſible of the eminence on which you are ſtanding. Still gradually aſcending, you come to a ſummit from whence all the objects which you have before ſeverally examined burſt at once on the ſight; their collective beauty adding luſtre to their ſeparate charms, and giving to the ſphere of viſion an entertainment which it could not conceive itſelf capable of enjoying. The hills of So-

merſetſhire, the Severn, Mount Denny Rock, in its middle, and the Briſtol Channel, come within the group; a combination which produces in this ſcene the moſt captivating effect.

Persfield has, in addition to theſe beauties, ſome moſt extraordinary echoes. My friend, producing a flute, raiſed ſome of the ſweeteſt ſounds which ever ſtruck my ear. The ſplaſhing of the water from the neighbouring fall had, at one of the ſpots where the echo is heard, a moſt ſingular effect.

The poſition called the *Lover's Leap* has rather a frightful precipice, rendered gloomy by its ſolitude of woods; but it gives you a charming command of the upper curves of the Wye; and from the ſuperior heights of Wynd Cliff a

ſcene of modeſt dignity crowns the whole.

We paſſed on the oppoſite ſide of the Wye, to ſee Lancot.

The traveller will here meet with ample recompence, in viewing the exquiſitely beautiful peninſula of Lancot, compriſing a circumference of about two miles; in approaching which, he will mark the ſoftened interruption to the grand and magnificent objects which are conſtantly preſenting themſelves to his eye, in his paſſage from Tintern —of the perpendicular and ſtupendous precipices, ſometimes naked and ſometimes clothed with the richeſt verdure,

Cedar and pine, and fir and branching palm,
A ſylvan ſcene! and as the ranks aſcend,
Shade above ſhade, a woody theatre
Of ſtatelieſt view. MILTON.

The

The Wye almoſt encircles this ſcene, in one or other part of which the ſurrounding mountains reflect their gloomy ſhades. Here, wandering about, the ſweet and modeſt violet attracts your notice: it recalled to my recollection the pure and delicate paſſion of Lorenzo de Medici, and one of the elegant ſonnets he addreſſed to the lady who afterwards became his wife. Mr. Roſcoe, in his tranſlation, has preſerved all the character and chaſtity of the original:

Not from the verdant garden's cultur'd bound,
That breathes of Pæſtum's aromatic gale,
We ſpring; but nurſlings of the lonely vale,
'Midſt woods obſcure, and native glooms were found;
'Midſt woods, and glooms, whoſe tangled brakes around
Once Venus ſorrowing trac'd, as all forlorn
She ſought Adonis, when a lurking thorn
Deep on her foot impreſs'd an impious wound.

Then prone to earth we bow'd our pallid flowers,
And caught the drops divine; the purple dyes
Tinging the luſtre of our native hue:
Nor ſummer gales, nor art-conducted ſhowers,
Have nurs'd our ſlender forms, but lovers' ſighs
Have been our gales, and lovers' tears our dew.

The ſucceſſive ſcenery from Monmouth to Lancot is peculiarly impreſſive. The jutting rock, and its dizzy height, the rich verdure of meadows, ſloping from the hills to the water's edge, dotted with flocks of ſheep hanging every where on its green ſteeps; on the undergrounds herds of cattle browſing in ſilent melancholy, ſome laving in the water, others retiring to ſheltered banks, to protect them from the worrying and tormenting fly: the tufted woods ſo cloſely ſet together, as to invite to meditation in looking on them: the rocks, here and

and there ſtarting in continual ornament, with the ſteepy paths through which the cattle trace their courſe—Theſe are all objects which catch and detain involuntary attention, and rivet you almoſt to the ſpot.

With ſoft ſuſpended ſtep attention moves,
And ſilence hovers o'er the liſt'ning groves;
Orb within orb the charmed audience throng,
And the green vault reverberates the ſong.
DARWIN.

Here the ſoft diſtance melting from the eye,
Diſſolves its forms into the azure ſky. KNIGHT.

At a ſmall diſtance from hence is Chepſtow.

Chepſtow has much buſineſs of its own, and may be conſidered as the chief port of the Wye. Here a buſy multitude thronged the wharf, ſome in purſuit of buſineſs, others of pleaſure.

In this life, in order to obtain *happineſs*, the mind muſt have occupation, be it pleaſure, curioſity, or emolument. Ceaſing to have employment, languor takes place of good-humour and ſociability, and we often fall unhappy victims to our own perverſeneſs.

The caſtle is ſituated on an elevated perpendicular rock, which gradually diminiſhes, till it ſinks into the level of the Wye. The wooden bridge, with a ſtone pier in the centre (probably ever ſince Leland's time), produces, at low water, an effect rather terrific; which may be readily conceived from its neceſſary height, the tide oftentimes riſing ſixty feet, and flowing in with great rapidity.

When we recollected that the area or ſite of this once magnificent caſtle had occupied five acres of ground, the

the mind naturally reverted to the baronial grandeur which with the times of chivalry prevailed within its walls; the circumſtance of its period of erection being unknown, by no means ſuppreſſing ſuch ſenſations. It was of conſiderable importance, ſo late as with the laſt efforts of Charles the Firſt, when Thomas Morgan demanded its ſurrender to Sir Thomas Fairfax.

The Stinchcombe Quarter, as Morgan called it, or the menace of retaliation, appears to have forcibly operated on Fitzmorris, the governor. Prince Rupert had put the men of Stinchcombe to the ſword. Fitzmorris, though he ſent a gallant refuſal, knew not how to make a gallant defence; for he ſurrendered in four days after, without any reſiſtance deſerving of notice.

Three years afterwards, Sir Ni-

cholas Kemis, with a ſpirit worthy the cauſe he eſpouſed, ſurpriſed the port in the night, and obtained its poſſeſſion. Cromwell marched againſt it in perſon, hoping to take it by ſtorm; but, unſucceſsful in his attempt, he was compelled to leave it to the ſlow progreſs of a ſiege; when the garriſon and Kemis, with 160 men, gallantly defended themſelves till their proviſions were exhauſted. Kemis and forty of his men were killed in the ſiege. This was the laſt place which held out againſt the Parliament forces. In this caſtle, Henry Martin, the regicide, died a priſoner.

Chepſtow gives to the Duke of Beaufort one of his titles.

The diviſion of the two counties of Monmouth and Glouceſter is in the centre of Chepſtow bridge.

After

After journeying amid a pleaſing ſucceſſion of beauties, that had often held attention captive, we took up our reſidence, for ſeveral days, at the agreeable town of Chepſtow, near which the Wye mingles with the vaſt waters of the Severn, and becomes one kindred ſtream.

A farther account of Chepſtow will be found in page 143.

OB-

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

MANNERS and CHARACTER

OF THE

WELSH,

&c.

THE paths of education that lead to refinement of manners are now become generally extended through every diviſion of our iſland. Hence it appears, that from the introduction of Engliſh ſchools into the principality of Wales, the natives have gradually become more

and

and more courteous, and, in many inſtances, diſcover no inferiority as to mental endowments or cultivated manners with their neighbours the Engliſh.

As it hitherto has been the lot of a great portion of mankind to be deprived of ſuch advantages, it may, in every ſtate and nation, account for the very gradual progreſs in civilized manners, and the prejudices ever attendant on ignorance: it ſhould therefore always be the practice of every one who may either travel for pleaſure or uſeful inquiry, to make thoſe allowances for the cuſtoms and manners of a people which in the nature of things is reaſonably their due.

Where the mind has long been left deſtitute of culture, it will account for a belief ſo generally retained in ſpells,

ſpells, omens, witches, ghoſts, &c. throughout Wales; nor is ſimilar credulity by any means uncommon in many parts of our own country, even at this day, as may abundantly be ſeen in Mr. Brand's Popular Antiquities.

The ſingular ſociability of the Welſh character is indiſputable; their attachment to the *harp* is well known, and an unrivalled eagerneſs for the *dance*. The latter amuſement we were informed prevails even on the *ſabbath*, after the ſervice of the church is over.

A temper naturally haſty, a high national ſpirit, and a hardy temperament of frame, are ſtriking traits in the character of Cambrians.—From a ſingle diſagreement in a convivial party, we have known the whole room become one ſcene of confuſion; each has challenged his fel-

fellow, and a battle royal has enſued. But the Welſh do not cheriſh reſentment. In a few minutes the dance has ſucceeded, and general harmony been reſtored.

Such are the ſons of Cambria's ancient race,
A race that check'd victorious Cæſar, aw'd
Imperial Rome, and forc'd mankind to own
Superior virtues Britons only knew,
Or only practis'd; for they nobly dar'd
To face oppreſſion, and where Freedom finds
Her aid invok'd, there will the goddeſs fly.

ROLT.

"Hoſpitality," ſays a late ingenious touriſt, "that affection which "may take root in every nation, "but which retreats in general from "the ſeats of opulence and luxury, "is peculiarly adapted to the diſpo- "ſition of the Welſh; and where- "ever an opportunity has occurred, "I have often witneſſed its faſcinat- "ing influence. This ever-bloom- "ing flower frequently adorns thoſe

"rugged

" rugged tracks which ſeem almoſt
" impervious to the haunts of men;
" in the moſt dreary wilds it charms
" the wearied ſenſes of the travel-
" ler, and it flouriſhes eminently in
" the remoteſt vallies of Cam-
" bria."

Wales, with regard to its natural wildneſs and romantic beauty, for fertile vales and towering mountains, may fairly vie with any other country; whilſt her grateful rivers, ever varying as they flow, preſent a countleſs ſucceſſion of beauties.—The meandering *Dee*, with *Conway* and the *Dovey*, in North Wales, are no inconſiderable rivals to the *Towey*, the *Wye*, and the *Uſk*, in the ſouth. The majeſtic beauties of the *Rhydol* and the *Tivy* may challenge competition with the *Mawdoe* or the *Clydd*.

The

The heights of the mountains in the north have certainly the pre-eminence over the ſouth. Snowdon and Cader Idris will ever ſtand as monuments of ſome great convulſions of nature, and remain a ſtupendous ſpectacle, to awe and ſurpriſe the traveller.

In the ſouth, cultivation takes the lead of the north, as well as in population; though the difference in the number of the towns and villages is not very great. Thoſe of North Wales have, within theſe few years, been greatly improved, from their free intercourſe with Ireland; and the roads in every part are wonderfully improved.

Comparing the beauty of the vales together in the two diſtricts, the ſuperiority muſt be given to the north, ſo long as Clydd and Feſtiniog remain.

On

On the ſuperior dignity of their caſtles and abbeys it is hard to decide. Ragland, Tintern, Llantony, and the fragments of Caerphily, are all objects of proud diſtinction: nevertheleſs, when we behold the pictureſque and ſoaring towers of Caernarvon, Harlech, and Conway, with the ſober but venerable Valle Crucis Abbey, our preference becomes ſuſpended, and we ſcarcely know to which the palm ſhould be aſſigned, or from which we have received the greateſt portion of ſurprife and delight:—

While ſtray'd our eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From hill to dale, from dale to hill,
And Contemplation had her fill.
Ever charming, ever new,
The varied landſcape charms the view,
The cataract's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy ſummit, wild and high,
Roughly ruſhing on the ſky;

The

The pleaſant ſeat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the ſhady bower;
Each gives each a double charm,
Like pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.
Thus is Nature's veſture wrought,
To inſtruct our wand'ring thought;
Thus ſhe dreſſes green and gay,
To diſperſe our cares away. DYER.

CURIOUS PARTICULARS

RELATIVE TO

WALES.

PLINY, in his Natural Hiſtory, ſays, that a ſmall time after the Romans had carried their arms through the iſland, they began to apply themſelves to working the mines: at firſt the lead ore was got with eaſe, as it lay near the ſurface. In Pliny's time, who died A. D. 79, there was a law, limiting the annual produce, as even now, with regard to black lead. The extraordinary diſcoveries that have been made at different periods appear, from

from the teſtimony of ancient hiſtorians, to be founded more in chance or accident than any particular gift of genius.

Juſtin tells us, that the gold-mines of *Galicia* were diſcovered by the plough; and Strabo aſſerts, that thoſe of *India* owed their diſcovery to piſmires, who, by their common induſtry, raiſed the earth into a hillock. Trivial accidents have been the effect of vaſt mineral diſcoveries. The great mine at Halkin, belonging to Earl Groſvenor, was diſcovered by ditching; whilſt that at Llangynnog firſt obtained notice by the ſtep of a woman aſcending a hill, and baring the vein with her feet.

The ancient method of mining, in many reſpects, agrees with the preſent. The perſons ſo employed worked by turns, alternately relieving

ing each other. They worked night and day, by the aid of lamps, and drove levels and ſunk ſhafts, propping the ground as they advanced. When the ore was got, it was cleanſed, according to the method now uſed, and ſmelted in a furnace; and afterwards caſt into forms ſomewhat reſembling the common pigs of lead.

We are told by Mr. Pennant, that the Britiſh name of lead is loſt: that we now uſe is derived from the Saxon. Borlaſe obſerves, as ſoon as the Romans had made a conqueſt of the country, they formed in the tin province, camps and roads, ſtill viſible, and left behind them vaſes, urns, and money; that evince them to have been a ſtationary people in the iſland.

Pliny likewiſe adds, that the Romans made mirrors of tin, and lined

lined the veſſels of braſs with it, to prevent any deadly effect.

Strabo, in lib. 4, obſerves, that gold and ſilver were enumerated among the products of Great Britain. The Romans were apprized of this; and with our other valuable metals it no doubt proved an incentive to their ambition to effect the conqueſt.

Agricola, previous to the battle of *Gampian* mountain, in his oration to his ſoldiers, excited them to victory, by reminding them of the riches that would await the reward of valour.

In the reigns of James IV. and V. great wealth was produced in the *lead hills*, from the gold collected from the ſand waſhed from the mountain; and in the reign of the latter it produced not leſs than 300*l.*

ſterling, at this period no inconſiderable ſum.

The art of coining was no doubt in uſe previous to the arrival of the Romans; witneſs the gold ſickles of the Druids, and the coins found in Cornwall. Different ſorts of metal were uſed, but chiefly gold, being the eaſieſt fuſed, and moſt ſuſceptible of an impreſſion.

Dr. Borlaſe has preſerved a ſeries of theſe rude but valuable coins.—Previous to the Romans having attempted to form a face or impreſſion on their coins, the firſt we know of which was inſcribed, is that of *Caſſivelaunus*, cotemporary with Cæſar. As ſoon as an intercourſe took place between the Britons and the Romans, they began to imitate them, by putting letters on their coins; but no ſooner was their con-

conqueſt effected than their coin was ſuppreſſed.

Coals were a uſeful article, well known to the ancient Britons before the arrival of the Romans, who had not even a name for them.—Their uſe, agreeable to Theophraſtus, was common three centuries before Cæſar, to the workers of braſs. The vaſt coal-pits in the neighbourhood of Flint, Northop, and Mold, have before been noticed. See Tour to Cheſter.

Mr. Ray informs us, that in Flintſhire there is a certain vegetable, rare in other places, which here grows in plenty on the mountains, and in May makes a pretty appearance, with its white flowers. However ſingular it may appear, it is not noticed by the celebrated botaniſt Linnæus.

The *drinking horn*, ſo famed in Welſh ſtory, is a large bugle, or horn of an ox, enriched with ſculptured ſilver, and with a chain of the ſame metal. There were three ſpecies of them uſed in the royal court, and each was to be worth a pound.—See Leges Wallicæ.

To drink out of the royal cup at great entertainments was only a privilege of the officers of the palace. On all feſtive days, the horn was emptied at one tip, and then blown, to ſhow there was not any deceit.

The jovial horn was a ſubject of much wit and poetry in thoſe days.

The bard *Owen Cyveiliog* has celebrated it in a poem compoſed immediately after a great victory over the Engliſh in Maelor.

To ſhow the ſpirit of *Welſh poetry* at ſo early a period, a few of the firſt ſtanzas, &c. are offered to the reader's notice: the tranſlation was given by a perſon of conſiderable poetic talents.

On the Drinking Horn.

I.

Uproſe the ruddy dawn of day,
The armies met in dread array
On *Maelor Drefred*'s field;
Loud the Britiſh clarions ſound,
The Saxons, gaſping on the ground,
The bloody conteſt yield.

II.

By Owen's arm the valiant bled,
From Owen's arm the coward fled
Aghaſt with wild affright;
Let then their haughty lords beware
How Owen's juſt revenge they dare,
And tremble at his ſight.

III.

Fill the *Hirlas horn*, my boy,
Nor let the tuneful lips be dry

That warble Owen's praiſe;
Whoſe walls with warlike ſpoils are hung,
And open wide his gates are flung
In Cambria's peaceful days.

IV.

This hour we dedicate to joy;
Then fill the *Hirlas horn*, my boy,
That ſhineth like the ſea;
Whoſe azure handles, tipp'd with gold,
Invite the graſp of Britons bold,
The ſons of Liberty.

V.

Fill it higher ſtill, and higher,
Mead with nobleſt deeds inſpire;
Now the battle's loſt and won,
Give the horn to *Gronwy*'s ſon;
Put it into *Gwgan*'s hand,
Bulwark of his native land,
Guardian of *Sabrina*'s flood,
Who oft has dy'd his ſpear in blood:
When they hear their chieftain's voice,
Then his gallant friends rejoice;
But when to fight he goes no more,
The feſtal ſhout reſounds on *Severn*'s winding
ſhore.

VI.

Fill the horn with foaming liquor,
Fill it up, my boy, be quicker.

Hence,

Hence, away, deſpair and ſorrow;
Time enough to ſigh to-morrow:
Let the brimming goblet ſmile,
And *Edwyfed*'s cares beguile.
Gallant youth, unus'd to fear,
Maſter of the broken ſpear,
And the harrow-pierced ſhield,
Brought with honour from the field.
Hadſt thou ſeen, in *Maelor* fight,
How we put the foe to flight;
Hadſt thou ſeen the chiefs in arms,
When the foe ruſh'd on in ſwarms;
Round about their prince they ſtood,
And ſtain'd their ſwords with hoſtile blood;
Glorious bulwarks to their praiſe,
Their prince devotes his lateſt days.
Now, my boy, thy taſk is o'er,
Thou ſhalt fill the horn no more.
Long may the King of kings protect
And crown with bliſs my friends elect;
Where Liberty and Truth reſide,
And Virtue, Truth's immortal bride,
There may we all together meet,
And former times renew in heavenly converſe
ſweet.

It may be ſome matter of curioſity to notice the celebrated heroine *Ethelfleda*, ſo frequently men-

mentioned in the Mercian hiſtory. She flouriſhed A. D. 907, and was the undegenerate daughter of the great *Alfred*, and the wife of Ethelred Earl of Mercia, under his brother-in-law Edward King of England.—On the birth of her firſt child, ſhe ſeparated from her huſband, and devoted herſelf to deeds of arms. She lived upon the beſt terms with him, and they both united in all acts of piety and munificence, reſtored cities, founded abbeys, &c.

After the death of her huſband, A. D. 912, ſhe aſſumed the government of the Mercian earldom, and, like an Amazon of old, took the command of the army. She became ſo celebrated for her valour, that ſhe had the dignified names of lord and king given her.

She

She built no leſs than nine caſtles; ſhe took Brecknock, made its queen priſoner, and ſtormed Derby.

After a glorious courſe, ſhe died at Tamworth, 922.—Her loſs was much regretted by the whole kingdom.

We find left on record the following lines to her memory:

Elfleda, terror of mankind,
Nature, for ever unconfin'd,
Stampt thee in woman's tender frame,
Though worthy of a hero's name:
Thee, thee alone, the muſe ſhall ſing,
Dread empreſs and victorious king;
E'en Cæſar's conqueſts were outdone
By thee, illuſtrious Amazon.

Wales continued the refuge of the ancient Britons, when the Saxons had driven them out of England; and there they preſerved the ancient blood royal of their kings, their

their laws and ancient language, from the fury of their cruel enemy.

There always continued an implacable hatred between the two nations; and though Egbert, king of the Weſt Saxons, reduced the heptarchy to a monarchy, yet he and his ſucceſſors received no obedience from the kings or princes of Wales; but they held their own native mountains and vallies as abſolute monarchs.

Here Cadwallader, the laſt king of Britain, and his deſcendants, governed the people as their lawful kings and princes, during the whole time of the Saxon government.

When William the Conqueror ſubdued England, he diſpoſſeſſed the Saxon iſſue of the crown, and brought in the Normans. When he had obtained quiet poſſeſſion of the king-

kingdom, the Welſh took no notice of his conqueſt over the Saxons, but conſidered it as a ſtruggle between two nations.

Roderick the Great, who poſſeſſed all *Wales*, divided it between his three ſons, long before the conqueſt: one governed the north, another the ſouth, and the third Powys. Theſe three princes would never acknowledge the Conqueror had any ſuperiority over Wales; from whence cruel and bloody wars enſued, and they made daily incurſions on each other.

The lords, at the conqueſt of the country, built caſtles for themſelves and towns for their followers, in the moſt fertile parts. This accounts for the numerous caſtles in Wales, as may be ſeen in the ancient charters. There were towns before the con-

conqueſt. They held their lordſhips of the kings of England in chief, and they were bound to keep their caſtles with ſufficient men for the keeping the enemies of the king in ſubjection.

The government by lords marchers continued in Wales till Henry the Eighth, from which period the Welſh have been governed by the laws of England.

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